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THE

ULSTER

MISCELLANY:

CONTAINING,

I. A VOYAGE to *O'BRAZEEL*, a Sub-Marine Iſland, lying Weſt off the Coaſt of *Ireland*.

II. ADVICE to a SON, in the exemplary Way of Stories, Fables, *&c.*

III. The *Brute Philoſophers*: In Six Dialogues.

IV. The LADIES MONITOR; or, *The Way of the Army*. A FARCE.

V. POEMS on Religious Subjects.

VI. Thoughts on various Subjects.

VII. POEMS on Humorous Subjects; conſiſting of Tales, Epiſtles, Songs, Epigrams, *&c. &c.*

Ego apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum ——————— Hor.

Deſign'd to pleaſe all palates at a time. GAY.

Printed in the Year M,DCC,LIII.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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Advertiſement.

A Reverend Gentleman, who took ſome Pains to promote a Subſcription for this Book, and cannot now be conceal'd; is not willing that his Character ſhould either riſe or fall by the Praiſe or Cenſure this Book may meet with; therefore has deſired me to mark all his Pieces with the Letter M, which I have accordingly done. Other Gentlemen, who contributed to this Collection, being unknown, deſire to continue ſo.

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TO THE VERY WORTHY

The GENTLEMEN of the North of *IRELAND*.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE taken the Liberty of laying my Book at your Feet; humbly intreating you to favour and protect it. Nor would I have this Favour and Protection barely ſtinted to its Merit and Deſert; for,

If Merit were the Standard of Reſpect,
How few wou'd riſe above a cold Neglect?

Tho' in Relation to its Merit, I may venture to ſay, that it is a well-meaning Book, chiefly calculated for promoting Religion and Virtue. But beſides this, I will point out a Conſideration or two, that will naturally engage You to patronize it.

The Firſt is, That this Book is the Product of your own Soil: A generous minded Man has a natural Propenſity to favour every Thing that is peculiar to his native Country; being, in ſome Sort, of a Piece with himſelf; and therefore, juſtly prides himſelf in its Perfections, and endeavours to palliate its Failings.

This Love, ſo natural, is well deſign'd,
T'impreſs the ſocial Duties on the Mind.

But if the Thing is quite faulty, he is as eager to get rid of it, as of a Gangrene in his Fleſh.

The

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The second Consideration is, That it is a warm Assertor of Liberty and Property; valuable Blessings! Which your Fathers gallantly fought for, and which you happily enjoy. When the Enemies of our Peace rais'd hostile Arms in *Scotland*, and carried the Storm of Rebellion into the Heart of *England*, this Nation was calm and unruffled. Tho' you had your Swords drawn, ready for Action, you had no Occasion to use them: For, like the *Israelites*, in the Land of *Canaan*, your Terror was fallen upon all the Land. I have Reason to say so, having often heard the People of the other Parts of the Nation ingenuously confess, that, The NORTH of *Ireland* keeps the whole Kingdom in Awe. It is with Pleasure, Gentlemen, that I see you use these glorious Privileges, without abusing them; for tho' they are extremely good, they may be carried to Excess: Liberty may become profligate, and Property turn Miser. But to speak of them truly;

Liberty *is, a Body unconfin'd,*
Acting the Dictates of a virtuous Mind:
And,
Property *is, that necessary Wealth*
That keeps the Fabrick in a Flow of Health.

That you may long enjoy an honest Liberty both in Body and Mind, and transmit the same to latest Posterity, is the sincere Wish, and ardent Desire, of,

GENTLEMEN,

Your very humble Servant,

THE PUBLISHER.

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A VOYAGE

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A

VOYAGE

TO

O'BRAZEEL:

OR, THE

Sub-Marine ISLAND.

GIVING

A brief DESCRIPTION of the Country; and a ſhort ACCOUNT of the Cuſtoms, Manners, Government, Law, and Religion of the Inhabitants.

By *MANUS O'DONNEL.*

They that go down to the Sea in Ships, and occupy their Buſineſs in great Waters; theſe Men ſee the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in the Deep. PSAL. 107.

Faithfully Tranſlated out of the Original IRISH.

Printed in the Year MDCCLII.

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PREFACE.

THE following Sheets are a literal Tranſlation of an Old *Iriſh* Manuſcript, which came accidentally into my Hands: I found the Story both improving and ſurprizing, and therefore concluded that I would do my Country an acceptable Service in tranſlating it.

I am ſorry I cannot give my Reader any ſatisfactory Account of its Antiquity, the Author having no where dated it. Yet he has left us Room to conjecture that it was wrote ſometime in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, where he tells us that the Reformation was in its Infancy at the Time that he was upon the Iſland.

Tho' I think the whole Narration has an Air of Truth, and may be genuine, yet ſome I have ſhew'd it to condemn it as a Fiction, and even an improbable one; they think the ſinking of the Iſland is a Miracle of too extraordinary a kind; that the great repelling force found in their burning Oaks, and their very quick Growth, are quite hyperbolical and unreaſonable, being

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very different from any thing we know: But I look upon these Objections as more unreasonable than the things they are levell'd against.

1. The sinking of the Island was the Effect of Natural Causes, as is evidently plain to all who are versed in Hydrostaticks, or know the Specifick Gravity of Bodies. Indeed, the Glorious Light which was provided for that People had something Miraculous in it as far as we can judge; but the Necessity of that Miracle is Visible, since a Sub-marine Nation, can have no other Light than a miraculous one, in Respect to us, tho' there was as much Miracle in making the Sun to enlighten us, or the Pillar of Fire which attended the Israelites in the Wilderness.

2. The repelling force in the Oaks is no way extraordinary, but natural enough. We find a strong repelling Quality in some common Bodies; Grease repels Water, and the South Pole of a Load-Stone will repel and drive away the North End of the Needle. But not to insist on that, what is there more wonderful in this repelling Quality, than in Gravitation? The Reason of both is equally hid from us; the Effects of the latter are now well known to us, if the other is not so visible, must we conclude it impossible? How wou'd an Ignorant Inhabitant of *Lybia* be surprized to hear of our Frosts, how

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how our Waters without any visible Application become as firm as Rocks? Had a Philosopher told us the Properties of the Load-stone, before our Experience had taught us, he would have been rejected as a Teacher of Impossibilities, like the Geographer who published the first Account of the Antipodes. Nor is the quick Growth of these Trees wonderful, especially when we consider they were brought by a Divine Personage, and therefore must be supposed to be different from our common ones, and so was the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and the Tree of Life vastly different from any we now know; but these Oaks might have been even of the common kind, and that quick Vegetation might have been the Primitive Faculty, which is since lost, this Alteration would be no more surprizing than that which is known to have happened to Mankind, who have now a Vegetation, if I may use the Expression, vastly quicker than was in the first Ages of the World; the Antediluvian Fathers seldom got any Children till they were upwards of a 130 Years old; *Noah* did not get them till after he was five hundred; yet many Men at this Time get Children at seventeen Years of Age. The particular favour shew'd these People has nothing extraordinary in it, if we allow (as the Governour expected) that they are preserv'd

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ſerv'd for glorious Purpoſes, as the Converſion of the World, before the Conſummation of all Things.

Another Objection is, that theſe People cannot be ſo happy as the Author on many Occaſions inſinuates, by Reaſon that they want theſe charming Viciſſitudes of Night and Day which ſo exactly point out the proper Times for Reſt and Labour. Indeed the Author has not been particular enough in giving us an Account of the Nature of their Light and the manner of its exiſting, which may be owing to his Ignorance in Philoſophy, yet he informs us that they have the ſame Diviſions of Time which we have, conſequently, a Method for Regulating it.

If I could ſuppoſe the Author guilty of overlooking a very material Circumſtance, I ſhould conclude that the Light of this Place is much of the ſame Nature with that heavenly Light ſo beautifully deſcribed by *Milton*.

——————— There is a cave
Within the mount of God, faſt by the throne,
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes thro' heav'n
Grateful viciſſitudes, like day and night;
Light iſſues forth, and at the other door
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her hour
To veil the heav'n, tho' darkneſs there might well
Seem twilight here.———————

Book VI.

But

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But ſuppoſing their Light permanent and always the ſame, I ſee no Inconvenience in ſuch a Situation. Theſe Objectors ought to conſider that there is no natural Connection between Night, Sleep, and Happineſs. Do not the moſt Rich, and conſequently the moſt Happy among us, employ the Night in the laborious Taſk of Gaming and Drinking, and devote the Day to Sleep and Reſt? Night and Day are neceſſary to the People of our World, for while the Sun viſits one Part of it, he muſt leave the oppoſite Parts in Darkneſs. It is likewiſe neceſſary that there ſhould be a Time when we cannot ſee to work; otherwiſe all thoſe Men who are of an evil and covetous Mind, would give no Reſt, or Eaſe, either to themſelves, their Servants or Cattle: But the Inhabitants of *O'Brazeel* want no ſuch Checks upon their worldly Purſuits, their Dependance on the Almighty Providence, their Love and Charity to their Chriſtian Brethren, and their Tenderneſs and Compaſſion even for the Brute Part of the Creation, guard them from all Exceſſes that way. But I ſhall follow theſe Cavillers no further. If the well meaning Reader finds either Profit or Pleaſure in the following Narrative I have my Aim, if not, I will only tell the World that my Intention was better than my Judgment.

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It may be proper in this Place to inform my Readers, that I have in my Hands the Original Papers which the Governor gave to our Author's Father; and that I intend to reprint this Narrative together with these Papers, which altogether, will make a neat Pocket Volume. I am not insensible that some Men of *prejudiced Minds and narrow Principles* will look upon the Inhabitants of *O'Brazeel* the worst of Hereticks, and rail at me with Zeal and Bigottry for offering to poison their Ears with such hellish Notions, and damnable Doctrines: Nevertheless, I expect to find a great many *candid and free Reasoners* who will look on these People with a more favourable Eye, and Thank me for Translating their History.

A VOYAGE

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A VOYAGE TO O'BRAZEEL.

CHAP. I.

The author introduces his ſtory, and then leaves it to give an account of his father, and in particular, his character in relation to juſtice and charity.

THO' I am going to give the world an account of a moſt delicious country, and a happy people, it is not with a view of ſtirring up any enterprizing prince or general to go and conquer it. I would not willingly make men worſe than they are, by throwing a bone of contention among them, to ſet them a ſnarling and biting one another: We have too many inſtances of the cruel barbarity of conquerors in our times, who have laid waſte whole countries, deſtroying the bodies of the inhabitants, in order to ſave their ſouls, condemning them to torments and unheard-of cruelties, to make them catholicks. But the people I am ſpeaking of are perfectly ſafe from any ſuch inſults and barbarous uſage, both in reſpect

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of their ſituation and the protection of divine Providence, who will not ſuffer the rod of the ungodly to come into the lot of the righteous: I may therefore ſafely tell the world all I know concerning them, without any danger to their lives or properties. My chief aim is to reform mankind, and win them to a love of a practical piety and virtue, by ſhewing them how far others have excell'd that way, and how glorioufly they were rewarded even in this life.

I will not aſſume to myſelf any merit in theſe diſcoveries, which I am going to communicate, the inhabitants themſelves took a reſolution of making my father a witneſs of their happineſs, and it was at his requeſt that I was favoured in the ſame manner. But as my father is to bear a great ſhare in the following narrative I hope my reader will excuſe me if I trouble him with part of the character of that good man: whoſe exemplary piety and virtue procured him a favour which would not be granted the greateſt monarchs.

My father *Brien O'Donnel* was very remarkable for his great piety and devotion, but not content with theſe alone he made it his buſineſs to be ſtrictly honeſt and juſt to all men, and to ſhew charity and mercy to all who had a right to expect it.

He could not endure to be in debt to any man; it was a maxim with him, that an honeſt man was more ready to give truſt than to aſk it. Yet ſometimes it would happen that goods would be brought home to him, or labour-work done for him when he had not money ready to pay the creditors; but in theſe caſes he never gave them leave to crave him: he always ſent the money to them as ſoon as it came to hand. On theſe occaſions he uſed to ſay, *the man who comes to crave me, does ſo much work on my account for nothing.*

A neigh-

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A neighbour of his was once going to jail for a debt which he owed, my father knew him to be a good and an honeſt man; and he therefore could not bear to ſee him undergo all the miſeries of confinement, becauſe he did not do what was to him impoſſible, but my father not having as much ready money as would pay the debt, gave his caſh note to the creditor for it, and ſo releas'd his diſtreſs'd neighbour. Soon after the poor man died without making any payment: as ſoon as my father got money enough to pay off the debt he went to the creditor, and ask'd for his note; the creditor told him that he had loſt it; and therefore, ſays he, I muſt leave it to your own breaſt whether you will pay me or not; for I cannot compel you: Sir, reply'd my father, my conſcience is as good to you as twenty notes. There are, continued he, a great many lawful rogues in the world, tho' I keep myſelf out of the claſs: I call all men ſuch, who either take advantage of the weakneſs or ſeverity of the law to defraud and cheat, and glut their malice and revenge; and will be honeſt and peaceable only where the law compels them.

If he found any thing, and did not know the owner, he immediately advertiſed it, giving it to the perſon who gave the true marks; nor could he ever be prevailed upon to take any thing for his trouble. If all men were truly honeſt, he would ſay, the money a man loſes on the road would be as ſafe as if it lay in his cheſt; and why ſhould we take a reward for doing our duty? and ſurely that is my duty to give every man his own; the almighty God is ſo good as to reward us for doing our duty, muſt we be twice rewarded? or will we reſign our title to an eternal reward for the ſake of a trifle here?

I remember to hear him tell a pretty ſtory on one of theſe occaſions; two merchants were tra-

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velling together in some part of Turkey, one was a native of the country and the other an Englishman. The Christian merchant was a man of learning, which he employ'd very successfully in converting the Mahometan. The Turk was beginning to yield to the force of the arguments which the other used on that occasion, when he happened to see a purse of money on the road, he took it up and hung it on a tree by the road side, saying the poor owner will not fail of finding this here if he comes to seek it: why, says the Englishman, will no one meddle with it except the true owner? The other said, that no one would meddle with it: I cannot believe that you Turks are so very honest, replied the merchant, and therefore I think I may take that which in all likelihood will never come to the true owner's hands, and accordingly took the purse off the tree, and put it in his pocket. The Turk was so disgusted at this instance of dishonesty and avarice, that he told the other, if ever he changed his religion, he would embrace that one which practised best; for I fancy, says he, that our rewards and punishments in the next life will depend more upon our practice, than on our knowledge.

He was often employed in settling differences between neighbours, so that few law-suits were carried on in his neighbourhood during the time that he was able to exert himself that way. He used to say, that the man was not honest himself, who would not trust his cause in an honest man's hand. He often complained of the bulk and intricacy of our laws, and the number of our lawyers; but I shall say nothing on that head, since both good and bad men have reason to make the same complaint.

His charity was very extensive. When he was abroad he gave money freely to all those clamorous

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morous beggars who ſought an alms from him: he would ſay on theſe occaſions, that he did not doubt but he had been impoſed on by perſons who ſollicited for an alms who were really no objects of charity; but that he would rather give charity to twenty cheats, than leave one real needy perſon unaſſiſted. But when he was at home he gave nothing to ſtrolling beggars, but confined his charity to thoſe poor houſe-keepers who join'd their own induſtry to the charity of others.

In time of a great ſcarcity, a poor man ſtole a fat cow from him; warrants were immediately granted for a ſearch; the thief was found, ſeized and ſent to priſon. The priſoner's wife, hearing of her husband's misfortune, came to my father, and throwing herſelf at his feet, with tears begg'd for mercy, proteſting that it was *want* in the ſevereſt kind that forced her husband to commit a crime which he abhorr'd, and that it was hers and her childrens cries which made him ſet about it. Several neighbours who were preſent vouched for the man's honeſty, and gave him in general a very good character, upon which my father gave her a piece of gold to ſupport her and her family, together with the carcaſs of beef, and an order to get her husband out of priſon. But there is one circumſtance I muſt not omit. Sometime after the poor man began to grow rich, by the help of a legacy left him by a friend, and his own induſtry; he came to my father and offer'd him full payment and reſtitution for every thing, but my father abſolutely refus'd it. No, ſays he, as I have hopes of getting a reward from my heavenly father for what good offices I did you, I will not loſe the leaſt glimpſe of that proſpect for all that you can give me: however as that money was in a manner dedicated to the ſervice of God,

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God, I muſt deſire you to continue it in the ſame channel, by letting it run on in charitable uſes. But I have dwelt long enough, and perhaps too long on this ſubject; it is time that I return to the mean driſt of my diſcourſe.

CHAP. II.

The author tells us, how he and his father took a voyage to O'Brazeel, *their entertainment at a country man's houſe.*

MY father lived in that part of the county of *Donegall* which is called *Clogheneely*, he held a conſiderable farm on which he lived comfortably, he might have aim'd at genteel living, both by right of family and fortune, but he ſlighted ſuch things; he rather choſe to be at the head of the yeomanry, than the tail of the gentry. He could not endure the noiſe, hurry and confuſion that always take place in the hollow viſits of pretending friends, who are handſomely treated for no other reaſon, but becauſe they are known to be able and willing to return the like favour again: as the ſcabbed horſe is ready to nab and ſcratch the itch out of another, becauſe he knows the other will return him the ſame compliment.

One morning he walked out pretty early, according to a cuſtom which he daily practiſed when the weather permitted; but not returning at the uſual time, we ſent out a ſervant to enquire which way he was gone, and to find him out; but the ſervant return'd without getting any intelligence of him: we began to be more uneaſy when night came on without bringing him home. Next morning we ſent meſſengers among all our friends and acquaintances to enquire for him, but he was not to be found. We then began to conclude that he had

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had accidentally fallen into the sea, which was not far from the house, but the country people positively asserted that he was carried away by the fairies.

It was near a month after this disappearing of my father, that I walked out by the sea side, and was surprized to see my father coming towards me with a chearful countenance, and more fresh and fair than ever I had seen it. He ran and embraced me, and enquired cordially after all the family at home. We walked together till we came to that part of the sea shore where our boat lay at anchor, come, says he, let you and I go out to sea a little way, I have something to shew you; sir, replied I, let me go first and call a *hand* or two to row us: no, says he, you need not, we will row ourselves as far as we will go, only go and fetch some fire into the boat for we shall want it. I ran to a cabin hard by, and got a burnt turf or two which I put into the boat. He brought into the boat an augre and a piece of an oak stick. We launched our oars, and stood out to sea. When we had rowed sometime, son, says he, we have gone far enough, take in the oars. When I had shipped the oars according to his direction, he took the augre and began to bore a hole in the bottom of the boat; I was astonished, and cried out, dear sir, do you intend to drown us? he told me that he designed to sink the boat, and that nothing but death should hinder him. I was in confusion, and did not well know how to behave, however I began to reflect that I had been no bad *liver*, and that it was better for me to venture on death in my father's company, and trust in God's mercy, than to kill him, and so by taking his life preserve my own. As soon as he had bored the hole in the bottom of the boat, the water came rushing in upon us, he then kindled the

oak

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oak ſtick which I mentioned before, which burned like a candle. The water by this time was riſen pretty high in the boat ſo that ſhe began to ſink; you will eaſily allow that this ſudden proſpect of death ſhocked me very much, I begged that he would yet let me ſtop the leak, but he was reſolute.

When the boat began to ſink quite under water, I was ſurprized when I ſaw no water come in over the ſides of it, but ſtood like a wall on each hand, and at laſt formed an arch over our heads like a vault, as we went deeper in the water. When the boat ſunk too faſt he would lower his hand in which he held the fiery ſtick, upon which the water that was in the boat would fly out at the hole that was in the bottom, at the ſame time the arch above our heads crowded downwards and became lower, then by raiſing his hand again, the water would riſe in the boat, the arch above us retired back, and we went faſter down. By this means we went faſter or ſlower as he thought proper, till we came to a convenient depth. Now Son, ſays he, we are deep enough, we muſt now ſteer ſtraight forward; ſaying this, he held the fiery ſtick to the head of the boat, the water fled from it, and receded towards the ſtern, and ſo puſhed the boat forward into the vacancy which was a-head of us. After ſailing ſometime this way, we came to an open ſea. I then began to look about me, and ſaw that we were ſtill under water, which arched over our heads like a canopy as it did in the boat, but at a large and extenſive diſtance, I looked forward and ſaw land not far from me, which afforded a moſt beautiful proſpect. The light of this place was wonderful, it was more bright and enlivening than the ſun, yet not ſo hot and dazling. Now ſon, ſays the old man, launch your oars again, and let us make

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to land. We did so, and soon reached the happy coast. The beauties of the place are beyond description; here we saw delicious fountains, purling rills, shady groves, ripening grain, flowery meadows, flourishing fruit trees: and in other places we saw fruit and grain in full perfection; with cattle grazing on fair enamelled fields and pastures. At a distance from us we saw a most beautiful mount or taper hill, that ran up to a great height, we could not tell how far, for its top was hid in the superior waters; round its sides were the finest groves of green spreading oaks that I ever saw. Further up were large fires blazing on the sides of the hill. Sir, says I to my father, may I suppose you dead, and what I see is only your soul or spirit, and this your heaven. I am, replied my father, as you are, a living mortal. These delightful scenes you see are only fitted for the body, the joys reserved for spiritual beings, are as far superior to these, as one nature exceeds the other. I think, says I, that I could be content with immortality in this delicious place, and seek no other heaven. Ah son, replied he, you do not deserve a place even here. Short sighted man! ambition is sometimes a virtue, and content a vice. Bless me, says I, you never taught me this lesson before, you have often told me, that ambition was the most pernicious habit of the soul, that it occasioned frauds, cheats, dissimulations, murders, wars and devastations; ay, replyed he, when ambition is directed to wrong ends, it produces these ill consequences, for it is only innocent and praiseworthy, when the pursuit of it will injure no one, but rather be a publick benefit; which is the case, when it aims at the joys of heaven. The moth that always lurks in dark and obscure places, thinks a candle the finest thing in the world, and so flutters round it, till it is burn't in the pursuit of its plea-

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ſures. We count the eagle a more noble creature than the other, who loves to ſoar higher and gaze upon the ſun; but man who is much ſuperior to either of the two, ought to ſhew it by ſeeking a better light than either candle or ſun; or even the glorious light that fills this happy place. But come, continued he, let us go to the next houſe and get ſome refreſhment I aſked him if he knew the people who lived there, he ſaid he did not, but he knew they were chriſtians, and that was all he wanted. Dear ſir, ſaid I, did not we always live among chriſtians, and yet we ſaw no ſuch hoſpitality among them. To which he replied, that theſe chriſtians were only nominal, but not ſuch in reality; that a true hoſpitality was impracticable among us, where ſo many idle and covetous perſons were to be found, who would ſoon deſtroy all the ſubſtance of an hoſpitable perſon. But the caſe is not ſo here, where no one will take the benefit of the hoſpitable temper of another, but he who really wants it; and then it is both given, and received with thanks. Son, ſays he, if there were a thorn in your foot, would not your hand be ready to pull it out, and would not your heart be glad when it was out? I told him, that that queſtion did not admit of a negative anſwer. Then, ſays he, are we not all members of Chriſt's body, and of one another, and therefore ought to be ready and glad to help one another: and this is the caſe wherever the ſpirit of Chriſt our head actuates and enlivens the members, for one body ought to have but one ſpirit or life, which is that of Chriſt. This ſermonizing ſtrain may be odd, and diſagreeable to ſome of my readers; but I was well uſed to them, having always got excellent leſſons from that good man. By this time, we came near the farmer's houſe, the owner of it ſaw us coming and came running out to meet

us;

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us; my dear friends, says he, come into my cabin and refresh yourselves, you cannot give me a greater pleasure than an opportunity of giving you ease and satisfaction. We went with him, and were entertained in a very friendly manner. After we had eat share of a genteel dinner that was provided, we drank just two glasses of an excellent liquor, I may call it nectar, for our earth affords no liquor like it. After this our kind host asked us which way we designed to go; my father told him, that he was the stranger who had been at the governor's near a month past, and that I was his son, whom the governor allowed to be brought into the island, and that we were then going to the governor's house. Our host told us, he would be very glad to have more of our company, but that he would not hinder us from a more elegant entertainment which we would meet at the house of that excellent man. We took our leave of the family, the farmer himself accompanying us till we came to the governor's house and then leaving us, bid us God speed.

CHAP. III.

Their reception at the governor's house. The history of the island.

UPON our approach to the governor's house, one of his servants came to meet us, and after bowing to us very respectfully, he usher'd us into a very neat room elegantly furnished. I could not help thinking that I was in fairy land, and nothing but inchantments round me. In a little time the governor entered the apartment, and after saluting us: Sir, says he to my father, I see you have brought your son to see us and our way of living; then turning to me, young man, continued he, I hope

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you will have no reason to be displeased with your journey. Sir, replied I, I am quite charmed, and ravished with the admiration of what I see all around me, every thing is wonderful. Young man, answered the governor, it is but seldom that virtue is so visibly rewarded in this life, but you will cease to wonder when you hear the history of our Island.

Within a few years after our Saviour's crucifixion, his Apostles spread themselves through the several parts of the then known world, to preach the will of God, and faith in *Jesus Christ*; *Matthew* was the apostle who first preached among the Britons, and Irish, his companion and fellow labourer being *Joseph* surnamed *Justus*. When this good man came unto *Ireland*, he laboured in establishing a practical christianity among the inhabitants, As he travelled through that part of *Ireland* which is called the county of *Donegall*, he crossed over to this island of *O'Brazeel*, which at that time lay off the western coast of that County about seven or eight leagues, as may be yet seen in some of your old maps of *Ireland*.

When *Matthew* left this island, he cross'd over again into *Ireland*, but left *Justus* behind him; he gave us a copy of his gospel, and bad us be directed in all things by *Justus*, whom he appointed to be our teacher or pastor. This man made it his intire business to let his flock see the beauties and advantages of a religious and virtuous life, and the deformity and danger of wickedness and vice. By this man's preaching and practice, the whole island were so firmly rooted and grounded in the love of God and virtue, that their lives and properties were nothing in comparison to their hopes of a happy futurity, as the sequel will shew.

Sir, says my father to the governor, I cannot help observing, that you do not give the title of saint to the two holy men who converted your island.

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iſland. To which the governor replied, all true chriſtians are ſaints, and it is a folly to apply that name to one or two which is common to all. Saints muſt be ſcarce in thoſe churches, where a few are canonized, and talked of with wonder. I thought that reflection was deſigned as a ſatyr upon our roman catholick church, but the governor went on thus:

This iſland at that time, and ever ſince, hath a juſt title to be called the iſland of ſaints; but its ſituation and ſoil are now vaſtly different from what it was at that time: the occaſion of the happy change was this:

Our iſland at that time was poor, and unfruitful, and tho' of a conſiderable extent, as containing upwards of 300,000 acres of land, yet it was of little value, it belonged to a petty prince, who at that time governed all that part of the Iriſh country weſt of lough Foyle and Finn water. He made a preſent of this iſland to the chief paſtor, or as you call them, biſhops, who reſided in that part of the country; it is by virtue of this grant, that the preſent biſhops of *Raphoe* have this iſland inſerted in their patents, and will be good fiſh for them when they can catch it.

The land not affording the inhabitants the neceſſaries of life, they were little better than workmen, and labourers to the Iriſh, buying their corn and proviſions with the money they had before earned with hard labour.

In proceſs of time the Iriſh clergy became very remiſs in their duty; they frequented the prince's court, and other publick meetings, where they could expect to find mirth, jollity, and good entertainment. Theſe princes granted them large allowances out of the lands and labours of the people, which they exacted with rigour; this diſguſted the people, rancour and ill-will grew frequent

quent between them, and this breach proved an inlet to ſin and corruption of manners. Both parties were ſeverely puniſhed by the barbarous deveſtations, and indecent cruelties committed among them by the Danes, Norwegians, and other neighbouring nations, who came among them for plunder.

Our people, as I obſerved before, being obliged to go over into *Ireland* for work and the neceſſaries of life; they began to be tainted with their vices, and to fall off from that purity and ſtrictneſs of life, which they had hitherto preſerved pure and unſullied.

The heads of the families perceiving this, gathered together one day, to conſider how they might put a ſtop to this growing evil, but they could think on no way ſufficiently effectual to prevent it. Then it was that they took the ſtrange reſolution of praying to the Almighty three times a week publickly, that he would ſink their iſland, and themſelves into the ocean, rather than ſuffer their virtue to be defaced with the corruption of the Iriſh vices.

This they put in practice for ſome time, but one day as they came out of church where they had been praying, they ſaw a man on horſe-back come towards them, having a large wallet or bag under him; tho' his dreſs and habit was mean, yet there was ſomething extraordinary in his countenance. When he came up to the company, he ſpake to them thus: brethren, I am informed that you have been ſolliciting heaven for a very extraordinary thing. Do you know what you aſk? would not your hearts fail you, if ye ſaw your iſland actually ſinking, and the waters overwhelming you? the people told him, that they would not; that they would rather periſh in the ſea in God's favour, than live in ſin, and leave their poſterity empires. Your faith is great, ſaid the ſtranger, and ye may have

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have your desire; then taking his wallet, and opening it, he took out a great quantity of acorns, large and fine; and counting out an hundred for each family, he addrest himself to the company thus: if you would accomplish your desire you must first divide the lands of the island equally among your families, only the mountain which stands on the middle of the island, that must be in common to all, and be from this time forward called mount *Horeb*. Let these acorns be carefully planted round the lower part of the mountain. Let a proclamation be made, that all who are afraid may have leave to depart and leave this island: let all this be done immediately, and meet me here eight days hence.

All was done, according to the strangers desire, and several of the inhabitants who were tainted with sin, left the island, not having faith enough to abide the issue. On the eighth day the stranger came again, but by this time the acorns were grown up into large stately oaks, so that the people were surprized to see such a wonderful growth, and concluded that the stranger was some very extraordinary person.

They all met at the place appointed, and he asked them if they continued in the same mind still, they said they did. Then, says he, all that remains to be done, is, that you cut down as much of your oaks, as will kindle four large fires on the sides of mount *Horeb* above the woods, at equal distance; kindle fire in your houses of the same timber, and leave no common fire on the island; this was done likewise.

It seems this island was not originally fixt to the solid earth, but floated on the surface of the water, like a heavy log of timber, its great extent hindred it from being tossed by the waves of the sea, especially as it lay very deep in the waters, for the waters underneath it were constantly quiet and still,

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as all waters are at a great depth, ſo that the inhabitants knew nothing of its looſe ſituation, and I doubt not, but there are many iſlands in the world that are ſituated the ſame way.

Near the centre of the iſland there is a large glen, or hollow ground of a conſiderable length, in the bottom of which ran a large ſtream of freſh water, which gathered off the neighbouring ground in time of rain, for they had no ſprings in the iſland. It's great depth ſheltered it pretty well from the ſun beams, which the inhabitants had aſſiſted by making high ditches on each ſide, and planted them with ſhady trees; ſo that they ſeldom wanted cool and ſweet water, except in the time of a very dry ſeaſon. The ſtranger ordered a ſtrong bank to be raiſed croſs this glen, by this means making a large pond or baſon of a great capacity. He then ordered men to dig a deep hole of a conſiderable breadth in the bottom of this pond; they did ſo, ſtill digging on till they pierced quite through to the ſea underneath: the waters came ruſhing upon the workmen through the hole, but they were immediately hoiſted up to the top, by ropes fixed for that purpoſe. As this great baſon filled with water, the iſland began to ſink down into the ſea, like a ſhip which ſprings a leak. The inhabitants ſtill remained chearful, they did not fear death, they even entertained ſome hopes of a happy iſſue, from the extraordinary ſtranger who was with them, though they could not tell what to hope for.

However, the iſland was ſinking faſt, but the waters inſtead of running in upon the land, fled off at a diſtance; and at laſt formed the glorious vault or arch over our heads which you now ſee. The Iſland was ſunk to its preſent depth, when the pond filled full, and then running over into the ſea, as the iſland could be no heavier, it ſunk no deeper, but reſted in this ſituation.

Then,

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Then, turning to the people, the ſtranger ſaid, you may ſee that the fate of your iſland depends on this pond and theſe celeſtial oaks, it is the fire of theſe oaks that repels and keeps off the waters, therefore it is your intereſt to keep theſe fires perpetually burning, eſpecially thoſe on the mountain; you muſt build watch-houſes on the ſides of the hill, and let people be appointed to watch them continually, and keep them ſupplied with ſufficient timber; preſerve your acorns and plant them again, they will always be in their full growth in eight days time, ſo that you will never want a ſufficient quantity of firing for all the uſes of the iſland. But as the ſoil is not ſufficient for your comfortable maintenance, you will ſoon ſee it put into a better order, ſo that as a good earth was once curſed for the ſake of bad men, your iſland, which is a very bad ſoil, ſhall be bleſſed for your ſakes, and get all the beauty of the primitive innocent world. Saying this, he diſſolved into a diffuſive light, ſuch a light as what you now ſee adorning our happy iſland. Then we ſaw the face of the land turned into the beautiful figure it ſtill bears. Then the people were convinced that the ſtranger was ſome divine perſon, whom God had employed and authorized to do all theſe great things for us, which are ſtill continued to us, and for which we are conſtantly thankful.

CHAP. IV.

The author propoſes ſome queries to the governor, which he anſwers.

WHEN the governor had finiſhed the hiſtory of the iſland, he called for a bottle of cyder, each of us drank two glaſſes; I found it was the ſame kind of liquor which we drank at the

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farmer's houſe, but more ſtrong, rich, and delicious.

After this refreſhment, the governor took us into his garden, we found it ſurprizingly delightful, after walking ſometime and looking at a profuſe variety of fruits and flowers, we ſat down on a charming bank, ſhaded round with aromatick ſhrubs. When we were all ſeated, the governor told us, that he was ready to give us any further account of the ſtate of the iſland that we ſhould deſire; ſir, ſays I, I will not compliment you on account of your goodneſs to us, which is but a part of what you ſhew on all occaſions; but I will rather chooſe to take the opportunity of aſking, what you are ſo ready to anſwer. In ſhort, I want to be ſatisfied in two or three points; the firſt is, as your fires have ſuch a power of repelling water, how do you dreſs your victuals, in which fire and water are ſuch inſeparable companions? You muſt know, anſwered the governor, that our fires do not repel freſh waters, but ſalt: therefore the fugitive faculty lies not in the water, but in the ſalt that is mixed with it. But that is not all, for we often put conſiderable quantities of ſalt water in our cauldrons, which we boil over our fires in order to make ſalt; yet we do not find that the fire has any repelling force on it, which we attribute to the metal in the boiler, which deſtroys the effect of the fire.

I then told him, that I wanted to know how they were ſupplied with freſh water, ſeeing they were ſurrounded with ſalt water, and had no rain or clouds.

You may obſerve, replied the governor, that the top of mount *Horeb* runs a conſiderable way into the ſea above us: the ſalt waters ſoak and penetrate into the hill by their natural weight; now the earth of the hill has that excellent quality of filtrating or ſeparating the water from the ſalts that

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that are lodged in it, as we have proved by several experiments; whence it follows that the sea water which soaks into the hill, being purged of its salts, and meeting with a hard bed of clay near the bottom of the hill which it cannot penetrate, bursts out into fountains of charming fresh water over the whole island; these waters are raised to proper heights by the inhabitants, by means of engines, drains, banks and dams, &c. so that they are capable of watering the land, and supplying all the necessary purposes of life. Indeed we sometimes labour under one inconveniency, and that is, when your air above is more than ordinary heavy, the sea is prest down lower, so that the top of mount *Horeb* is considerably deeper in water than is usual; this encreases our springs to such a degree that they overflow the country, and sometimes endanger our meadows, and fields of corn; in this case we set five or six or ten men with fiery sticks over the great pond, which makes the water retreat back or downwards through the great hole at the bottom, by which means we can raise the island to any height we please; in these cases we often raise it till mount *Horeb* shews her top above your horizon, and may be seen over the surface of your seas; this we do in order to free the hill entirely of water, by which means the springs cease to flow, the floods dwindle to nothing, and the face of the country is restored to its former beauty. But then, sir, says I, are you not afraid of being discovered; for the glorious light of this place may soon be taken notice of, when there is an open communication between your regions and ours. Our light, replied the governor, is like that which accompanied the Israelites in the wilderness; it illuminates us, but is obscure darkness to others. Indeed continued he, the light of our oak fires is often seen by you on these oc-

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caſions, by enlightening your atmoſphere, or the upper regions of your air, as a candle blazing in the ſocket of a candleſtick glances on the ceiling of the room, tho' all the reſt of the room be in gloomy darkneſs; and it is the more viſible to you, as we generally raiſe the iſland when your ſun is ſet, which we can eaſily perceive by the blackneſs of the waters round mount *Horeb*. Theſe lights you call ſtreamers, merry dancers, and northern lights; you ſee them, but cannot account for them; ye are not ſenſible that they are nothing but the flames that ariſe from our oaks on mount *Horeb*, reflected on your atmoſphere.

But ſir, ſays I, is there no danger that the inhabitants increaſe beyond what the lands can bear? I know the number of inhabitants are reckoned the riches of a country; but then it muſt be a country of trade and commerce, for that muſt make ſome of the inhabitants vaſtly rich, and conſequently vain and ambitious; and theſe vices find employment for a great number of people, who live comfortably by ſupplying their rich neighbours with things which they do not really want; nothing of which is the caſe of this place. To which the governor replied, our firſt lawgivers foreſaw this inconvenience, and ſo provided againſt it But before I tell you in what manner, I muſt let you know that we do not confine ourſelves to things barely neceſſary, but allow ourſelves a free uſe of ſuch things as are decent and ornamental. We ſee the works of nature adorned, and beautifully ſet out for the entertainment, delight, and enjoyment of mankind: then why ſhould men make themſelves an exception to this general rule, by appearing indecent and unadorned to each other? It is not the uſe, but the abuſe of a thing that is offenſive. You may judge by your method of coming hither, that we are capable of carrying on

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on a trade by ſea to more advantage than any other nation; we can dip under water at pleaſure, and ſo avoid the ſtorms and hurricanes, that are ſo deſtructive to your fleets and ſhipping. We carry large caſks full of the earth of mount *Horeb*, in our veſſels; which converts the ſalt water of the ocean into that which is ſweet and freſh, for the uſe of our ſeamen; which is of vaſt advantage in long ſea voyages. We have a ſtore-houſe on the Iriſh coaſt, and factors to tranſact buſineſs for us, in ſeveral trading towns. We export beef, hides, tallow, butter, woolen and linen cloth, and ſeveral other manufactures; and in return, bring home money, and ſuch goods as we have occaſion for. It has been cuſtomary of a long time among us, to ſend ſome of our men and women into your world to learn ſuch trades, arts and ſciences, as we judged might be uſeful and improving; and would employ hands we have to ſpare. We are often among you, and mix with you at your fairs, markets, and other publick meetings; to learn how affairs are carried on in other nations. All this employs a great many people, both male and female. I ſhall now give you an account of our publick œconomy, in relation to your queſtion.

Our governors ordered, that no man ſhould marry before he was thirty years of age, nor any woman before ſhe was five and twenty; that only one child ſhould be capable of poſſeſſing land, and another of getting a portion; this favour was fixed upon the two eldeſt children, who were therefore called proprietors, as having a fortune either in land or money; tho' the land always went to the male child, if the two eldeſt were of different ſexes. The parents were obliged to begin at the time of their own marriage, to lay by money to live upon in their old days, becauſe they were obliged to part with their lands, when their eldeſt child was thirty years of age. Each

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Each diviſion of land was valued at thirty pounds a year, and the woman's dowry was ſettled at three hundred pounds. A male proprietor of land, was obliged to marry a woman that was a proprietor of money; the three hundred pounds, which was her portion, he gave to his brother or ſiſter; if he gave it to a brother, that brother muſt marry a woman that was a proprietor of land; by which means he became poſſeſſed of the land, and the three hundred pounds went into her family. In ſhort the rule was, that a proprietor of land, muſt always marry a proprietor of money; which money, was deſigned to portion off the other brother or ſiſter. Thus matters are regulated that no inheritance can be divided, but all the farmers are kept upon an equality according to the original deſign.

All the other children, beſide theſe mentioned, are in general called * younkers, theſe are not allowed to marry, unleſs they are called into the rank of proprietors, to ſupply the defects of ſuch families as have but one child, or none at all; or where proprietors have a mind to ſell their birthright, which they ſometimes do, when they have no inclination to marry. Some of theſe younkers are ſent to trades, to ſea, or to ſervice, while they are young, and are all maintained out of the publick ſtock when they are old and paſt their labour; the reſt are ſent to a kind of monaſtry or academy, where they are inſtructed in the rules of juſtice, and the law of God. Out of theſe are choſen our teachers, and our exhorters for religious purpoſes, and our wardens, directors and governors for our civil or national affairs; what remains are formed into a kind of militia or publick ſervants

* *The word is* cultoag *in the original, which I do not underſtand.*

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ſervants to attend the execution of our laws, and the publick fires upon mount *Horeb*.

I told him, that I thought the regulation was excellent, except in that part which denies marriage to ſo large a number of people, who, perhaps, might not have the gift of continency. To this he replyed, that the deſire of copulation is not ſo ſtrong as ſome people are apt to imagine; it depends, in a great meaſure, on ſeveral outward circumſtances that may be guarded againſt. The ſun's genial heat is a great provocative, which is the reaſon that both ſexes marry very young in hot countries, much earlier than in the cold regions of the north: this does not affect us, the enlivening heat with which we are bleſt, cheers our blood without hurrying or inflaming it. Another cauſe is idleneſs; employment keeps the mind too buſy to give it much time for rambling or wanton thoughts; therefore for this and other reaſons, we put our young people to ſome employment as ſoon as they are capable of it; another cauſe is, a too great familiarity between the ſexes: toying, kiſſing, rummaging, prompt to more looſe deſires; this we likewiſe guard againſt. Cuſtom and faſhion have their influence in this as well as ſeveral other affairs of life, but they have no place with us. Curioſity may be added to the reſt; one is deſirous to try what he hears another praiſe ſo much, and to experience what can be in thoſe pleaſures which he ſees another ſo eagerly purſue; but the beſt guard againſt this, and all the reſt, is religion, which is early inſtilled into the minds of our young people, and ſo conſtantly practiſed by all who are capable of it, that even the violent inclinations of nature are either quite ſtifled, or yield entirely to it; nor do we put any force on thoſe to whom marriage is prohibited, for moſt of them learn trades when they are young, and therefore are fit for

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for travelling into your world; we give them money out of the publick ſtock, to ſet them up in any of your trading towns, but it is very rare to find any one who chuſes it.

The governor having finiſhed what he had to ſay to my queſtions, we all roſe and quitted the arbour, and took a walk towards the centre of the garden; in this place grew a tall ſpreading apple tree, full of fruit, he pulled a few and gave them to us, we eat of them, and found them exquiſitely good. He aſked us how we liked them, we told him they were delicately good, beyond expreſſion. I knew you would like them, anſwered he, for they are choice fruit, and the beſt in the iſland; but come, continued he, let us go to the next ſeat, and ſit a while till I give you an account of a love affair, that was occaſioned by the pulling one of theſe apples. We went altogether to a camomile bank, and ſitting down, the governor gave us the following relation.

CHAP. V.

The ſtory of Verdone *and* Moyla.

MOYLA, the only daughter of our late governor, who is ſtill a very fine woman, was in her younger days extreamly beautiful, there was ſomething prodigiouſly pleaſing in her ſhape and countenance, and her education was agreeable to her parts and ſtation. With all this ſhe was humble, modeſt, religious and obedient; if any thing could leſſen this fine character, it was, that ſhe did not ſhew in ſome part of her conduct, that gravity and ſolidity, which we old people are too apt to expect from thoſe who are young and ſprightly.

As ſhe was one day walking in theſe gardens, for

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for this houſe and demeſnes always belong to the governor in being, I ſay, as ſhe was walking here in the garden, ſhe came to thist ree, which ſhe always called her favourite tree, ſhe caſt her veil aſide, that ſhe might take a proſpect of her tree, and ſee which apple pleaſed her beſt; looking round doubtful where to fix her choice, ſhe chanced to ſee one near the top that charmed her. It had a moſt enticing appearance, the rich juices within were ripened to the greateſt perfection, and now ready to burſt forth, had ſtained the outſide with the moſt beautiful crimſon. She immediately took a reſolution of climbing the tree, and procuring for herſelf this tempting apple. Women are generally as quick in their actions as reſolutions; ſhe mounted the tree, and ſoon reached the branch on which the temptation was ſuſpended; but ſeizing the fruit too eagerly, ſhe over-reached herſelf; her feet ſlipped off the branch on which they ſtood ſupported, ſo that ſhe hung in the tree, holding only by a branch which ſhe had graſped in her left hand, as ſhe reached for the apple with her right. She might yet have recovered herſelf, if the branch ſhe held had not failed, for that ſhivered off from the ſtock, not being able to bear her weight; when ſhe firſt found herſelf in a dangerous ſituation, ſhe gave a ſhriek, which brought the gardiner, who happened to be near at hand, to her aſſiſtance; but e'er he reached the place, the branch ſhe held by had given way. As ſhe was falling down with her feet foremoſt, they ſtruck againſt another branch, which delayed her fall a little, but with this bad circumſtance, that it threw her head foremoſt from the tree; ſhe was near the ground, when the gardiner juſt came time enough to catch her in his arms, and ſo ſaved her, in all likelihood, from a broken neck; for ſhe came into his arms with ſuch force, as

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ſtruck him to the ground under her, but ſtill he exerted all his ſtrength, to keep her from feeling any part of the ſhock.

The gardiner's name was *Verdone*, and belonged to the claſs of younkers, but could boaſt as much beauty in his perſon and parts as even *Moyla* herſelf; and I can aſſure you from my own knowledge, that the iſland could not ſhew ſuch another pair. He had ſtudied the buſineſs of a gardiner very carefully and executed it, with a ſuperior ſkill and faithfulneſs. As ſoon as this extraordinary couple had recovered themſelves, it was no wonder, that all the ſeverer dictates of reaſon and religion, gave way to the ſofter ones of a tender and paſſionate love. He ſtill ſupported her till ſhe could recover the uſe of her limbs, which the fright in ſome meaſure deprived her of: but then, when ſhe wanted to leave his arms, what commotions did he feel? ſhe ran to her veil, and putting it on, ſhe told him, ſhe owed her life to his generous aſſiſtance, and would, if ever it lay in her power, make a grateful return; and that it gave her a ſenſible grief, that ſhe could not then give him a proof of the great inclination ſhe had to be grateful to her deliverer. He ſtood gazing in a kind of rapture, ſtupid and motionleſs, but that ſtate was too eaſy for him, for ſhe immediately left him, and then he thought, as he has often told me, that his heart was tearing aſunder: And we may conclude, that hers was not in a much eaſier ſituation.

But however, after ſome time, theſe warm ſentiments ſeemed to loſe much of their force, and reaſon appeared the conqueror. They reflected, that the laws of their country and their duty, forbad their wiſhes, and left them nothing to hope for. What was only in appearance might at laſt have become real, if another accident had not renewed their love with double vigour. There

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There is a very beautiful deer-park behind this garden; you ſee it is ſeparated by a very good wall of ſtone and lime, too high for a deer to leap. *Moyla* uſed often to paſs ſome hours in this place every day, amuſing herſelf with a pet fawn, who uſed to come to her, and feed out of her hand, and then play its innocent gambols round the beautiful nymph; ſometimes *Moyla* would take pleaſure in running away, that the fond fawn might gallop after; ſhewing a little of that ſpirit of coquetry, which is ſo notorious in the females of your upper world. One day ſhe had followed that diverſion ſo long, that ſhe grew quite tired. In order to reſt herſelf, ſhe ſat down by a little rill of water that ſprang up at one end of the park, and ran out at the other. Here ſhe inſenſibly fell aſleep; while ſhe ſlept, it happened that all the ſprings in the iſland were in flood, occaſioned, as I told you before, by the weight of your atmoſphere, which ſunk the waters deeper on mount *Horeb*. The riſing waters ſoon wakened the nymph; ſhe was ſenſible of her danger, and immediately took a reſolution of plunging into the flood, in hopes to croſs it e'er it roſe too high; but ſhe had not gone many ſteps before ſhe found the current too ſtrong for her, ſhe began to ſtagger, and called out for help; *Verdone* heard her voice as he worked in the garden, and knew it too well to be deceived; he climbed the wall, or rather flew over it in an unaccountable manner, but e'er he could reach the ſtream, he ſaw her carried down a conſiderable way by the force of the flood. He ran, he flew to her relief; the ſtrength of the ſtream and the quantity of cloaths ſhe had on, kept her from ſinking ſome time, but by that time that he came to her, ſhe was come into dead water, and was juſt ſinking. He plunged in, and ſwam to her, and caught her in his arms,

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and carrying her quite out of the reach of the water, laid her on a rising ground with her head reclined down the hill, till by this means she disgorged most of the water she had swallowed down, during her stay in that element. Having recovered her senses enough to know that she owed this second deliverance to the lovely *Verdone*, she addrest him thus, O *Verdone*, said she, you have twice given me life, can I live insensible of such great obligations? no, *Verdone*, my whole life shall be employed in thinking of you, as far as is consistent with every part of my duty: yes, *Verdone*, I will love you while I live, if I can do no more: *Verdone* heard this confession with more joy, than *Moyla* received life from his assistance. O *Moyla*, replied he, all that I did, or could do for you, comes far short of the pleasure you give me at this moment; to have a place in your thoughts, is to be happy indeed in this world; I am not of your mind, answered *Moyla*, for our different sexes and circumstances, are an unsurmountable obstacle in the progress of such a pure friendship as I would have to subsist between us; 'tis true, our different sexes fit us for the most endearing friendship, which is certainly to be found in the marriage state: but our laws are against that union. To which *Verdone* replied, O charming *Moyla*, you judge right: I was beginning to indulge my love, when I have nothing but despair in prospect; I would sacrifice every thing to possess you, except my conscience, that must be kept pure and unsullied. I will not perswade you to take any step in my favour, that will be contrary to any branch of your duty, or my own. That man shews a poor self-interested spirit, that would purchase his own happiness at the expence of another's, or would grieve his conscience to please his senses. My dear *Moyla*, I will love you and indulge

dulge it too; tho' my despair should consume me. O *Verdane*, replied the disconsolate *Moyla*, we have not time even for words, we must part and with sentiments too much alike. I am afraid that you have twice preserved my life, that it might end more miserable. Here she gave him a parting look of tenderness, then clapping on her veil, which luckily lay on a green hillock beside her, where she had laid it when she first came into the field, she hurried away to her father's house.

The melancholy *Verdane* heard these last words with inexpressible grief; he returned to his work with an heart entirely devoted to sorrow. It was not long e'er these paragons of beauty were sunk into a poor skeleton-like appearance. The governor was alarmed to see his daughter have all the symptoms of a dying woman. As sicknesses are little known in this happy place, the old man began to suspect that love was the cause of this unhappy change. He came to her bed-side one day, and charged her on her duty, to tell him if she loved any man in particular. My dear father, answered the damsel, let me die in peace; if I have loved any man contrary to my duty, or without your knowledge, it was owing to chance entirely; I never yet formed a design that did not square exactly with your inclinations, where I thought you ought to be consulted; I confess I do love, but it is not the effect of levity and unguarded moments, but of gratitude, and something else that I cannot account for; but as that love is ill placed, being contrary to the laws of my country, I choose rather to die under my burden than to seek relief. This answer only made her father more anxious to know exactly the situation that she was really in, and therefore ordered her to tell him the whole affair. She was too sensible of her duty to refuse him, tho' she was in no small confusion

confuſion in telling that part of her ſtory, where ſhe had brought herſelf into ſo much danger by too much inadvertency.

As ſoon as the governor perceived that *Verdone* was the object of her deſire, he concluded that the paſſion was mutual, ſince that unfortunate young man had the ſame ſymptoms of an approaching death. My dear child, ſaid the afflicted governor, be not dejected, you may expect every thing in the power of an indulgent father; *Verdone* and you are both in the claſs of younkers, therefore are prohibited the uſe of matrimony; you know I belong to that claſs; though my place gave me a right to marry, it is denied to my children: yet it may happen, that the requiſite numbers of proprietors may not be compleat, then the deficiency is to be ſupplied out of our claſs, and in that caſe I may have intereſt enough to get you both adopted. Come, come child, be comforted, this expedient may make you eaſy. The dying *Moyla* ſaw a gleam of hope flow from her father's kind aſſurances; ſhe indulged it, and began to recover in a ſenſible manner: ſhe ſent an account of all to her dear *Verdone*, who received the news with the greateſt pleaſure, and hoped for an happy iſſue.

The governor iſſued out orders for a general aſſembly of the male and female proprietors of the iſland. When they were all come together, the governor began, by giving them a particular account of the Loves of *Verdone* and *Moyla*, and the dangerous ſituation they were in, and concluded by telling them, that all his hopes did depend on finding a vacancy or two among the proprietors. They all wiſhed him ſucceſs, and ſo ſet about the enquiry; but to the great diſappointment of our dying lovers, the number was compleat. The governor was then quite dejected. I am ſorry, my

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my good friends, said he, that all your labour is in vain; but I must be patient and submit to the divine providence. His grief would let him say no more; upon which one of the directors addrest him thus: sir, we must intreat you to suspend your sorrows till you see all hopes cut off; it is possible that some proprietors will be found who will dispose of their birth-rights; for this our law allows of for good reasons.

This motion was no sooner made, than a young male proprietor rose up, and addrest the governor thus: sir, I am ready to part with my birth-right, and am proud of the opportunity of contributing to the happiness of the lovely *Moyla*; you know, continued he, that my father's lands join your demesnes, this gave me an opportunity of coming often to your house; the dawn of beauties which then appeared in the face of *Moyla*, were so inexpressibly charming, that I grew prodigiously fond of her company: after she passed her thirteenth year, she so well veiled her charms from the eyes of men, that I never had the happiness of seeing them after that time; but the early beauties which I once saw are still fresh in my memory: will you wonder then, that I still love, still adore her? can I say I love her, and not strive to make her happy, tho' it be to destroy my own hopes? should I miss this opportunity it would be a proof to my conscience, that it is my self I love, and not the lovely *Moyla*. I have now no heart for matrimony, and therefore my birth-right is useless to me, and is at your service.

The governor thanked him in the most sensible manner; the directors commended his generous resolution, and told him, that as *Verdone* had not money to purchase the lands, they would, if the governor consented, pay him out of the publick stock. The governor thanked them for this great instance

inſtance of their love to him and his family, but told them at the ſame time, that he would not conſent that the publick money ſhould be appropriated to his private uſe and occaſions, telling them that he would himſelf advance the purchaſe money.

Verdone was ſent for, and the bargain concluded, but all this while no female proprietor was found to relinquiſh her birth-right. For tho' our female younkers behave mighty well, never thinking of matrimony, as having no hopes that way; yet I have obſerved, that none of our female proprietors can ever be prevailed upon to part with their birth-right; the reaſon I take to be this: as they have a right to matrimony, they have it often in their thoughts, they find ſomething pleaſing in theſe reflections, which they cannot be induced to part with afterwards. Here my father interrupted our kind intelligencer. Sir, ſaid he, I think our females have the advantage of yours, for ſeveral of our women live and die maids, tho' marriage is not prohibited by any law. That may be, anſwered the governor, but I ſuſpect that their living in a ſtate of perpetual virginity, is more owing to too little aſking in the men, than too much refuſing in the women.

This interruption over, the governor went on with his ſtory thus: the governor, ſays he, was quite diſconcerted at this new diſappointment, and ſat quite ſilent for ſome time, at laſt recollecting himſelf, he ſpoke to the aſſembly thus: our inquiry into the number of male and female proprietors is not perfect; it is true, we have found the number in general to be compleat, but we have not examined if the one ſex is equal in number to the other, if they are not, you know, we have a right to unclaſs the ſupernumeraries by lot, and encreaſe the ſmalleſt number, by election. The company in general allowed that to be extremely

juſt,

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juſt, and agreeable to the known laws of his country. A new enquiry being made, they found the males exceeded the females by two. This may prove a lucky diſcovery, quoth the governor, let us immediately caſt lots upon the male proprietors to ſee which one muſt quit his birth-right, and claſs with the younkers. *Verdone*, who was now a proprietor by purchaſe, was obliged to ſtand his chance with the reſt; he trembled leſt the lot ſhould fall on him, but he had the good fortune to eſcape. He on whom the lot fell was immediately claſſed with the younkers, and the lovely *Moyla* was elected a proprietreſs in the vacancy.

This news was ſoon carried home to the drooping daughter, who quickly recovered her native bloom, and began to ſhine again. After ſome proper preparations, the marriage was ſolemnized with all the ſplendor and joy uſual on ſuch occaſions: and the beautiful *Verdone* and *Moyla* were each made happy in the poſſeſſion of what they eſteem'd moſt valuable in this world.

The governor had juſt finiſhed his ſtory, when a ſervant came to call us to ſupper. We went in and found a neat and genteel entertainment, yet nothing that ſavour'd of profuſeneſs or a waſteful plenty. After ſupper we drank two glaſſes of cyder, which I find is their quantum on all occaſions. We then had ſome indifferent chat till we were ſhewed to our apartments, where we refreſhed ourſelves with a ſound and comfortable ſleep. When we aroſe we found the governor waiting for us; we took a walk into the deer-park, and, after ſome time, ſitting down by the ſide of the little rill which had almoſt proved fatal to the lovely *Moyla*, the governor addreſs'd us thus: my dear friends, ſaid he, do you want any more information concerning the ſtate of our happy iſland? If it is not too great a trouble, anſwered my father, we would

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be glad to hear how your religion, laws and government are regulated. The governor replied, that it would rather be a pleasure, first as it gave him an opportunity of obliging a stranger, and in the second place, as such recitals never fail'd to raise in his breast the most sincere returns of thankfulness to their great benefactor. So without more words he gave them the following account.

CHAP. VI.

The governor gives an account of the government, laws and religion of O'Brazeel. *He relates a remarkable adventure.*

THE whole island, said the governor, is divided into twelve shares or wards, each of which is govern'd by two wardens and a director. The business of the wardens is to act as publick notaries, they register all bargains, deeds, bonds, indentures, &c. and act jointly as justices of the peace, in disputes between man and man. The directors form the great council of the island, and are called the board of directors, in which council the governor of the island sits as president; these have power to make new laws, and repeal old ones, they likewise receive appeals from the wardens court, and judge peremptorily in all cases. There is a handsome market town in every ward, in which there is a neat house, built for the directors, with a good garden and some fields adjoining, and another neat house for the two wardens. The two wardens are allowed a sallery of ten pounds each per annum, and twenty pounds per annum to the director. The governor has thirty pounds per annum, and these demesnes valued at thirty more. We have no notions, continued he, of raising vast sums off our industrious people to support

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port a ſet of men in an indolent ſtate of eaſe and luxury. Our maxim is, that if a man's whole time is employed in the ſervice of the publick, we allow him a comfortable ſubſiſtance; but if only a part of his time is ſo employed, we allow him a portion accordingly; and leave him to make out the reſt of his maintenance, in the time he hath to ſpare. The wardens and directors are elected every three years, by the whole body of the people; each ward electing their own, tho' no man has a vote till he is above thirty years of age. I believe you will ſay that there is ſomething ſingular in their election, which is thus;

Every elector has a ſufficient number of letters caſt in metal, not unlike theſe uſed by printers; he has likewiſe a little frame which can be enlarged or diminiſhed at pleaſure by the help of ſcrews. With this frame and ſome of theſe letters fixed in it, he can ſtamp on paper, any man's name he pleaſes. At the three years end, when there is to be a general election, or at a particular election, occaſioned by the death of the warden or director, then each elector ſtamps on a bit of paper, the man's name whom he thinks moſt proper to ſucceed to the office. Then all the electors aſſemble at the market town. In the market-place, there is ſet a cheſt with a hole cut in its cover; in this cheſt every elector drops his ſcrip of paper; making at the ſame time this ſolemn aſſeveration: I A——B——do ſolemnly declare that I do not make this choice out of ſelf-intereſt or affection to any man, my whole view is the good of my country. When they have all done, there is a great table ſet in the ſtreet, on which is laid a parcel of papers, each paper being marked with a different letter of the alphabet, the whole taking in all thoſe letters which are uſed in the beginning of mens ſurnames; then a ſufficient number of men

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are employed to write down the names as they are taken out of the cheſt; it is laid on the middle of the table, then opened before the ſcribes, every one being obliged to read the name; then he who has the paper marked with the letter of the name drawn, writes down the name on the paper, laying the paper on the middle of the table, that all may ſee it is fairly entered; thus they go on till all is finiſhed; then they examine papers, and the man whoſe name is found oftener, is declared duly elected.

The governor is elected for life, and is choſen by the directors only. At the end of three years when the board of directors are elected, they, with the governor, proceed to the election of a new governor, much after the ſame manner as that which I have explained. Each director ſtamps the name of that man on a bit of paper, which he thinks moſt fit to be governor in ſucceſſion to the preſent one; the governor in being doth the ſame, affixing his ſeal to the name he writes. They have a cheſt with thirteen locks, each of the electors keeping a key. If there has been a former election, it is now rendered invalid, for every new board of directors proceed to a new election, dropping their bits of paper in the cheſt, where they lie till the next election (if the governor does not die in the mean time) then are they taken out and burnt, to make room for a new election. When the governor dies the cheſt is opened, and the man whoſe name is found oftener repeated, or written on the papers, is duly elected governor; ſo that we can ſay, (as well as your lawyers do of your monarchs) that our governor never dies, the new one being elected before the old one dies, without any one's being able to know who the man is.

I can give you but little account of our laws; indeed

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indeed in a country where every man carries a governor, and a law in his own breaſt, you will own that laws are unneceſſary. We have not yet made any particular laws againſt wilful crimes, becauſe there are no ſuch things among us; we content ourſelves by making a general law, that whoever commits a wilful crime, muſt expect to be puniſhed according to the nature of it; however, in relation to diſputes and lawſuits, we have fixed upon the following plan:

When a diſpute ariſes, the diſputants are obliged to refer the cauſe to two neighbours, if they cannot agree, they chuſe an umpire; yet from this judgment, either party may appeal to the wardens court: but there is ſome coſt attending this, each witneſs may demand two pence for every mile he travelleth, and two pence for every hours attendance; there may be two pence charged for every ſummons and warrant that is iſſued out: there muſt be two ſhillings paid into the publick treaſury, for we allow no fees; theſe coſts are generally thrown on the perſon who is found in the wrong, according to the diſcretion of the judges. If the wardens cannot agree in their judgment, they call in the directors of the ward, to be an umpire over them; either party may yet appeal to the board of directors, in this caſe there muſt be five ſhillings paid into the publick treaſury, other coſts are charged as before: but from this court there is no appeal. If the appellant is found to be litigious, he may, beſide paying the coſts, be branded with ſome mark of infamy, as having his hat taken off his head in the publick market, or being ſet in the ſtocks. The wardens muſt keep their court once a week, provided there are above three ſuits depending; however, no caſe muſt lie before them above three weeks. The directors muſt keep their court once a month at the capital, and no caſe

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caſe muſt be before them above three court days.

But, ſir, ſaid my father to the governor, I can hardly conceive how you can have any diſputes among you; ſuch ſober diſintereſted minds are not fit for diſputes; you are miſtaken, anſwered the governor, we have ſeveral diſputes among us. Where we are not particularly directed by the revealed word, we muſt have recourſe to the light of reaſon, and a glorious light it is, when it is not clouded by prejudices and long habits of thinking a wrong way. Reaſon ought to be the ſame in all men; yet from the forementioned cauſes we find, that the thing which one man thinks reaſonable, another thinks is not ſo. I cannot explain this better, than by giving you an inſtance of a curious diſpute which happened in this iſland when I was a boy.

One of our male proprietors took a reſolution to ſell off his birth-right and live ſingle; he ſoon found a purchaſer among the claſs of younkers. The bargain being concluded, and the money paid, they took ſome witneſſes, and went to the lands that were ſold; the one to give, and the other to take poſſeſſion. As they entered the firſt field, they were ſurprized to ſee the body of a dead man lie in the field, a little way from them; they went to it, and examined it, and concluded, that it muſt be ſome perſon who had been drowned in your upper ſeas, and ſo had fallen quite thro' upon the iſland, for they found his cloaths quite wet, and his bones all diſlocated with the fall. Upon ſearching his pockets, they found ſome books and papers, and a purſe of gold, that contained about an hundred and thirty broad pieces. He that had ſold the field, put theſe effects in his pocket, and ſaid, that he would take immediate care for the burial of the man before he did any thing elſe. The purchaſer alledged that he had the beſt right to

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to the effects; but as the other denied that, they immediately agreed to refer it to the decision of two honest neighbours. By this time, there were several people gathered about them; out of these they chose two referees, each one chusing the man he thought most proper to give impartial justice.

He, whom the purchaser had chosen, gave his opinion thus: my judgment is, said he, that he who sold the land, has the best right to the effects belonging to the dead man. Every one here must allow, that they ought to belong to the proprietor of the land, but he that sold the fields is the proprietor, for he has not as yet given up his right, the other has not yet got possession; could the seller be said to have any right to the purchase-money before he received it, and got it in his possession? I believe no one will say he had. Neither can the purchaser be said to have a right to these fields till he gets them in possession by a formal delivery. Let us suppose, for argument's sake, continued he, that the purchaser had paid the purchase-money in the open fields, and let us suppose farther, that e'er the payment was made, that a gold ring, or a jewel had fallen from the upper seas among the money, surely he that was going to receive the money, would not have a right to the gold ring, if he got his money, he got all he bargained for. Now, are not the cases perfectly parallel? If the purchaser gets the lands he bought, he has no right to ask any more.

Now my good friends, said the governor, what do you think of these reasons. I do not know what to think, answered my father, if his reasons were not good they were plausible; I long to hear if they were submitted to. That you shall soon hear, replied the governor, but in the mean time, I would have you observe the difference between

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our referees and those among you; ours regard nothing but what they think is just; but yours shew less regard to the justice of the case, than to the interest of their employer, each striving to get all that he can for the person who employs him.

The other referee began thus: it is my opinion then, said he, that the money and effects belong to the purchaser, because I look upon him as the true proprietor of these lands, tho' he has not yet got a formal Possession. The other referee started a question and answered it himself, on which he formed his conclusion: the question was, whether or no the seller had a right to the purchase-money, or could be said to be the proprietor thereof, before he got possession? This question he answered in the negative; but on the contrary I affirm, that the seller was the true proprietor of the purchase-money before he had it actually in possession. Let us suppose for argument's sake, that the purchaser had refused to pay the price agreed on; would not the seller have recourse to law, and would not the law seize an equivolent out of his effects, and give it to the plaintiff. Is it not plain that the law in this case does no more than what every man has a natural right to: that is, to take his own where he sees it. But as it might be dangerous to exercise this right, every individual devolves it into the hands of the executive power of the society; so that the whole strength of the society becomes his, and he recovers his right by their assistance. I will not say, that the seller had a right to the particular pieces of money he afterwards received, because these particular pieces were not bargained for. But that is not the case in respect of these lands; for these particular lands were bargained for, and therefore the purchaser has a right to these particular lands. Here the other referee interposed; is it not a known rule, said he, in most countries,

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countries, that a bargain is not looked upon as valid, till there is an earneſt or earl-penny given, which is a viſible ſign that each party is ſincere and in earneſt: now if a bargain, in the judgment of moſt people, is not binding till there is poſſeſſion given either in whole or in part; I think my argument ſtill ſtands good, that the ſeller had no right to the purchaſe-money, till it was given him either in whole or in part; from whence it naturally follows, that the purchaſer has no right to the lands till he gets actual poſſeſſion.

The other referee replied, I grant, that there is ſuch a cuſtom in many countries, but that rule is fixed upon to bind the conſciences of theſe men who would be for flinching, when they find themſelves pinched by a bad bargain, which they had made; they would plead they were not in earneſt, and no intention to make any ſuch contract. But we muſt never admit any ſuch evaſions and ſhifts among us; and conſequently no ſuch cuſtom ought to be admitted, in a country where every inhabitant makes it a breach of juſtice to alter the thing that is gone out of his mouth. But I might allow you all you can aſk in this argument, for at laſt you muſt acknowledge, that the ſeller was the true proprietor of the money, when he had it in his poſſeſſion; now it cannot be ſuppoſed, that he could poſſibly be the proprietor of the land and money both at the ſame time. Hence it muſt follow, that the purchaſer had the property of the land veſted in him, the moment he paid the money, tho' he had not then got formal poſſeſſion of it.

As the referees did not tally in their judgment, an umpire was choſen, who gave his judgment thus: I think, ſays he, that neither of the claimants have a right to the money. It muſt be allowed by all, that the equality which was ſettled among the inhabitants of this Iſle at the firſt, was

a divine inſtitution, and very expreſſive of chriſtian fellowſhip; beſides, as every individual had an equal faith and zeal in the reſolution they took, of chuſing to periſh rather than be corrupted with the wicked manners of the Iriſh, it was but reaſonable that they ſhould be equally rewarded: but this equality will be deſtroyed by giving either claimant the money; it would even have a bad conſequence, as it would tempt the man who poſſeſſed it, to indulge in luxury, in order to expend it; or elſe prompt him to ſeek eaſe in idleneſs, as having ſo much money to depend on. We are at great expences, in order to preſerve the equality firſt inſtituted; therefore my ſentence is, that the dead man be firſt buried at the publick expence, and then let the effects be carried to the treaſury. They all ſubmitted to this deciſion, the man was buried decently, and all his effects were lodged in the hand of the publick treaſurer.

CHAP. VII.

The governor continues his account of the laws and religion of the iſlanders. The author and his father return to Ireland.

WHEN the governor had finiſhed the foregoing relation, we returned again to the houſe, in order to get breakfaſt; that being over, my father aſked the governor, how they raiſed their publick money. The governor told him, that they had a land tax, and a tax upon all goods, either exported or imported; beſides, that every younker was obliged to leave all his effects at his death, to the publick ſtock, and the old proprietors likewiſe, who were allowed to give their children nothing, but their portions in land and money, except ſome houſhold furniture.

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That the governor was always the publick treasurer, the directors and wardens acting as deputies in their several wards.

We all agree in one resolution, continued the governor, to be sudden and sure in the execution of the laws we make; than which, we have nothing that is temporal more at heart: for laws without execution are like statues in a garden, which may make a shew, but are no check to thieves and robbers.

As for our religion, we have preserved it in the same purity, which it had when we received it, from the apostle *Matthew*, and *Justus* his faithful companion and fellow labourer. The apostle *Matthew* did not stay long with us; however, at his departure, he left *Justus* behind him, to settle and order the affairs of the church, on a sure and lasting foundation. This man, during his life, exerted himself strongly, in giving the people true notions of their duty and interest. Before his death he wrote in our own language, a compleat system of religious duties, and divine truths, to which he gave authority and sanction, by many uncontested miracles. These writings of his, together with the gospel wrote by the apostle *Matthew*, and the Jewish testament, contain all our holy writings, and are our only standard, or rule of faith and practice.

But sir, says my father, why do you not take in our scriptures, into your canon of divine books, since they are of equal authority at least with your own.

My good friend, replied the governor, we are ready to acknowledge the truth and authority of your sacred books; we have them in our libraries, but yet we do not fetch them into our publick services, or families, for two reasons. The first is, that our own holy writings, as I said before,

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are a compleat rule of faith and practice, therefore we want no more: but the chief reaſon is, that ſeveral of your books were wrote to very diſtant churches, on very different occaſions, which do not now concern us, or which we do not well underſtand. We muſt allow that theſe diſcourſes were well underſtood, by the people to whom they were written, but theſe people might have had ſeveral circumſtantial helps, and received notions among them, which might make one of theſe epiſtles plain and intelligible to one church, and not to another, that was not in the ſame circumſtances; the apoſtle *Peter* ſeems to confirm this, when he tells you that there were ſome things in the writings of *Paul* hard to be underſtood, which ſome people wreſted to their own deſtruction. However that be, future times have confirmed it beyond doubt, by the numberleſs diviſions, wars, and perſecutions which religion, or rather miſtakes in religion, have occaſioned. I am very glad, anſwered my father, that you have furniſhed me with a very good argument againſt a ſect of hereticks, who are lately ſprung up among us, who call themſelves reformers, and proteſtants. They alledge, that the ſcriptures as we have them, are the only rule of faith: but we of the church of *Rome* hold, that the traditions which the apoſtles communicated to the churches by word of mouth, are of equal, if not of ſuperior authority, as being more clearly underſtood. Indeed, replied the governor, we never enter into diſputes about religious ſubjects; therefore I ſhall only take the liberty to tell you, that you infer more from my words than they will bear. It muſt be granted, that the churches that were planted by the apoſtles, were pure and perfect, before the canon of your ſcripture was formed; but all that can be inferred from thence is, that the firſt guides

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guides, or paſtors of the church, ſoon loſt the decrees, or the form of ſound words, which was committed to their care. This made it neceſſary to collect all the writings of the apoſtles, that could be found, and proved to be theirs with any certainty, in order to form a rule or ſtandard for religion. Now it follows, that you ought to acquieſce in that ſtandard which you have, ſince it is the beſt that can be had; and you may reſt aſſured, that God who gave a revealed religion, would not ſuffer it to be weakened, in any part neceſſary to ſalvation; however, his infinite wiſdom may ſuffer it to be mixed with dark or uncomeatable truths, for wiſe purpoſes, beſt known to himſelf. It may ſatisfy you, that our Saviour ſaid, he did not come to ſend peace on the earth, but a ſword; for if you had the ſame notions of religion that we have, you muſt enjoy peace along with it. We have examined your books by our ſtandard, and find they contain all things neceſſary to ſalvation; but as for traditions, the very neceſſity there was of collecting the ſeveral diſtant writings of the apoſtles, proves, that there were then no traditions in the church; if there were any, and of validity, they were in the hands of very faithful men, which circumſtance only could make them valid. Theſe traditions might have been collected, and committed to writing, and ſo be a plain and conſtant rule of religion to ſucceeding times; but it cannot be imagined, that thoſe men, who loſt the decrees that were given them to keep, or the form of ſound words, which were either written or at leaſt got by heart, I ſay, it cannot be well imagined, that theſe men ſhould preſerve a long train of divine truths, moral precepts, and commands, pure and untainted, which were neither written nor got by heart.

You have been long enough among us, continued

nued the governor, to observe that we have only two orders of men among us who attend on divine business, viz. the doctors or teachers, who instruct our children and youth in all christian duties and knowledge, first by catechising, and then by more copious and full explanations: and the preachers or exhorters, whose business it is on stated times in our churches, to refresh our minds in the duties of christianity, and to be the mouth of the congregation in praying to, and praising God. He visits the weak and sick in their houses, and is ready on all occasions to check the appearances of evil, and to encourage virtue. Indeed we allow them no power in any shape, it being such a bewitching thing, that it has done more mischief to religion among you, than all other vices together. It was a thirst of power that threw the evil angels out of heaven; our Saviour himself could scarcely get it kept under among his own few disciples. When the state or civil government were heathen, there was a necessity, that christians should chuse out those among themselves, who should judge them, and decide differences, and not be under a necessity of applying to the tribunals of their professt enemies; but this necessity vanished when the civil magistrates became christians. Then the distinction of church and state ought to have been laid aside, for two governments in the same state, independant of each other, are like two cocks in a coop, who are more ready to hurt than to help one another. You saw our publick worship, it is pure and simple. I saw it, replied my father, and thought it very devote and unaffected, yet I think you stripped religion too bare; it looked naked wanting those ornaments, and dress which all other christians use. My friend, answered the governor, we have not stripped it, but preserved it as we found it. The church came out of the hands

hands of Christ and his apostles, as our first parents did out of the hands of their creator, naked and innocent; I need not tell you, how dress and ornament were introduced either in the world or the church: but as I said on another occasion, it is not the use but the abuse of a thing that is sinful, so we have too much reason to complain of the ill purposes to which ornament and dress are applied in both; but as the best things are most capable of being corrupted; we are the more careful in religious matters, to guard against every thing that may possibly lead to superstition or idolatry; unless we see a great probability of their doing a great deal of good, which is not the case of these vestments, signs, and ceremonies which are used amongst you.

My father then begged of the governor, to let him have a copy of the writings of *Justus*, but the governor told him, that that was the only thing he must refuse him; then taking up the book in his hand, he read a passage to us, which positively declares, that before the end of the world, both Jews and Gentiles will be converted to the christian faith. Now, says he, we have a tradition among us, that we are the people destined to effect their conversion, which is the great reason why God hath thus preserved us pure and free from the corruptions of the world; that the good man who put us in the happy state which we now enjoy, is no other than the prophet *Elias*, who is to come at that time, and lead us out to that great work, and give us the power of working miracles to confirm our mission. By the same tradition we are ordered not to let our holy writings go out of our island, for this reason, that some would scoff at and deride them; others would corrupt them, and then dispute with us, that their adulterated copy was the true original; but when we pour upon

upon them in a flood of light, with our holy writings, and the working of miracles, and the cooperating ſpirit of the Almighty, altogether will work a thorough conviction. Sir, replied my father, give me leave to make two objections, that ſeem to weaken the truth of your traditions; the firſt is, that *Elias* is already come, and the ſecond is, that miracles are ceaſed. To which the governor anſwered: our traditions are not neceſſary to ſalvation, and therefore we may be indifferent wether they are true or falſe; however, they may be true, notwithſtanding your objections. I am ready to own, that *Elias* is come in the perſon of *John* the baptiſt, or rather that *John* the baptiſt came in the power and ſpirit of *Elias*, for the baptiſt declares of himſelf, that he was not *Elias*. Therefore it may follow, that *Elias* may come perſonally before the ſecond appearing of Chriſt. It is true, the Jews teſtament does not mention two advents of *Elias*, neither does it clearly intimate the two advents of Chriſt, yet we are now ſure that one is paſt, and another to come at the end of the world; then where is the abſurdity to ſuppoſe that *Elias* may have two advents likewiſe, the firſt in the perſon of *John* the baptiſt, and the other perſonally before the coming of Chriſt to judgment.

Your ſecond objection is ſtill weaker, the ceaſing of miracles is no proof that they will always ceaſe. They had a long ceſſation among the Jews, yet were renewed at the coming of the Meſſiah, and may be ſo again before his ſecond coming.

But even our reaſon ſhews the neceſſity of miracles, not only for the converſion of Jews, Turks and Infidels, but likewiſe for the conviction of the ſeveral ſects among chriſtians themſelves, who hate one another with more rancour, than they do thoſe who differ intirely from them. Nothing

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thing leſs than a miracle can reconcile ſuch diſſenting perſecuting brethren.

All I can gratify you in, continued he, is to give you a copy of our creed, or ſhort ſummary of our chriſtian faith, which in the main is the ſame with your own. Saying this, he went to his library, and returning with a paper in his hand; my friends, ſaid he, here is a ſhort abſtract or ſummary of our chriſtian faith; I will read it to you, and then put it into your hands to make what uſe of it you think proper.—He read as follows.

A Summary *of the* CHRISTIAN FAITH.

ARTICLE I. *Of the only one God.*

THERE is only One eternal and ſupreme God, infinitely wiſe, powerful and good; the Author of the Univerſe, and all that is therein.

ART. II. *Of Man's natural right.*

When God made man, he gave him ſufficient *means* of knowledge; powers and abilities to diſcern, chooſe, and perform every thing for procuring his own happineſs. This he, as an intelligent being, had a right to get from a Creator infinitey wiſe, powerful and good.

ART. III. *Of Man's extraordinary right, or God's free gift.*

In order to enlarge the ſphere of man's happineſs, God was graciouſly pleaſed to give the firſt man ſome extraordinary helps, means, and motives; ſuch as a revealed rule of faith and action, a clear knowledge of the conſequences of his obedience or diſobedience, with all neceſſary divine aſſiſtance, to enable him to live a godly, righteous and ſober life, which is the only means of obtaining an eternal and exceeding weight of glory and happineſs.

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ART. IV. *Of Man's diſobedience, and its conſequences.*

The firſt man *Adam* diſobeyed the revealed rule of faith and action, by eating the forbidden fruit; conſequently he, his wife, children, and poſterity were deprived of all the extraordinary favours they had, or might have enjoyed. Death, which otherwiſe might have been poſtponed, by the fruit of the tree of life, took place, and paſſed upon all men, as a thing intirely neceſſary, and for the benefit of a ſinful world. God was likewiſe graciouſly pleaſed to put mankind under ſome other ſeeming inconveniencies, but really conducive to his eternal happineſs.

ART. V. *Of Man's being reſtored to the free gift, or extraordinary favour of God by a Redeemer.*

The omniſcient God, foreknowing what his free creatures would do in all poſſible circumſtances, fore-ordained a Redeemer, who by his obedience to God's will, and unparalleled love to men, ſhould be the means of reſtoring mankind to the extraordinary favour and free gift of God. For his ſake God not only pardoned the firſt offence of *Adam*, by which mankind were at firſt unchurched, or eccleſiaſtically dead, but all other offences; thereby juſtifying, chooſing, and electing mankind to be again his peculiar church and people.

ART. VI. *Of man's redemption by* Jeſus Chriſt.

Our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, called the only begotten Son of God upon account of his extraordinary endowments, favour with, and commiſſion from God, who was with God before the world was made, and by whom God made the world; did in the fullneſs of time take our nature upon him, and was born

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born of a virgin, gave to mankind a rule of faith and action, and in order to confirm this new covenant which he propoſed, and to make atonement for ſin, and reconcile the world to God and his laws; he was crucified, died, and was buried, the third day he aroſe from the grave, aſcended into heaven to the higheſt degree of glory and happineſs, being conſtituted the God, head, king, or governor of his church or kingdom, and judge of all men at the reſurrection, when he ſhall raiſe thoſe who are finally juſtified, making their vile bodies like unto his glorious body, taking them into everlaſting manſions, where they ſhall be ever with the Lord. Then ſhall he give up the kingdom into the hands of his Father, that the ſupreme God may be All in All.

ART. VII. *Of Man's entering into the new covenant, or the terms of our firſt juſtification.*

Every man who is willing to receive the free gift of God, that is, to be a member of the chriſtian church, muſt be firmly perſuaded of the love and goodneſs of God in pardoning our paſt ſins, and giving us the means of obtaining eternal happineſs through Chriſt Jeſus; muſt be ſtedfaſtly reſolved, that the revealed rule of faith and action given by Chriſt, ſhall be his guide in thought, word and deed, as being the will of God.

This profeſſion, according to Chriſt's appointment, is to be accompanied with a ſignificant ceremony called baptiſm, which is not ſuppoſed to convey to us the benefit of firſt juſtification, it being only a viſible ſign that we have theſe benefits already granted to us.

Children born to believing parents, are born into the new covenant, and therefore are not to be baptized.

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ART. VIII. *Of the terms of final Juſtification.*

Every chriſtian, being ſurrounded with trials, and temptations, will be conſtantly committing ſin through paſſion, worldly advantages or inattention. But ſtill he is to expect forgiveneſs if he repents ſincerely, and prays to God through Chriſt for pardon, and divine favour, and aſſiſtance for the future: And thus uſing his beſt endeavours to live a virtuous and holy life, he ſhall ſleep in Chriſt, be raiſed at the laſt day, and taken into eternal glory; while the impenitent ſinner ſhall be raiſed to judgment, ſeparated from God, and be finally puniſhed with the devil and his angels.

ART. IX. *Of our rule of faith and action.*

The whole compaſs of our rule of faith and action is contained in the Jewiſh ſcriptures, the goſpel wrote by the apoſtle *Matthew*, and the writings of *Juſtus*.

My father could not help being ſhocked at hearing a ſcheme of religion ſo very different from that which he had always received as authentick and orthodox. The governor perceived it, and ſpoke to him thus: I believe you are far from being pleaſed with the ſummary of our religion, which I have now put into your hands, but that does not leſſen its merit; a Jew or a Mahometan would be as ill pleaſed with any ſyſtem of religion that would be offered him by a chriſtian. Ah, Sir, ſaid my father, you and I profeſs the ſame religion, yet a Jew and a Mahometan can hardly differ more than we do. Your paſſing over in ſilence *the infallibility of the church under a viſible head, or vicar of Chriſt,* and ſeveral other important articles of our religion, is in effect, a downright denying of them. You make no mention of the trinity, of original ſin, of Chriſt's merits and ſatiſfaction,

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faction, of the efficacy of the ſacraments to ſalvation; you even poſitively deny the uſe of baptiſm to the children of believing parents. I am loth to ſuppoſe, that a people ſo miraculouſly preſerved, and favoured of God, and ſo virtuous and holy in practice, ſhould hold damnable doctrines; yet your ſcheme of religion differs in a great many particulars from ours, which, I am ſure, is infallibly right. The governor ſmiled; *Bryan*, ſaid he, I thought you had nothing of the ſpirit of popery in you, but was miſtaken, for I ſee how ſtrong it breathes in your claim of infallibility, and damning of contrary opinions. I pardon your zeal; it is hard for a man to bear an oppoſition to the notions, eſpecially the ſacred ones, which he hath long embraced with reverence. I could eaſily prove every article of that ſummary out of the writings of *Juſtus*, but that I am forbid to do, nor would you ſubmit to its authority. However, I think I am able to prove them all from your own divine writings, and even to convince an unprejudiced mind, that you have no warrant or authority in your ſcriptures for theſe articles which you call important. Dear ſir, replied my father, let me beg of you to give us your reaſons for rejecting them; I will as much as poſſible diveſt myſelf of prejudices, for why ſhould not ſcripture and reaſon be my guide? I expected ſuch a demand, anſwered the governor, and am prepared for it. I have conſidered the moſt material differences between your way of thinking and ours in matters of faith; and have formed ſuch arguments upon them, as could be drawn from ſcripture and reaſon. Theſe papers contain the ſubſtance of what I have done on that ſubject; take them, and read them at your leiſure: I am not vain enough to imagine they will reconcile you to our way of thinking: all I aim at is, to convice you, and others,

others, that a chriſtian love, charity and forbearance, ought to take place among chriſtians where they differ in opinion; that you ought firſt to hear what your adverſary has to ſay for himſelf, then deſtroy his arguments by ſuperior ones, and ſo ſtrive to reſtore him in the ſpirit of meekneſs; if after all this forbearance and temperance, he continues obſtinate, reject him: but never let your zeal blaze up into the extream of perſecution. Charity cannot err, but zeal may be wretchedly miſtaken. You may, by perſecution, force a man into your church, as an archer draws an arrow toward his breaſt; but as that force is contrary to the natural ſtate of the mind, as ſoon as it is removed, the man flies off again. I have another preſent to make you, continued the governor, here are the papers which were found in the pocket of the man which fell upon our iſland; they relate to affairs in your upper world, and may have uſe and entertainment in them. My father received them thankfully, and told the governor, that he would communicate them to the biſhop of the dioceſe, to have his opinion of them; but as to the papers relating to religious ſubjects, he ſaid he would keep them by him and peruſe them, but he durſt not, he ſaid, ſhew them to any of his countrymen, who were ſo bigotted in their preſent way of thinking, that if Chriſt himſelf came from heaven and told them they were wrong, they would not believe him. The governor replied, that their caſe was the ſame with the Jews who crucified the Lord of life; but however, ſaid he, God in his good time will eſtabliſh truth throughout the world, and then, the word which he ſends out will not return empty.

After this, we all went together to take a view of the great baſon; we ſaw that curioſity, we then aſcended up part of mount *Horeb*, through the

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the oak groves, up to the place where the celeſtial oaks were burning; here we went quite round the hill, and had a compleat view of the whole iſland; after feaſting our eyes with the beauties of the place which preſented themſelves on all ſides, we deſcended again and came into the houſe. Dinner being ready, we ſat down, and made a very comfortable meal, and drank two glaſſes of cyder after it. Dinner being over, the governor ſpoke to us thus: Now my friends, you have ſeen and heard the moſt material circumſtances relating to this iſland; I hope you are ſatisfied with it.

Sir, ſays I, we have ſeen and heard wonders quite beyond expectation, and even beyond expreſſion. We have ſome traditionary ſtories, continued I, concerning this iſland; but far, far ſhort from the truth: We are told that it is an inchanted iſland, and that if any one could kindle a fire on it, the inchantment would be diſſolved, and the place would, by that means, be won from the *ſpirits, genii*, or *faries*, who now poſſeſs it. My friend, replied the governor, you may obſerve that there is ſome glimmering of truth in that fabulous account: for if any of our acorns or oaks could be got among you, you might ſoon invade us; and by raiſing the iſland to your own ſeas again, you might eaſily ſeize and ſecure it for yourſelves, by deſtroying our ſacred fires and plantations, and kindling your own fires in their place: for thus you would put it out of our power ever to regain our liberty. But tho' we have reaſon to hope we ſhall never fall a prey to wicked hands while we continue to live as chriſtians, yet we uſe precautions to prevent any rude viſits from your people, by ſearching all our outward-bound ſhips, that they may not carry out more oak than is neceſſary for the voyage, and oblige the maſters and crew to give a ſolemn aſſurance that they will conceal the ſecret from all ſtrangers; tho'

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tho' all this caution has been hitherto unneceſſary, no one ever preſuming to tranſgreſs our orders in that particular. And now, continued he, I muſt quit you, you muſt return home; then taking my father by the hand, *Bryan*, ſays he, you have always been a good man, and you know it was upon that account, that you are favoured with our acquaintance. Your ſon is not ſo good, but you muſt take care to improve his growing virtue, and give ſolidity to his good reſolutions; we gave you leave to bring him hither, that he might ſee this happy place, the reward of virtue, though it is but a ſmall ſhadow of what God will do for the righteous.

My father thanked him for all his favours, and told him, that next his God and Saviour, he and the reſt of the inhabitants of *O' Brazeel*, ſhould always claim his love and gratitude; but, continued he, why muſt I leave you, why may I not ſpend my days among you, I have not long to live! The governor grew almoſt angry at the requeſt; What, ſays he, I did not think that you would have ſhewed ſo much weakneſs; a good man ought not to go where he will get moſt good, but where he can do moſt, you were deſigned to conquer the world, and not to flee from it like a monk or a hermit.

We took our leaves, and ſet out to ſea; we returned the ſame way we came, and ſoon reached the Iriſh ſhore. I thought our caſe like that of *Adam* and *Eve* when they were forced to leave their paradice. However, I took up this firm reſolution, that I would always ſtrive to come up to the ſame perfection and virtue, that was ſo viſible among theſe excellent people.

ADVICE

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ADVICE

TO A

SON.

IN A SERIES OF

LETTERS,

FABLES and STORIES.

My Son, hear the Inſtruction of thy Father.
PROV. i. 8.

Printed in the YEAR M,DCC,LII.

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ADVICE

TO A

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In a Series of LETTERS, FABLES and STORIES.

My Son, hear the Inſtruction of thy Father.
Prov. i. 8.

LETTER I.

My Dear Child,

THO' your grandfather has taken you out of my hands, in order to give you a genteel education, and provide for you in the world; yet I am ſtill under an obligation of taking care to form your mind to good and virtuous things; too much neglected in a modern education.

The human mind at its firſt ingreſs into the world, is a meer blank; it is then only the clean paper, which may afterwards be formed

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into an extenſive book of knowledge. How great then ought the care of parents and gurdians to be, to furniſh that book with proper materials! It will not continue a blank long, but will be taking in impreſſions on all ſides; great care muſt be therefore taken, to exclude thoſe that are faulty and hurtful, and to invite and cheriſh thoſe that are good and uſeful; this is the buſineſs and end of learning, and the firſt employment of the human mind.

Before I proceed to particulars I muſt give a general advice, not to waſte that time which you ought to employ in learning, for if you miſs the opportunity, you may never get it again, to the ruin of your future fortune. Play, giddy play, has a great aſcendant over young minds: but you muſt form a firm reſolution, to take no more play than what is neceſſary to unbend your mind after the fatigues of ſtudy.

I might go on in this adviſing ſtrain, but precepts are a kind of a dry ſtudy, and ſoon forgot; I ſhall therefore chuſe the exemplary way of inſtruction, which will both inſtruct and divert, and leave a laſting impreſſion on the memory.

FABLE I. *The two Setting Dogs.*

A Gentleman two whelps did get,
Both of the ſetting breed;
He ſtrove to learn them both to ſet,
And thus he did ſucceed:

One was a giddy idle dog,
That only minded play;
And when his maſter went to flog,
He ſnarled and run away.

The other beat about with care,
And learn't to make his ſet:

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No dog could with this dog compare,
For either gun or net.

Then was he lov'd and nicely fed,
And kept from cold and rain:
He lay upon his maſter's bed,
And wore a ſilver chain.

The other dog that would not learn,
At laſt was glad to ſerve
A cow-herd boy, a bit to earn;
He muſt do that or ſtarve.

But cold without, and want within,
Soon made a wond'rous change:
His bones began to cut the ſkin;
His ſkin was full of mange.

One day he ſaw the gentle dog
On choice of victuals feaſt;
With greedy eyes he view'd the prog,
And begg'd to get a taſte.

No, quoth the other, you know when
You got your fill of play:
Go live on that, what I got then,
Maintains me to this day.

MORAL.

THE plays of youth are quickly o'er,
A flaſh of light'ning and no more;
And when too eagerly purſu'd,
Like light'ning do more harm than good:
But learning in our youth acquir'd,
Is always uſeful, ſtill admir'd,
Diffuſing ſtill, and never done;
Bright and laſting like the ſun.

STORY I.

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STORY I. *The three Brothers and the wonderful Book.*

IT happened once upon a time, that a wealthy merchant, a native of *England*, had ſettled at *Ormus*, a port on the eaſt ſide of the *Perſian Gulf*, where he carried on a conſiderable trade with *China*, and the iſlands adjacent, and the kingdoms on the ſea coaſts of *Europe*. In the courſe of his trade, he often went in perſon to the places I have mentioned, in order to ſettle affairs with his factors, and correſpondents. One time in particular, he embarked on one of his ſhips bound to *Europe*, but as they were doubling Cape *Good Hope*, a violent north wind ſet upon them, and drove them very far ſouthward; they were obliged to put into an iſland in thoſe ſeas, to get freſh water; the merchant himſelf went on ſhore to make ſome obſervations of the country. He had not gone far, when he met with a company of men, who were dragging a priſoner, bound hand and foot, towards the ſea. When they came up to him, they laid the priſoner at his feet; he aſked them the reaſon of their proceedings, when one of the company gave him this anſwer: when any one among us runs in debt, and is not able to pay it, we give him twelve months time, either to raiſe the money, or prepare for the ſentence which he is to receive; if his poverty is occaſioned by misfortunes which he could not guard againſt, and it appears to us that he managed all his affairs with prudence and diſcretion, then we pay his debts and ſet him up again; if his poverty is occaſioned by lazineſs and careleſs indolence, then we pay off his debts, give what effects he hath to his next heir, and ſend him to a work-houſe; but if his poverty is owing to extravagance and debauchery,

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debauchery, we ſell all his effects, pay off his debts, and throw him into the ſea, which is the common death we aſſign to thieves and robbers. This is the caſe of this unhappy man, but it is our cuſtom when we carry any man to execution on this ſcore, to ſtop whenever we meet any perſon whom we think able to pay his debts, to try if he is willing to ſave the priſoner's life; and this, ſays the man, is the reaſon of what you ſee.

It is very well, ſays the merchant. Then turning to the priſoner, he ſaid, friend, if I were inclined to pay your debt, could you engage to behave better hereafter. Dear ſir, replies the priſoner, my long confinement, and the fears of death have quite reformed me; I hate the evil courſes which have plunged me into ſo much miſery. What will you give me, ſays the other, if I pay off your debts, and ſave your life. I have nothing left, anſwered the poor man, but a book which no one would buy when all my goods were ſeized and ſold, becauſe no one underſtood it. Do you think, ſays the merchant, that it is a valuable book; I know it is, replies the other, it was wrote by one of my forefathers, above five hundred years ago: He underſtood all languages, and knew all wiſdom, being a diſciple in a famous ſchool which was held at *Balſora*, from the time of *Solomon* king of the *Hebrews*, who firſt inſtituted it, till it was deſtroyed by the conquering *Turks*. This book hath continued in the hands of our family ſince that time, but now I would have parted with it to ſave my life, but ſince it would not do that, I was reſolved it ſhould periſh with me in the ſea, for I have it here in my pocket.

The merchant looked at the book, and found it was written in a language which he did not underſtand,

underſtand, tho' he then underſtood moſt of the languages in all the trading parts of the world. Well friend, ſays he; I conſent to pay your debts, and will take my venture of the book; then turning to the company, he aſked them how much the debt was, they told him it was an hundred pounds; the merchant ſaid no more, but paid the money, and gave the priſoner twenty pounds more to begin the world with, and then returned to the ſhip.

The wind coming about fair, they ſet ſail for *Europe*, where they ſoon arrived. Every place the merchant came to, he enquired if any one could be found who underſtood the language of the book; but to no purpoſe, every one was ignorant; nor could any one be found, who knew what language it was wrote in. Having ſettled his affairs in theſe parts, he ſtood over to *America*, reſolving to ſail round the globe of the world, in order to find any one who could underſtand the book. He coaſted along the eaſtern ſhores of that vaſt country, and ſailing round *Cape Horn*, went into the ſouth ſea, where they traded ſome time, then ſailing weſt, they came to *Japan*, and the coaſt of *China*; but ſtill his ſearch was in vain, no one could be found who underſtood the language of the book.

Here he reſolved to end his fruitleſs enquiries and return home. As he ſtood one day on the ſhore juſt ready to embark for *Ormus*, he took the book out of his pocket, and looking at it, was going to fling it into the ſea; but was diverted from that thought by the approach of a venerable old man, whoſe hair, and beard, were of a fine ſilver grey, his countenance as freſh and ruddy as a youth of twenty-five. He came up to the merchant, and accoſts him thus: ſon, ſays he, may I be ſo bold as to aſk you, what book is that which you hold in your hand. Indeed, replied the

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the other, I am ſorry that I cannot anſwer your queſtion; I have ſailed round the moſt part of the globe, in hopes of finding ſome perſon, who could explain this book to me; but I ſought in vain. I was juſt going to fling it into the ſea, when your appearance prevented me. The old man took the book in his hand, and looking on it, he ſaid; this book might prove a treaſure in the hands of a good and holy man, if he were learned to read it; but it is of no uſe to him that is wicked. If you have a ſon that you think will behave well, be juſt and religious; this book may make his fortune. I have three ſons, replies the merchant; I have the beſt opinion of my youngeſt boy; but ſtill, the book will be of no ſervice to him, ſince I cannot meet any man that can teach him the uſe of it. If you will give me a ſmall allowance yearly, anſwered the old man, I will go with you, and learn your ſon the language of the book.

The merchant gladly embraced the offer, and immediately taking the old man on board, ſet ſail for *Ormus*, where they ſafely arrived after a very ſhort voyage.

When the merchant came home, he called his three ſons before him; the eldeſt whoſe name was *William*, was a very beautiful youth, but extremely proud and haughty. *Thomas*, which was the name of the ſecond ſon, was careleſs and idle, and entirely devoted to play. *John*, the youngeſt, was very much deformed both in body and face, but ſeemed of a good diſpoſition, and loved learning.

The boys being come before their father, he put on the table three fine looking-glaſſes, three boxes full of marbles and other play-things, and three books. He bade the eldeſt chuſe one out of theſe three parcels: *Will* immediately took up one of the fine looking-glaſſes, and taking a proſ-

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pect of his own beautiful perſon, went ſmiling away. Come *Tom*, ſays the father, which do you chuſe; *Tom* takes up a box of play-things, and went off well pleaſed. Well *Jack*, ſays the merchant, now take your choice; I will be content, ſays Jack, with one of theſe books. The old man who ſat by all the time, ſaid, ſmiling, this is the boy that muſt be my ſcholar; I will teach him the language of the book.

This was performed accordingly: *Jack* made a great progreſs in that and ſeveral other uſeful ſtudies under the tender care of the old man. When he had learned the youth all he thought convenient, he told the merchant, that he had finiſhed his taſk, and wanted to be diſmiſſed. May I beg the favour of you, ſays the merchant, to paſs the remainder of your days with me, your knowledge and converſation are too valuable to be parted with; ſtay with me and live as I do myſelf, for I never will make any difference. The old man conſented, and they lived very happily together.

At laſt the time came when the merchant found himſelf grow weak with old age, but was ſurprized to find no alteration in his old companion. My old friend, ſays he one day, I find myſelf ſink under a weight of years, and muſt ſoon leave this world, whilſt you preſerve the ſame vigour in your limbs, and health in your countenance, that you had when I firſt ſaw you; I am in hopes you may live long enough to be my executor, and be a father to my children. Be content, ſays the other, I will do whatever you expect of me; you have been a good man, and will be more happy in another life than ever you were in this. You have nothing to do but to make your will, and leave the reſt to my management. After they had conſulted together how every thing ſhould be ſettled, the merchant called

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called in his three ſons. Children, ſays he, I find myſelf grow weak, and have not long to live; to you my eldeſt ſon, I leave five thouſand pounds, and three ſhips at ſea, this houſe and furniture, and if ever you are reduced to poverty, lift up the great ſtone before the door, and you will find ſomething to relieve you. To you, my ſecond ſon, I leave five thouſand pounds and my other houſe well furniſhed, and if ever you are reduced to a poor eſtate, lift up the great ſtone before your door, and you will find ſomething to relieve you. To you, my third ſon, I leave a book which this old man, your former maſter, will give you at a proper time, and take his directions in all things. The young men bowed to their father, and went off; as ſoon as they were out of their father's ſight, the two eldeſt inſulted over their younger brother, ſaying, O young man you were always bookiſh, now you may turn book-worm and live on your book, or, you may put your book in a wallet and go a begging like another poor ſcholar. Hold your tongues, ſays *Jack*, your happineſs depends on your fortunes which may fail you, but my happineſs is in my mind, which even death cannot deprive me of.

Shortly after, the old merchant died. He was no ſooner dead, than the eldeſt ſon took poſſeſſion of the manſion houſe, telling his youngeſt brother, that now he may go ſhift for himſelf; *Jack* went off, and applying to the old man, told him how he was turned out of the houſe; go to your eldeſt brother, ſays the old man, and tell him you deſign to travel, and beg of him to give you a little money to bear your charges; if he refuſes you, then apply to your brother *Tom*, if they both refuſe you, come again to me. *Jack* went and tried them both, but it was labour loſt; they would not give him a farthing. He came back to his old

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maſter, and told him how his brothers had uſed him. Well, ſon, ſays the old man, it cannot be helped, here is a crown for you, and here is the book your father left you, but be ſure do not open it, till you want both money and knowledge. When you leave me you will ſee a white pigeon, which will ſhew you the way that will be moſt for your advantage; and my bleſſing go with you. So embracing the young man, he ſent him off.

When *Jack* went out, he ſaw the pigeon, and followed it day after day, whilſt it flew leiſurely before him, till at laſt he came in ſight of a fine city, and then the pigeon left him and flew away. He made towards the city, and coming to the market-place, ſat down on a bench, among ſeveral others who were reſting themſelves. He had not ſat long, when he obſerved a paper faſtened to a fine marble pillar that ſtood in the market place. He went towards it, and read the following words, whoever will undertake to drive away an evil ſpirit that haunts the governor's daughter, ſhall have an hundred gold crowns for a reward. Upon reading this, *Jack* aſked a man who ſtood near him, how long that advertiſement ſtood there; too long ſaid the other; why ſo, ſays *Jack* to him again; becauſe, replies the other, ſeveral men have loſt their lives, by attempting to drive the evil ſpirit away, for as faſt as the ſpirit conquers them, it deſtroys them. *Jack* began to think that perhaps his book might help him, and ſo he reſolved to try. As he wanted at that time both money and knowledge, he opened the book and found theſe words.

The evil ſpirit can't withſtand
Your thrice repeated bold command,
Be not tempted, nor afraid;
When in danger call for aid.

When

When *Jack* read this he reſolved to attempt it, then going to the governor's houſe, he knocked at the gate, the porter opened the door, and aſked him what he wanted. I come, ſays *Jack*, to drive away the evil ſpirit from the governor's daughter; ay, replies the porter, you may do, for you are ugly enough to frighten the devil away. I believe ſays *Jack*, that the devil is more afraid of a good man than an ugly face, therefore you and he may keep company long enough together, unleſs ſome better man than you comes to force him away. The porter ſaid no more, but led him into a fine parlour, where the governor ſat weeping; young man, ſays he, what do you want? I come ſays Jack, to drive away the evil ſpirit that torments your daughter; I ſhould be glad of your coming, replied the governor, if you can perform what you promiſe. I am not afraid to venture, replied *Jack*, for I am confident of ſucceſs. The governor wiſhed it might be ſo, and taking *Jack* by the hand, brought him to a very fine apartment, ſaying, ſtay a little, you will ſoon have company.

Jack had not ſat long, when a moſt beautiful young lady came into the room; ſhe ſat down by him, and looking at him in a very loving manner: young man, ſays ſhe, you come here on a very fooliſh errand; you are impoſed upon. I am the governor's daughter, and no evil ſpirit troubles me; only my father publiſhes ſuch ſtories, to hinder me from getting a husband, and now continues ſhe, if you like me, you ſee I am not unhandſome, I will go off with you; I love you and therefore do not deny me. *Jack* was a little ſtruck with this diſcourſe, and was yielding, when he began to reflect upon the words of the book, which bade him not be tempted. He then conſidered that his own deformity could ſcarcely engage a fine lady's love

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love so suddenly. He saw so much improbability in her discourse, that he discovered the evil spirit in all parts of it; however, to be more sure, he asked her, what became of the men that came to drive away the evil spirit, for, says he, they are never seen afterwards. They are bribed by my father, says she, to go away quite out of the country. And what view, replies *Jack*, can your father have in carrying on such a piece of roguery, He has no reason, replied the lady, but to avoid giving me such a portion as I might expect. Now, says *Jack*, I find you are the evil spirit which I am come to drive away; it is quite unlikely, that the governor should be constantly giving large sums of money to bribe men to leave their country, in order to avoid giving his own child a reasonable portion. Go, begone thou evil spirit, and trouble this woman no more. Well, says she, you have discovered me, I will begone.

After he had sat some time, a very handsome young man entered the room, with a bag of gold in his hand. Young man, says he, the governor is very glad that you have driven away the evil spirit, and has sent you a thousand crowns of gold, and a diamond ring worth as many more. To whom, *Jack* replied thus: if the governor is so glad, why does he not come himself to rejoice with me; beside, my due, if I succeed, is but an hundred crowns, this convinces me, that you are the evil spirit that I want to drive away, who are come to tempt me, but I bid you the second time begone, and trouble the lady no more.

You have indeed discovered me; but you are not able to drive me away. Poor young man, your life is in my power, for since fraud won't do, force shall. Saying this, he turned himself into a fiery dragon; his mouth and his throat were like a smith's forge, full of fire and flame, and his tongue like a bar

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bar of hot iron ſhot out before him. At this ſight *Jack* loſt his courage, the dragon made fiercely towards him, and laid one of his paws on his breaſt, in order to tear him to pieces; *Jack* being in this danger, luckily thought on the words of the book, *In time of danger call for aid,* then crying out, *O help me! every thing that's good,* immediately he ſaw a beautiful figure like an angel ſtand beſide him with a drawn ſword in his hand, at the ſight of which, the dragon retired; now young man, ſays the apparition, command it away. Go, ſays *Jack*, go thou evil ſpirit, and trouble the lady no more. Upon which, the evil ſpirit diſſolved into a flame of fire, and flew out of the chimney, and the apparition likewiſe vaniſhed away.

Jack was now ſure that he had no more to do, therefore knocked boldly, and the governor came, and his daughter along with him in her right mind, calm, and quiet. Well young man, ſays the governor, you have delivered us from a great affliction, therefore here is your hundred crowns of gold, and I am ready to give you an hundred more, or any thing elſe that you can aſk, and I can give. I thank you, ſays *Jack*, but I ſhall aſk nothing for my ſelf, but a crown for travelling expences; I will truſt providence for my future ſupport, and dedicate the firſt fruits of my labours to that divine being that preſerves us all; my deſire therefore is, that you build an hoſpital, and furniſh it well with beds and other neceſſaries, and able phyſicians, and invite to it all people in this town who are either paſt cure, or too poor to pay for a doctor. I will ſtay in town till I ſee this houſe finiſhed, then will I travel again to do more good, if God pleaſes to allow me.

The governor immediately ſet men to work, and quickly finiſhed a very beautiful hoſpital, and filled it with ſuch people as *Jack* deſired. As *Jack* went

one

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one morning to see it, he was surprized to see a fine fountain springing up in the middle of the great court before the hospital. He asked the workmen, who dug the well? but they told him they knew nothing of it.

Jack said no more, but went to his lodging, in order to prepare for a journey, but was prevented by a messenger, who told him he must immediately to the king. It seems, the king was troubled with a very desperate disease, which his Physicians could not cure. The king was preparing for death, when one of his courtiers came and told him, how a certain young man had driven away the evil spirit which haunted the governor's daughter. Perhaps, says the king, he may cure me, it is as easy to drive away a sickness as an evil spirit; if he cures me, I will give him my daughter in marriage, and my kingdom at my death. And accordingly sent off a messenger to bring *Jack* to court.

This was the messenger I mentioned before; when *Jack* received the message, he went to consult his book, where he found these remarkable words.

Where charity keeps open court,
Where poor and helpless sick resort,
An useful fountain up shall spring
To cure a sick despairing king.

He concluded these words related to the well before-mentioned, and to the king who had sent for him. Accordingly he took a bottle of the water, and went to the king's court.

He was brought into the king; but when the king saw him, he said, young man, I have promised, that whoever will cure me, shall have my daughter in marriage, and my kingdom after my death;

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death; but you are so deformed, and ugly, that I will chuse to die, rather than you should have my daughter, or govern my subjects. Your Majesty, says *Jack*, may do as you please; but you ought to consider, that there may be more treasure in a rough mountain than in a flowery hill; and a few days after your death, your body will be more deformed and loathsome than mine. Young man, says the king, I perceive you have wisdom, and I consent that you try to cure me; but if you succeed, you must not expect to put any force on the inclinations of my daughter, or my subjects; win their love, and you shall have them, otherwise you must be content with some other reward. I am content, says *Jack*; whereupon, giving the king a drink of the water, his majesty immediately recovered and grew perfectly well.

The king called his daughter into his chamber; *Angelina*, says he, here is the man that hath perfectly cured me, you know my promise, now tell me, if you can like him for a husband? *Angelina* told the king, that she ought to love the man who had saved his majesty's life; but continues she, he is so very much deformed both in his face and person, that my inclination denies what my reasons bids me do; however, if your Majesty pleases, let him stay in your court; time may alter my mind, and I may love him yet. The king was well pleased with her answer, and desired the young doctor to stay in his court, and to want for nothing that his kingdom could afford. *Jack* lived very happily in the kings court, where we will leave him a while, to see how it fared with his two brothers.

The eldest, who was the proud haughty youth, was no sooner master of himself and his fortune, than he began to get fine cloaths, horses, servants, and liveries. His over-bearing temper soon

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plunged him into quarrels and troubleſome lawſuits, which ſunk his ſtock very faſt: It was thus with him, when he received the afflicting news that one of his ſhips was loſt at ſea, and another taken by pirates; the third ſhip came home, but not ſo rich as he expected; his factor had not done him juſtice. He bought in freſh goods, and put them aboard, and ventured his whole ſtock upon this voyage. He went himſelf in the ſhip, in order to manage his affairs to the beſt advantage; but his bad temper made him ſo uneaſy to the maſter of the ſhip and the ſailors, that they reſolved to put him aſhore on the next deſart iſland, and carry off the ſhip to ſome foreign part of the world; accordingly they did ſo, leaving our proud merchant in a melancholy condition. Then he began to reflect on his paſt conduct and behaviour; now, ſays he, I begin to ſee my folly and ill-nature; I, that turned my younger brother out of my houſe without a farthing, am now turned out of my ſhip on a deſart coaſt, without money or proviſions. He lived this way two days, and would ſoon have periſhed; but that a ſhip luckily came that way, to which he made ſignals of diſtreſs; upon which, they ſtood towards the ſhore, and ſent out their long boat for him, and took him on board, and brought him to his own country. He was, at his return, obliged to ſell off his houſe and furniture, to pay off his ſervants wages, and ſupport himſelf; but that money was quickly ſpent. It was then he began to think upon the big ſtone, that lay before the door, which his father had ordered him to lift. He went early one morning, and lifted the ſtone, and found a rope, and a piece of paper which contained theſe words.

Pride, young man, has prov'd your ruin,
Haughty pride was your undoing.

Wanting

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Wanting friends, and wanting self:
Here's a rope, go hang your self.

It is both true, and juſt, ſays he, what ſhould I do, but finiſh a worthleſs life, by an infamous death; that carcaſe, that I ſo often looked upon with pleaſure, and pampered with choice food and cloaths, will in a few minutes look black and loathſome; but pride will have a fall. Saying this, he tugged at the rope, to pull it out of the earth wherein part of it was buried; but was agreeably ſurprized to find a large purſe of gold at the end of it. He went immediately and took a little ſhop, bought ſome goods, and began to trade again. He was now humble, affable, and obliging to every one; people flocked to him, he pleaſed them all, and did bravely.

The ſecond brother, at his father's death, went to his own houſe, where he found all manner of furniture, and a ſhop filled with choice goods. He had been too idle in his younger years, to learn arithmetick or merchants accompts, and was too lazy to begin now; therefore he employed a ſhop-keeper, to whom he truſted the management of all, and betook himſelf to taverns, and gaming, whores, horſes, cocks and dogs; ſuch an expenſive way of living would ſoon exhauſt the riches of *Cræſus*; but that was not all, when his ſhop-keeper found how things were going, and the ignorance of his maſter, he reſolved to have a ſhare, and accordingly wronged him in almoſt every article. In ſhort, the youth was quickly reduced to want and poverty, his houſe and furniture was ſeized for debt, and himſelf in danger of a jail. Well, ſays he, I will go ſee what my father has left me under the big ſtone. He took a proper opportunity and lifted it up, underneath he found a piece of paper

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lying on a ſpade, he read the paper, and found theſe words:

You have run through all your ſtore,
You may now go work for more.
Spades and ſhovels here you have,
Either work or dig your grave.

Is it come to this, ſays *Tom*, well there is no help for it, hunger has no mercy; I will e'en take one of theſe ſpades, and go to the market place, and ſtand among the labourers; ſome body will employ me, a lazy youth will make a working old man, or a beggar. This will teach me wit; but it comes too late. He put his hand to a ſpade, in order to lift it up; but as the lower end of it was buried in the earth, he pulled hard to raiſe it, when he got it up, to his great ſurprize he found a large purſe of gold faſtened to it. He was glad of this ſeaſonable relief; this, ſays he, with the experience I have got, will be better than all the wealth my father formerly left me. He learned the uſe of numbers, began trade again, paid off his debts and lived happily.

We left *Jack* all this while at the king's court, where he wanted nothing to make him happy; but the poſſeſſion of the princeſs *Angelina*, whom he now tenderly loved. She came to him one day, and ſpoke to him thus: I come, ſays ſhe, to let you know that I am now ready to obey my fathers will, and make good his promiſe to you. I am in love with the beauties of your mind, and the ſweetneſs of your temper, and am even reconciled to your face and perſon; my dear princeſs, ſays *Jack*, I am now compleatly happy; I will even try my art to make my perſon agreeable to you; I have helped others, perhaps I may help myſelf. He went to conſult the book, and was infinitely pleaſed to find theſe words: *The*

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The well of charity you know;
To that healing fountain go.
Three times wash, and you will find,
Your body lovely as your mind.

He went to the fountain, and washed himself three times, and then returned to his Princess as beautiful as an angel.

They were soon married, and the old king perceiving the great wisdom that was in his son-in-law, resigned the kingdom into his hands, and lived privately. The young king was now at the top of all earthly happiness; yet in all this grandeur, he did not forget his two ungenerous brothers, but was desirous to bring them to his court to share his fortune: for this purpose he sent off a messenger to enquire for them, with orders to bring them to court when they should be found. The messenger found them, and ordered them to court. They had heard that their brother was made king, and began to be afraid that he would now revenge all the injuries they had done him. They came to court, and were brought in before the king; but did not know him, by reason of the great alteration in his shape and features; the king asked them if they had a younger brother whose name was *Jack*; they said they had, and thought that he had been at court; ay, says the king, he was at court, but is turned away with disgrace. He said he had two brothers who would relieve him; but I have sent for you, to warn you not to give him any help; we beg your Majesty's pardon, said the eldest, we have already used our younger brother very cruelly, for which we have been punished severely by divine justice, and for which we repent sincerely: therefore, if our brother comes to us, we will relieve him, let the consequence be what it will.

The

The king took one of his brothers in his right hand and the other in his left, and leading them into an inner room, he there related to them his whole adventures; aſſuring them of his favour and protection on all occaſions. The joy was very ſincere among the brothers, every one ſtriving who would ſhew the greateſt love and tenderneſs. When the old man came into the room among them, the king ran and embracing him, cried out, my maſter, my father, how glad am I to ſee you! How glad am I that you are come to ſee my happineſs! I rejoice to ſee it, ſays the old man; but I am now come to aſk you one requeſt, which is, that you give me the wonderful book, you have no more occaſion for it. The king immediately delivered it; now, ſays the old man, I will diſcover all to you: it was I who wrote that book for the uſe of my own family; but none of them were good enough to get any benefit by it. It was I who raiſed the ſtorm that drove your father's ſhip to the iſland where he met with the book; I was glad when it fell into his hands, for he was a good man. It was with pleaſure that I beheld your early inclinations to goodneſs, and learning. It was I, who in the form of a pigeon, guided your ſteps to this country; It was I, who in the form of an angel ſaved you from the evil ſpirit; it was I, who raiſed the fountain of water in the great court of your hoſpital. In ſhort, I muſt be a friend, and protector to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of that book, therefore I will now deſtroy it. So ſaying, he threw the book in the fire, and ſtood by till he ſaw it conſumed to aſhes; then turning to the brothers he ſaid, I commend you to the Almighty's protection, continue in your good diſpoſitions, and you will get a reward beyond any thing that I can do for you, and ſaying this, he vaniſhed out of their ſight.

The two elder brothers lived very happily in the

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the king's court all their days; at last the king himself died in a good old age, leaving all his riches, his crown, and kingdom to a very wise and beautiful prince, which he had by his lovely princess *Angelina*.

If you value a father's blessing, or rather the blessings of God obtained thro' my intercession in the name of our blessed saviour, be prevailed upon to mind your books and studies, this will endear you still more and more to the love of your

Affectionate FATHER.

LETTER II.

My Dear Child,

THIS letter is to intreat you to conform your mind to all the rigours of discipline; he that frets and stomachs at correction, is not in a capacity of learning, or doing any thing that is good. Correction is intirely necessary to check the rude impulses of the growing passions, and to supple the mind, and make it pliable to future calamities, which are, either more or less, the portion of all men in this world.

FABLE II. *The favourite Lap-Dog.*

A Dog, who had the envy'd hap
To sit in fair *Clarinda's* lap,
To be caress'd, cajole'd, respected;
While crouds of lovers were neglected:
Had been, forsooth, so nicely bred,
And with such costly dainties fed;
That when his mistress once thought fit
To offer him a tiney bit;

He

He firſt muſt look, then ſmell, then taſte;
And ſhew'd himſelf in no great haſte;
But of ſmall portion left a part,
Which ſorely griev'd *Clarinda*'s heart.
Lard, did you ever ſee, ſays miſs,
A creature ſo perverſe as this?
Yes, madam, I have ſeen at ſchool,
A little maſter made a fool,
By parents' too indulgent care,
And bred to all things nice and rare:
His tutor loth to cruſh the child,
Us'd him with methods ſoft and mild:
A ſlender leſſon to him ſet,
Which he more ſlenderly did get;
Till by degrees his appetite
For books and learning vaniſh'd quite.
Pray, ſir, what muſt be done with both?
The lady cry'd: but I was loth
To tell——however out it ſlipp'd;
The dog muſt faſt,——the boy be whipp'd.

MORAL.

THE wiſeſt of mortals hath left us this rule,
A whip for an aſs, and a rod for a fool.
But children are aſſes, and fools in their way,
Still lazy to buſineſs, and forward to play;
Then chaſten them well, e'er they ſtiffen in years,
Nor ſpare for their crying, nor pity their tears;
Uſe gentleneſs firſt, even bribes you muſt try,
What theſe cannot do, Mr. Birch muſt ſupply.
Let parents remember, that methods too mild,
And ſparing the rod, is but ſpoiling the child.

STORY II. *The two School-Fellows.*

MR. *James Eaton* of *Bloſſom-hill* in *Cheſhire* in *England*, was a gentleman of a fair character,

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racter, juſt, and religious. He had an handſome eſtate, and only one child to inherit it; this was a fine boy, of a good genius, and capable of being improved into a worthy man. His father took a great deal of pains to teach him his duty to God, his neighbour and himſelf; but his Mother, who was too fond of him, indulged him in idleneſs, and humoured every one of his inclinations: this made him lazy, wilful and paſſionate. With grief his father ſaw theſe bad tempers riſing in his ſon, and often wiſhed for ſome good opportunity of taking him from his mother. He was in this way of thinking, when the following adventure happened.

Near this gentleman's ſeat, was *Aſh-grove*, where Mr. *Aſh* lived, a ſincere friend, and an agreeable companion; theſe two were very happy in each other, and lived in a comfortable ſociety. Mr. *Aſh* had a ſon, much about the ſame age with the youth before-mentioned, they went to the ſame ſchool, and began their ſtudies together; but *Charly Aſh*, who was an early riſer, and a lover of learning, ſoon left young *Eaton* behind; who ſlept too long in the morning, and was too much given to play to make any great progreſs.

Mr. *Eaton* was vexed to ſee his ſon behave ſo ill. He would often chide him, and upbraid him with the good behaviour, and wiſe conduct of young *Aſh*; O *Robin*, would the good old man ſay, my heart bleeds for you, it makes me weep to ſee your behaviour; you neglect your prayers, your learning, and every thing that is good. You have as good a capacity as *Charly Aſh*, and yet you are reckoned a dunce in compariſon of him. He is religious, and obedient to his parents; and therefore will get a bleſſing, when you will fall into temptation.

This, and ſuch like remonſtrances, and admo-

nitions, quite vexed the passionate youth; unable to bear reproof, he at last formed the black design of murdering young *Ash*, and accordingly contrived several methods to perform it; but none of them seemed so safe, and sure as the following one; he had been told, that Mr. *Ash* had a maid-servant, who was a very early riser; that when she had made a fire, and swept the house, she went to a well which was at a good distance, for fresh water, leaving the back door of the house open. He provided a long sharp knife, and resolved to take that opportunity of slipping into his school-fellow's chamber, and there to stab him. He rose very early in the morning, and lay on the watch, till he saw the maid go to the well, and then he got up from his lurking place, and went towards the house.

It happened that some young boys, sons to a neighbouring gentleman, had come to *Ash-grove* the evening before, on a party of pleasure; their company hindred young *Ash* from making his exercise that night, so that he rose very early next morning to finish it. He chanced to look out of the window, and saw *Robin Eaton* coming towards the house, bless me, says he, what makes *Eaton* so early up, he thinks to catch me in bed in order to banter me; but I will play a trick on him, and so have the laugh at him.

There was a spaniel dog in the house which always lay with young *Ash*, and was then in the bed; he covered up the dog with the bed-cloaths, and then put part of the pillow under the bed-cloaths, and put his night-cap on the rest of it, so that the whole contrivance looked as if the boy was still in bed; he then retired behind the bed, to observe the behaviour of his school-fellow. He was but just hid, when *Eaton* entering the room, ran streight to the bed, and plunged the knife in the

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dog's heart. The dog gave a deep groan, which young *Eaton* concluded to be the laſt groans of poor *Aſh*: he then ran off, as he thought, undiſcovered.

Aſh was ſurprized at what he ſaw, he went immediately to his father's chamber, and told him what had happened. When Mr. *Aſh* was confirmed in the truth of the affair, he ſent off his ſon privately to a relation who lived in *Lancaſhire*, and then went and acquainted Mr. *Eaton* with all that his ſon had done.

The good man was aſtoniſhed and ſtruck ſpeechleſs, however, recovering himſelf a little, he aſked Mr. *Aſh* what he would adviſe him to do in ſuch a melancholy ſituation; the other declined giving any advice in ſo nice an affair; however, they conferred together ſome time, and at laſt came to the following reſolution: that Mr. *Aſh* ſhould make the world believe that his ſon had been really murdered by young *Eaton*; accordingly he got a coffin made, and buried the dead dog, as if it had been his own ſon, ſwearing every one to ſecrecy whom he was obliged to truſt in the affair. Poor *Eaton* was immediately taken priſoner and carried to jail; but his father, who conſidered, that a jail would rather corrupt his ſon's manners than mend them, bailed him out; but confined him cloſe priſoner in his own houſe. The aſſizes came on, Mr. *Eaton* told the judge the whole affair, and begged his lordſhip to carry on the cheat, and by giving the boy a formal trial, to condemn him; he did ſo, and poor *Eaton* was condemned to be hanged. The youth continued ſtill ſtubborn till his condemnation; but the proſpect of death ſtruck him to the heart. His father who was reſolved to go through with his project, began to viſit his ſon very often, and brought with him a neighbouring clergyman, to aſſiſt him in working a thorough reforma-

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tion in his ſon's heart. They had a glorious ſucceſs, the young lad became truly penitent, and prepared for death, with all the hopes and reſignation of a good chriſtian.

The day of execution came, and he was carried to the gallows; it was then, as the affair had been concerted, that a ſervant came galloping up with a reprieve in his hand, which changed the ſentence of death into tranſportation. Mr. *Eaton* had a rich brother, a merchant in *Barbadoes*, it was to him that young *Eaton* was ſent on this occaſion, where he ſoon arrived, ſtill ignorant of the true ſtate of affairs at home.

His uncle, in order to try if his mind was abſolutely cured of that cruel diſpoſition of ſhedding blood, made him overſeer of his Negroe ſlaves; but his mind was ſo far from cruelty, that it leaned too much the other way, he hardly giving the ſlaves due correction. His uncle obſerved this with ſatisfaction, and taking him from this employment, ſet him to his own buſineſs of merchandiſing, in which the young man behaved mighty well. The uncle dying ſoon after, left all his ample fortune to his nephew.

Young *Eaton* now poſſeſſed of a vaſt quantity of riches, reſolved to return to *England*, with a view of uſing them ſo as to endeavour to make Mr. *Aſh* ſome amends for the loſs of his ſon.

He embarked in a ſhip bound for *London*, where he ſafely arrived. He immediately provided a ſervant and two good horſes and furniture, and then ſet out for *Cheſhire*; as he came pretty near home, late in the evening, he heard a gun go off a little before him on the road; on which, he took one of his piſtols cock'd in his hand, and giving the other to his ſervant, rode forward.

He had not rode far till he ſaw a gentleman with only a whip in his hand defending himſelf againſt two

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two fellows, who ſtruck fiercely at him with their hangers; they would ſoon have killed him, if *Eaton* had not called to them to hold their hands, at the ſame time galloping eagerly forward. The fellows ſeeing him coming, thought it high time to make off; away they ran, but *Eaton* purſuing them, ſoon overtook and brought them back to the gentleman, who had received ſome wounds, but none that were dangerous.

Here, ſays *Eaton*, are the villains that ſought your life, I would be glad to hear the cauſe of their malice, and what could prompt them to ſo cruel a reſolution; but firſt let my ſervant know where a ſurgeon may be had to dreſs your wounds.

The ſervant being ſent off for a ſurgeon; Sir, ſays the gentleman, the malice of theſe men is occaſioned by the death of their brother, who was hanged at our laſt aſſizes for a murder and a robbery; I was very active in the affair, for which they took this opportunity when I was without a ſervant and arms to murder me. They lay behind that hedge; one of them took aim at me, but his gun miſſed fire; I ſeeing my danger, ſet ſpurs to my horſe in order to gallop off; but the other villain firing his piece, killed my horſe; the poor beaſt fell under me; I freed myſelf from him as faſt as I could; but when the murdering rogues ſaw me ſtill ſafe, they ruſhed over the hedge, and fell on me with their hangers; they would have certainly killed me, if God had not ſent you to ſave my life. This is the ſecond time that his good providence has ſaved me from a threatened death. May I be ſo bold as to aſk your name, ſays *Eaton*. My name, replies the other, is *Charles Aſh*, I live at *Aſh-grove* not far from this place, and always at your ſervice; for you deſerve all the returns I can poſſibly make, for ſaving of my life. Mr. *Eaton* found a ſurprizing hurry in his ſpirits upon

upon hearing the name of *Charles Aſh*; pray ſir, ſays he, did you ever know one *Robin Eaton* who lived near *Aſh-grove*? I have reaſon to know him, replies the other, he was once my ſchool-fellow, and is now in *America*. He is nearer you than you imagine, ſays *Eaton*, I am that unfortunate youth: but I was made to believe that you were dead, and buried; I am ſure I wounded you. Mr. *Aſh* then informed him of all, and told him further, that all the ſeverity which both the fathers ſhewed on that occaſion, was only in order to ſoften his mind, and give him a better way of thinking. Praiſe be to God, ſays Mr. *Eaton*, they have happily gained their point; I am a good boy now, my dear *Charly*, and an early riſer; many a time I have ſaid to myſelf, what, could I riſe ſo very early to do another a miſchief, and cannot I riſe as early to do my ſelf good! I came purpoſely to *England*, that I might endeavour to make your father ſome recompence for the loſs of you, and I thank God that I have been able to ſave that life that I thought I had deſtroyed.

Soon after this happy meeting both their fathers died, and they ſucceeded them in their Eſtates, and even out-ſhone them in all their good qualities.

Good parents muſt endeavour all they can,
To form the child as they would have the man;
If that's neglected, yet they muſt endeavour
To mend the youth, it's better late than never.

FABLE III. *The Pot and the Spit.*

A Pot and a Spit had a warm debate,
As that was a boiling, this roaſting the meat.
And who was the beſt? was the point to be ſettled.
The pot began thus, being hot and high metal'd:

You

You ſpit, you're a raſcal, how dare you make free,
Or vainly imagine you're better than me.
I'm oft' in employment night, morning, and noon,
Whilſt you are employ'd, may be, once in the moon,
The victuals I dreſs no attendance require,
But juſt on and off,——and repairing the fire;
Whilſt you muſt be turn'd, and turn'd, and turn'd,
Or elſe the poor morſel you dreſs will be burn'd:
But proving the thing that we ſee is a jeſt,
I'm plac'd here above you, becauſe I am beſt.
The ſpit——but a ſtone that unluckily dropt,
From the top of the chimney, the argument ſtopt.
So great was its weight, and ſo fatal the hit,
It ſhatter'd the pot, and it bended the ſpit.
The poor ruin'd pot was thrown by in diſgrace,
The ſpit was repair'd, and again took it's place.
'Twas roaſting a ſirloin of beef on a day,
The dripping pan chanc'd to be out of the way,
The pot that was broke was ſet under the beef,
And was of the drippings receiver in chief.
The old animoſity was not forgot;
Pray who is beſt now? quoth the ſpit to the pot.
The ſtrokes of croſs fortune are truly a teſt,
And he who beſt bears them, is certainly beſt.
You in your beginning, were run from the ore,
Were caſt in the mold, got a ſhape and no more;
But I, my hard natural temper to ſoften,
Was turned and hammer'd, and beat very often,
Made pliable thus, and for ev'ry thing fit;
I might be a horſe-ſhoe, a ſpade or a ſpit.
My temper is yielding, I bend to the ſtroke;
But you are ſo ſtiff, you are eaſily broke.

MORAL.

OUR early youth's the only time we find,
To ſoften, bend, and humanize the mind;
For if neglected then, it quickly gains
A rigid ſtiffneſs, which it ſtill retains. Thus

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Thus far a heathen may enlarge; but we
Enlightened chriſtians, know far more than he.
That chriſtian virtues are beſt learn'd in youth,
As faith, love, temperance, charity, and truth;
Theſe make our minds obedient to the rod,
And for chaſtiſements humbly thank our God.

This is a very proper place to ſpeak of the duty of prayer, which young people are apt to look upon as a very fatiguing taſk: but as you hope for happineſs in this world and the next, I beg you may never neglect this duty, as it is the only means to ſecure to you the favour and protection of that Almighty Being who is the hearer of prayer.

FABLE IV. *Jupiter and the Stag.*

A Stag apply'd to mighty Jove,
And ev'ry other power above,
To give him ſtrength, as well as ſpeed,
To fight or fly in time of need;
To make him proof of ſhot, and then,
He'd value neither dogs nor men.
Says Jove, I'll grant you all you aſk,
And more——if you perform this taſk:
Firſt, faſt three days——and ev'ry day
Kneel down, two hours at leaſt, to pray.
You muſt not ſhrink from any ſtorm,
While you this eaſy taſk perform;
The taſk perform'd——then you ſhall be,
From ev'ry dread and danger free.
The ſtag was thankful, went away,
To ſtand all ſtorms, to faſt and pray.
Now while the firſt three hours did paſs,
He did not taſte a pile of graſs;
He then kneel'd down to ſerve his god;
But thought the poſture very odd,

While

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While he was in this aukward caſe,
A ſtorm came battering in his face;
He quit his prayers, and turn'd his tail
To Jove, and to the ſhow'r of hail.
Dangers, quoth he, are now far off,
I'll do my penance time enough;
The dogs and huntſmen ſleep at home,
And will —— till ſummer mornings come;
I'll go to breakfaſt, drink, and play,
And do my taſk ſome other day.
He went to brouze; and eat his fill,
And quench'd his thirſt at every rill;
He went to ſleep, and thus did lie,
When a great wolf came prouling by.
The wolf up to the ſtag did creep,
Seiz'd on his throat, and ſpoil'd his ſleep:
The ſtag laments his wretched ſtate;
But his repentance came too late.

MORAL.

ALL men may find the moral out, with eaſe,
I'll juſt obſerve, there's danger in delays.

Your ſincerely Affectionate
FATHER, *&c.*

LETTER III.

I Would in the next place, my dear boy, recommend to you a ſtrict and conſcientious honeſty, fulfilling all your promiſes and engagements with veracity and expedition; if you are once found to be a trifler and a liar, your life will be miſerable, you will be in a manner excluded from ſociety, and look like a ſtranger in the midſt of relations and acquaintance.

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FABLE V. *The cheating Knave.*

A Man with poverty oppreſt,
Juſt ſtarving, thus his god addreſt:
O mighty Jove, relieve me now;
On that condition here I vow,
That rams on rams I'll ſacrifice,
Till clouds of ſmoke obſcure the ſkies.
Says Jove this man is mighty free,
If I give him——why he'll give me.
Yet many men want ev'n the heart,
To give me back a trifling part.
This may be ſuch a ſtingy knave;
I'll try for once what he would have.
Jove gave him plenty to his wiſh,
Of money, cattle, fowls, and fiſh.
Now we ſhall ſee how hard he ſtrove
To make his promiſe good to Jove.
An old blind ram with broken thighs,
Was pitch'd upon, to mount the ſkies;
Was kill'd, and on the altar laid,
A rouſing fire beneath was made:
Wet ſtraw in heaps was laid on thick,
To raiſe a ſmoke, to hide the trick.
Jove ſaw the cheat, and mark'd the crime
For judgment in a proper time.
It happen'd after, on a day,
His wife in dang'rous labour lay.
To Juno he devoutly pray'd,
For hers, or for her husband's aid,
And ſwore a thouſand pigeons lives
Should ſuffer, for the beſt of wives,
And on the altar ſweetly ſmoke;
But Juno knew 'twas all a joke;
Says ſhe, now this notorious cheat,
Has promis'd me a handſome treat

I'll

I'll heal his wife, to try if he
Will juſt and honeſt prove to me.
The wife was heal'd, with joy the ſpouſe
Ran nimbly to the pigeon houſe;
Forty did in an inſtant dye,
And made a charming pigeon pye;
'Twas bak'd, and then the cruſt was broke,
And on the altar ſet to ſmoke:
Thus once a week he drove this trade,
Till he perform'd the vow he made,
Juno was angry at the trick;——
But ſoon the man himſelf fell ſick;
While he was in this doleful caſe,
Death came and ſtar'd him in the face.
He gave a ſhriek; O death, quoth he,
Why do you come uncall'd to me,
Thouſands are ſeeking you in vain,
Good death ride off, and eaſe their pain.
I'll give you horſes half a ſcore,
You need not foot it any more.
But death reply'd, my hand and heart
Can graſp at nothing but my dart;
With that he gave the fatal blow,
And plung'd the wretch in endleſs woe.

MORAL.

MEN may amuſe themſelves with knaviſh tricks,
Yet honeſty's the beſt of politicks.
We're helpleſs creatures, and depending ſtill,
On God's good providence, and man's good will.
The man who ſlights theſe helps is ſtill perplext,
Diſtruſted in this life, and puniſh'd in the next.

And now I muſt caution you againſt pride, give it no place in your compoſition, it being a quality hateful to God and man.

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STORY III. *Of the Landlord's Son.*

A Certain gentleman of a fine eſtate, and great riches, had been married to an excellent woman, but ſhe died young, and left only one child, a fine boy, behind her.

This gentleman, whom I ſhall call *Paternus*, was often obliged to go abroad about his affairs, by which means he left his ſon too much among his ſervants; they conſtantly flattered the boy, and humoured him in his wayward temper; by this means the child grew conceited, haughty, and miſchievous; none of the neighbours children cared to come near him, if they did, they were ſure to feel the effects of his ill nature. One of this gentleman's tenants, who lived near the big houſe, and who was well known by the name of farmer *Hobſon*, had a ſon of the ſame age with young maſter, but ſtronger and of a bigger growth. This boy was often ſent to the big houſe, on one errand or other; but always came home blubbering and crying. One time, Maſter *Will*, for that was his name, would tear the boy's hair, and then ſay his head wanted combing; another time, he would ſpout a mouthful of water in his face, and then tell him he had forgot to waſh it; if he ſaw a hole in any part of the boy's cloaths, he would tie a needle to the point of a ſtick, and after running the needle into the poor boy's fleſh, he would, laughing, ſay, that he was only darning up the hole. Theſe, and a hundred ſuch tricks, would he play on poor young *Hobſon*, while the boy would do nothing but cry, and tell him he would beat him well if he was not the landlord's ſon.

Honeſt *Hobſon* was vexed to find his ſon ſo conſtantly ill uſed. He went himſelf to the big houſe, and met his landlord; I come, Sir, ſays he,

to

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to complain of your ſon; my boy never comes here of an errand, but maſter *Will* is ſure to ſend him home to me crying; I know you do not allow your ſon to uſe a poor man's child any way ill; but the ſervants encourage him in it, and you know nothing of the matter.

Servants are the ruin of many a gentleman's child, replies *Paternus*, I muſt remove him out of their reach; but firſt I muſt ſtrive to remove the ill impreſſions he has already got. Send your ſon here to morrow, and if my ſon offers him any ill uſage, let him beat him well, I'll take care he ſhall get fair play. The next morning, the farmer bid his ſon go to the big houſe; the boy was loth to go, as well knowing what treatment he would get: but his father told him, he muſt go, and if young maſter *Will* offered to meddle with him, he ordered him to beat him well; for the landlord allowed him. The boy went, and maſter began to play his pranks, as uſual; but young *Hobſon* gave him a good thump, and bid him let him alone again; the young gentleman flew at his hair like a fury, and the farmer's ſon faſtened to him as briſkly, the ſervants ran and parted them, and began to uſe the poor boy ill; but *Paternus* came in to his reſcue: maſter *Will* flew again at the boy, and began to tear him, the boy was daunted, and made no reſiſtance; but *Paternus* encouraged him, and deſired him to beat the other very well; young *Hobſon* did as he was bid, and cuffed the young gentleman to ſome purpoſe. While they were thus employed, a gentleman alighted at the door, and coming in, found them as I have related. What is the matter among you, ſays he; ſir, ſays *Paternus*, my ſon is grown ſo haughty, and miſchievous, that I am employing the other boy to beat the bad humours out of him; fie, fie, replies the other, you will ſpoil the boy, and break his ſpirits, you ſhould

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ſhould rather encourage him, a hot youth will make a warm old man.

That obſervation, ſays *Paternus*, holds good in reſpect of a young horſe, or it might do among men, if they were only deſigned to make a figure in this world; but we are taught to expect a better life after this, which none can enjoy but the meek, the humble, and ſuch as have the innocence of little children, and as I ſincerely wiſh my child that happineſs, I muſt endeavour to bring his mind to that ſtandard.

At laſt, Mr. *Will* was tired of ſuch exerciſe, and begged of his father to ſave him, on which *Paternus* parted them. Well ſon, ſays he, how are you after that? The boy wept, and ſobbed bitterly; ſir, ſays he to his father, you do not care what becomes of me, when you let that dunghill brat beat and abuſe me; did not you beat and abuſe him firſt? replies *Paternus*; ſuppoſe I did ſays the youth, I am a gentleman, and better than him; how are you better than him, replies the father? ſir, ſays the boy, I have better blood in my veins; you learned this fine ſtory from the ſervants, replies the other; but I'll take care to cool your blood, for it ſeems too hot. He called immediately for a ſurgeon, and ordered two or three cups of blood to be taken out of his ſons arms, at the ſame time, he ordered a cup to be drawn out of the farmer's ſon, giving the boy a piece of money to encourage him.

Paternus had ſet the cup which held young *Hobſon*'s blood along with the other cups. After ſome time, he called the ſurgeon and his ſon; now ſays he, tell me which of theſe cups contain the beſt blood? This one, anſwered the boy, pointing to one of the cups; you judge very well, ſays the ſurgeon, for that is certainly the beſt blood; this then, ſays the father, is young

Hobſon's

Hobſon's blood; now child, you ſee you are far miſtaken when you ſaid you had the beſt blood in your veins; what ſignifies that, replies the boy, I am a gentleman's ſon, and will have all your eſtate, and money, when you die; I ſee, replied the father, that you have great confidence, in uncertain riches; but let us talk no more of that at preſent. He then took the two boys down to a meadow, through which a brook glided deep and ſilent; he made the two boys try who leaped beſt, and found his ſon was a very good match for the other; he made them leap the brook in ſeveral places, till he found a place, which young *Hobſon* could juſt leap, and had nothing to ſpare, his ſon likewiſe leaped it with enough to do; he then began to praiſe his ſon, and pretending to encourage him, he filled his pockets with money, as full as they could hold; come, ſays he, try that leap again, my good boys. *Hobſon* went over it as before; but his own ſon, as he expected, leaped ſhort of the further bank, and ſo fell ſouſe into the brook. His father dragged him out all wet and dripping. As ſoon as the boy recovered himſelf, he cried out, that the weight of the money had hindered him; O, ho, ſays the father, you thought that money gave you an advantage over this boy; but you find it may be a diſadvantage to you ſometimes. Birth and fortune will never make one man better than another, but he is the beſt man that does moſt good. Our paſſing over this life, is like your jumping over that brook; if the mind is free and diſengaged, we paſs it over ſafely, but if we ſet our hearts on money, and load ourſelves with it, it will ſink us in endleſs ruin. Child, continues he, if you make no other uſe of your birth and fortune but to oppreſs and bully all thoſe who are not able to reſiſt you, you will juſt be like a trifling brook ſwell'd up with a great fall of rain, you will overthrow

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throw and confuſe every thing in your power, and ſo with noiſe and hurry fall into the great ocean of eternity.

Soon after this the boy was ſent to a publick ſchool under the care of a very worthy man, who made it his buſineſs to teach his boys the rules of virtue as well as thoſe of learning. Here the boy ſhook off by degrees all the bad habits he had contracted; for here he met no body to reſpect his rank and fortune, but was ſure of being chaſtiſed either by the maſter or ſcholars if he was unlucky or miſchievous; by this means he fell into a very different way of thinking, and became an excellent good man.

Our Saviour bleſt ſome children here on earth,
Not on account of fortune, rank or birth.
The good, the meek, the humble, are the few
Who will enjoy this earth, and Heaven too.

STORY IV. *Of the* Angel *and the* Hermit.

THERE was an hermit once ſo very holy and religious, ſo frequent and fervent in prayer, that an angel from heaven came often to viſit him, to encourage and inſtruct him.

As the angel and the hermit were one day walking together, they came to a place where the ſtinking carcaſe of a dead horſe lay. The hermit ſtopp'd his noſe to avoid the naſty and unwholeſome ſmell, but the angel went on without taking any offence, or even notice of it.

They went a little further, and met a very proud man riding in grand order. The hermit took off his cap, and made a bow to the gentleman; but the angel ſtopp'd his noſe, and turned away his face, as if he would avoid both the ſight and the ſmell of him. The hermit wondered at it, and

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aſked the angel the reaſon, why he paſſed by the dead horſe which ſtank abominably, and yet took no notice of it, and yet when he paſſed by the gentleman who was ſweet and clean, he ſtopp'd his noſe, as if he could not bear the ill ſavour that came from him. The angel replied, you muſt know, that nothing ſtinks more than a proud man. A dead horſe is a thing that is agreeable to the will of God; but a proud man is contrary to it. A dead horſe is good for ſomething, it will feed dogs and crows, or will fatten the ground; but a proud man is good for nothing, he pleaſes no body but himſelf and the devil.

How wrongly plac'd are thoſe paternal cares,
Who teach their children pride before their prayers.

Pride is a kind of native in the human mind, nor is it alone ſo, revenge has its roots fixed deep in our conſtitution.

STORY V. *Of* Malvolio *and* Manlius.

THE *Italians* ſay, that revenge is ſo ſweet, that God would keep it all to himſelf and allow men none of it: but the ſtory of *Malvolio* and *Manlius* is a proof that a forgiving temper has the advantage of a vindictive one, both in this world and the next.

Malvolio had a ſmall fortune, on which he might have lived comfortably; but was ill-natured to the laſt degree. It happened one day, that the cattle of *Manlius* ſtrayed upon the ground of *Malvolio*; they were immediately hurried to a pound, and an extravagant ſum demanded for the treſpaſs, which was readily paid by *Manlius*; when it was hinted to *Manlius*, how *Malvolio* had taken the whole rigour of the law, he only replied, that

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the law must be severe in these cases, and exact more than the value, in order to hinder people from offending.

It happened soon after that *Malvolio's* cattle trespassed on the lands of *Manlius*, his servants informed him of it, and told him he had now a fair opportunity of being revenged. They have not done me six pence worth of damage, says *Manlius*, and why should I quarrel with my neighbour for a six-penny matter, and so ordered the cattle to be driven home to the owner.

Manlius was at that time agent to a gentleman of a great estate. One of the tenants was a very poor man, who had a large family of small children to maintain; this man ran far behind in arrears of rent, *Manlius* still spared him, knowing him to be a very honest man; but still fortune frowned on him, and he only run on deeper in arrears. *Malvolio* took this opportunity of doing *Manlius* an ill-turn; he went to the poor man, and told him that *Manlius* designed to seize on every thing he had, and throw himself into a jail, advising him at the same time to go off while he was free, for he had little time to spare. The poor man was frightened, and so getting together what little substance he had left, he put the key under the door, and went off to some friends who lived at a distance. This was what *Malvolio* wanted; he went to the landlord, and told him that *Manlius* had suffered one of his tenants to run far in arrears, and then let him escape out of the country. The gentleman who was naturally rash and cholerick, immediately discharged *Manlius* from the agency, and at the same time gave it to *Malvolio*. This turn of fortune was even beyond *Malvolio's* expectation, tho' it was not long till he gave *Manlius* an opportunity of revenge, if he would have embraced it. A rich farmer went to *Malvolio* to get his

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his leaſe renewed; it is in my power, ſays *Malvolio*, to do you a conſiderable ſervice, provided you pay me for my trouble; that is but reaſonable, replied the farmer, be ſo kind, ſir, as to let me know your propoſal; why, ſays the other, I can tell the landlord, that your farm is not good, and that you are not able to hold it at the preſent rent; I will get you an abatement of four pounds ſterl. a year, and a freehold deed; that will be as good as eight pounds; for which you muſt give me thirty guineas. The farmer readily conſented, and the affair was concluded to both their ſatisfaction.

The farmer afterwards informed *Manlius* of all this, and offered to prove it before the landlord; but *Manlius* would not encourage him, telling him, that time would clear his innocence, and he wanted no revenge: he even wrote a friendly letter to *Malvolio*, gently cenſuring him for betraying his maſter's truſt, and deſiring him to be more on his guard for the future, and not put himſelf in the power of every time-ſerving raſcal, who would betray him as readily as he could betray the truſt his employer repoſed in him.

The poor man, whom I mentioned a while ago, met with good encouragement among his friends, every one gave him a help; he took a good farm, and in two or three years, which proved very favourable, he found himſelf able to pay off the arrears due to his former landlord; accordingly he came back with the money in his hand. As he came near the manſion-houſe he met his landlord, ſir, ſays he, I come to pay you the arrears I owe you; I thank God, I am now able, and was always willing. Then what made you run away, ſays the landlord; ſir, replied the other, it was *Malvolio*, who told me that your agent *Manlius* did deſign to throw me into a jail, and adviſed me to run

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away; it was happy for me that I took his advice; for being at liberty, I have raiſed money enough to pay you; but if I had been thrown into a jail I might have rotted there, and left my children beggars. The landlord then reflecting on the ſtory of *Malvolio*, diſcovered his roguery, ſent him a diſcharge, and reſtored *Manlius* to the agency.

All this while *Malvolio* was no ſufferer in reſpect to *Manlius*, but he did not fare ſo well in the ill nature he ſhew'd to another gentleman who lived on the other ſide of him, whoſe name was *Talio*.

Theſe two began to quarrel on ſome trifling occaſion, which ſoon encreaſed to a ſettled enmity; every trifle was made the ſubject of a law-ſuit, each of them ſold their lands in order to hunt the other to ruin: they were both but too ſucceſsful, and all they could boaſt of at laſt was, that they had got poverty and revenge.

Malvolio now reduced to a ſtate of beggary, rambled from place to place, his friends would not pity him, becauſe his ruin was owing to his own ill nature. He was in this condition when *Manlius* met him one day; what now *Malvolio*, ſays he, why are you and I ſuch ſtrangers? Sir, replies *Malvolio*, it is contrary to my inclinations to meet you even now; I have done you ſeveral ill offices, and would be loth to give you an opportunity of upbraiding me with my paſt conduct. What you did to me, replies the other, were ill actions in you; but they did me a great deal of good; they gave me an opportunity of exerciſing ſome chriſtian virtues, which I would never have thought of otherwiſe. I ſee your friends neglect you, therefore I inſiſt on it, that you come and live with me; you ſhall be welcome to me and mine while you live.

That is a great obligation, ſays *Malvolio*, and ſhews your extenſive goodneſs, yet you would do me

me a greater ſervice if you would direct me how to correct my ill nature, and teach me how to enjoy your goodneſs with thankfulneſs and a contented mind.

I think that is eaſily done, ſays *Manlius*, nothing ſweetens the temper like religion; take your bible, and ſtudy chriſtianity, and fix your mind to the practice of it; nothing is ſo often preſſed upon us as forgiving injuries, and loving our enemies; nothing is ſo hateful to God, as envy, malice, and revenge: ſo that I may lay it down as a fundamental maxim in religion, that we have as much of God in us, as we forgive injuries, and as much of the devil in us, as we would revenge them.

Malvolio lived for ſome time very happily in the houſe of *Manlius*, and then had it in his power to make *Manlius* a grateful recompence for all his favours; for a rich friend of his dying, left him a handſome eſtate, yet he would not leave the houſe of *Manlius*; but ſpent the remainder of his days with that good man, and at his death, left all his eſtate and riches to *Manlius*'s children.

I muſt again preſs you, to fix my inſtructions deep in your mind, your young judgment ought to ſubmit to thoſe that are more experienced, and who have your intereſt at heart; you may aſſume a ſelf ſufficiency, and think your ſelf beyond the neceſſity of taking advice; but, remember I tell you, ſuch a notion may ruin you.

FABLE VI. *The Waſps and the Honey-pot.*

A Wiſe old waſp with pains and care,
Two young ones in her cell did rear.
When they were fit to ſhift for food,
The mother, anxious for their good,
Addreſt her children thus: ſays ſhe,
Dear daughters be adviſ'd by me; You-

Yonder's a dang'rous honey-pot,
In yonder ſhop——O! touch it not.
The ſight——the very ſmell avoid;
For there my kindred were deſtroy'd.
Let others dangers make you ſhun
The thing by which they were undone;
Go ſhift for food till ſummer's o'er,
And here you'll find your winter ſtore.
Away they flew, their victuals ſought,
And kept their mother's words in thought.
One day in ſpring, the winds blew high,
The little inſects could not fly;
Hungry and cold they chanc'd to ſtop,
For ſhelter, near the fatal ſhop;
Their hearts did pant, and felt a ſhock,
On viewing the forbidden crock;
But ſeeing other waſps that ſtay'd
To eat their fill, and friſking play'd,
Siſter, quoth one, what need we fear
To join the reſt, and get a ſhare.
No, ſays the other, let us fly;
I'd rather wing the ſtormy ſky,
Than venture, even here to ſtay.
With that ſhe roſe, and flew away.
Siſter, quoth ſhe that ſtay'd, goodnight,
Perhaps my ſiſter's in the right;
And yet, ſhe may be over nice;
I'll go, and get ſome waſp's advice.
To get advice, away ſhe goes;
But ſoon the odour reach'd her noſe.
What danger can there be, quoth ſhe,
I'm ſure the ſmell refreſhes me:
And yet my mother charg'd us ſo,
I'll curb myſelf, and will not go:
And yet yon waſps ſo freely feaſt;
Why mayn't I go, and get a taſte.
As ſhe was arguing pro and con,
A crowd of waſps came buzzing on;

She

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She join'd the reſt, and quickly got
Unto the fatal honey-pot:
When, lo, a cover was let fall
Upon their backs, and kill'd them all.

MORAL.

A Curſe attends thoſe children who deſpiſe
Their parents council, by experience, wiſe.
How quickly is the giddy mind drawn in
To look, to taſte, to ſwallow down the ſin.
At firſt, they ſcruple, and are ſomething nice;
Yet yield, if once they parly with the vice.
Sin is aluring, and our paſſions ſtrong;
Then how can reaſon hold her ſceptre long?
But bleſſed children can no hazard run,
Who all appearances of evil ſhun.

I ſhall ſay no more in this letter; but conclude with aſſuring you of the prayers and bleſſing

of your loving FATHER.

LETTER IV. *On* GOVERNMENT.

My dear Child,

IN my former Letters I have endeavoured to give your mind a proper reliſh for ſeveral ſocial duties and moral virtues, which are very conducive to your own happineſs, and to the benefit of the ſociety you live in.

And certainly, every man ought to think and act for the good of his country; being prompted thereto by his own humane and benevolent ſpirit: and if he ſhould want theſe generous diſpoſitions, yet even ſelf-intereſt ought to urge him to this duty; the happineſs of every individual being ſo ſtrongly connected with the good of the whole.

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I must own there are too many who betray, sacrifice, and devote their country to ruin to promote their private interest. I mean the whole gang of smugglers, whether in a monarch's bosom, a parliament house, on sea, or at land; such are the lice of a common-wealth; the safety of the people only depending on the scarcity of such vermin, or the care of the community in destroying them. They are like the worms in the timber of a ship, which would soon sink themselves, and those in the same bottom with them, if the care of the mariners did not counteract their mischief.

The good and safety of a people in a great measure depend on the capacity and honesty of the person or persons who are entrusted with the supreme power, or government. Therefore those people are most happy, who have their government in the hands of many, form'd upon different interests, a great part of whom depend upon the immediate choice of the people for the share they enjoy in that exalted capacity. In such a wise institution it is extremely probable, that one party will be both willing and able to advise or controul any other party, who would either sink below, or over act their part; besides, a frequent change in a great part of the legislative power, must tend to keep the whole from forming any combination to inslave their country, which might possibly happen in a long interval of time.

Happily for us, the English constitution is formed upon this excellent plan. Is it not then amazing, that any party among us should eagerly contend, nay, sacrifice their lives and fortunes, to throw our government out of this channel, and put our lives, liberties, and properties, into the sole disposal of an ambitious and haughty prince? Yet so it is. Armies have been formed, and battles fought,

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fought, in order to give a man an unlimited authority to put chains on a free people.

This diſpute is as old as the times of king *James* the ſecond; that prince, in order to execute his darling ſcheme of introducing popery and ſlavery, trampled upon our laws, and unhinged the conſtitution; and at laſt abdicated the government, rather than yield to the equitable deſire of reſtoring the conſtitution to its antient order. This occaſioned a revolution in our government; but at the ſame time formed parties in the ſtate, ſome rejoicing unfeignedly in being freed from arbitrary power in ſtate, and an inquiſition in religious affairs; others thinking that king *James* was highly injured, and that the regal power is ſtill in his family by hereditary right.

Every man as a chriſtian, and a ſubject, ought to inform himſelf rightly in this affair, and not ſuffer himſelf to be impoſed upon by the fallacious arguments of thoſe who are blind to the things that belong unto their peace. In this view, I think it my duty to give you the beſt information I can, and to that end I here ſend you the ſubſtance of a dialogue which I lately had the pleaſure of hearing, in which the juſtice and neceſſity of the revolution is vindicated upon undeniable principles.

CATO. CATILINE.

CATO.

I Am glad, my dear neighbour, to ſee you ſafe returned from your romantick expedition; I love your perſon, tho' I hate your principles and folly; ſurely you muſt have quite extinguiſhed every remain of conſcience and reaſon, before you could embark in an affair ſo wicked and hopeleſs as this rebellion has been.

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Catil. I was informed it was a righteous quarrel; that king *James*, from whom the present claimant derives his right, was forceably driven from his throne by an unnatural rebellion; and then we had fair promises, that raised our hopes to the greatest pitch, tho' they shrunk in the performance.

Cato. I am sensible that the jacobites consider the king's flight from *Rochester* as an involuntary action, being at that time no better than a prisoner, and his life in imminent danger; and therefore they conclude, that every thing which followed was invalid: but they do not remember that his former flight from London was quite voluntary, and unconstrained, when he called in the writs that had been issued for electing a free parliament, and had cast the great seal into the river *Thames*, by that means, casting the reins of government out of his hands: so that when he was taken at *Feversham*, he had no right to claim the regal power, nor even liberty for his person.

Catil. If you make that appear, I, and every other jacobite must own our selves in the wrong.

Cato. I think I shall be able to prove that he ceased to be king *de jure*, when he ceased to act the part assigned to a king of these nations, chusing rather to act in direct opposition; and when he abdicated, and left the nation in a state of anarchy, he ceased to be king *de facto*; and in order to that, I shall prove some first principle in government, and then apply them to the present purpose.

I. The good and safety of the people is the supreme law.

God has sent men into the world in a worse condition than any other of his creatures. The brutes have no occasion to secure a property; they bring their cloathing into the world, and their food grows spontaneously to their mouths; whereas, man

man must procure both, by a vast variety of labour: nor will labour alone do; as it is the produce of the field that must feed and cloath him, he must necessarily acquire a property in land and cattle; and what would his property signify, if a stronger man might come next moment, and take it away: but God did not leave man in this deplorable condition without a remedy, he endowed him with reason, to discern the benefits of society, that is, a convenient number of men entered into a confederacy to support each other, in preserving their lives and properties to the uttermost of their power: but the desire of society is not barely the effect of choice and reason, there is something of principle or instinct in it; beside the faculty of learning, and using of speech, we find other faculties only useful in society, such as love of others, pity, shame, &c.

Now, we find man, whose life out of society would be short, and miserable, by this scheme of association, become lord of the creation, and master of all the comforts this world can afford. This is the good and safety of the people! This is the supreme law, which is, or ought to be the groundwork of all particular laws; and whoever acts contrary to this law of nature, and reason, as it may be fitly called, resisteth the ordinance of God. From hence we may deduce these corollaries.

1. When a society is formed, they have power constantly, and at all times, to alter, expel, keep out, or destroy every thing that is hurtful to the common-wealth.

As we have proved that society is, according to God's original design, the only means that men can use for their good, and safety; it must be agreeable to the divine will, that they take all just methods to preserve to themselves that invaluable blessing; for the means are as necessary as the

end; but as the members of ſociety are fallible, the firſt, or future plans of government may ſoon be found to fall ſhort of the deſired end; therefore the ſociety muſt be ſuppoſed to have a right at all times to alter what they find amiſs, and to uſe force to preſerve, and ſupport the whole fabrick.

2. Every ſociety muſt have a government formed by the choice or conſent of the ſociety.

As the legiſlative and executive powers muſt ſtill exiſt, it follows, that there muſt be either one or more men ſet apart for that purpoſe; becauſe the whole body of the people could not meet to judge, and act upon every emergency, nor would they be capable of doing any thing to advantage for want of proper knowledge, and judgment, if they did meet; yet as every man has ſomething at ſtake, as his life and fortune is embarked in the common cauſe; it follows, that every man has a right, more or leſs, to have a choice or approbation in forming the government, according to his property.

3. The ſociety cannot give the government a power to deſtroy the lives and properties of the people, any farther than the common-wealth requires it; therefore, if a people ſhould allow a prince to rule over them according to his own will, he is ſtill limited by the ſupreme law, which muſt be either mentioned or tacitly ſuppoſed in all ſuch caſes.

People cannot give a prince a right to murder and deſtroy them, no more than they can take ſuch a right to themſelves; nor can it be ſuppoſed, that a ſociety would, or could act ſo inconſiſtent a part, which is not only contrary to the inſtitution, but likwiſe to the great law of ſelf-preſervation.

4. Every power, therefore, in a ſtate, is only held conditionally, that is, in ſubordination to the ſupreme law, or ſuch other particular laws as are found neceſſary to limit them, and therefore every man

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man in power, must be supposed to lose his right to it, in proportion as he fails in performing the conditions.

This corollary must be allowed, or else it will follow, that the most impenitent sinner has a right to the joys of heaven, by virtue of his baptismal covenant.

5. The machine of government must not stand still, and therefore if one part cease to act, the other parts must go on as well as they can, though, perhaps, not so regularly as before.

God has given man two legs, in order to enable him to walk upright, and easy, yet if he chance to lose one, he must not abandon himself to ruin and death, but must make use of the leg he has left, and limp away, as well as he can. Your silence convinces me that you have no objection to these first principles of government; and I believe your judgment will, in a great measure, save me from the trouble of an application. It is notoriously known, that king *James* set himself above the laws, and acted contrary to them; destroyed the lives of the people, and invaded their properties, and at last left them in confusion; therefore, by the aforesaid corollaries, the revolution was both just and necessary.

Catil. Tho' I allow your premises, I will not submit to your conclusion; for it is as notoriously known, that king *James* took away no man's life but by form of law, and if he deprived any people of their properties, he had the advice of the judges, concerning the lawfulness of his proceedings.

Cato. He preserved the colour of law, but not the substance. The laws of the land excluded all papists from all places of trust, and power; but he crouded them into the seats of justice, and the army; so that justice was not administered in the

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right channel, nor with proper authority; nor are the opinions of the judges (ſuppoſing them to be conſcientiouſly honeſt) any way binding on the people, as they are no part of the legiſlative power.

Catil. You all along ſuppoſe the original of power to be virtually in the people; whereas, I ſuppoſe it to be in the prince, to whom the people are to pay, at leaſt, a paſſive obedience, any kind of reſiſtance being directly contrary to God's revealed will, as you may find in *Rom.* 13, and elſewhere.

Cato. Several politicians have maintained, that the voice of the people, is the voice of God. I do not think this aſſertion abſolutely true; however, I believe, there is more truth in it, than advocates for an arbitrary power are willing to allow. However, I never thought that theſe texts of ſcripture which you mention, would ſupport a deſpotick government. It is monſtrous to ſuppoſe, that God would ordain, or give any man a divine right to deſtroy the ſociety, which as I obſerved before, was originally deſigned for the good and ſafety of mankind: but one cannot ſhew the abſurdity of your argument better, than by examining how the words of the Apoſtle will ſuit with *Nero*, who was the ruling power over the bulk of mankind, when that epiſtle was wrote.

1. Let every ſoul be ſubject to the higher powers; [viz. *Nero*] for there is no power but of God: the powers that be, are ordained of God, [as was *Nero*.]

2. Whoever therefore, reſiſteth the power, of *Nero*] reſiſteth the ordinance of God: and they that reſiſt, ſhall receive to themſelves damnation.

3. For rulers [as *Nero* is] are not a terror to good works (tho' he perſecuted the chriſtians) but to the evil (tho' he encouraged wickedneſs in a ſhameful manner:) wilt thou not then be afraid of the power

power [of *Nero*:] do that which is good and thou shalt have praise of the same [from *Nero*].

4. For he is the minister of God to thee for good, but if thou do evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain, for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath on them that do evil.

5. Wherefore, you must needs be subject [to *Nero*] not only for [avoiding his] wrath; but also for [your own] conscience sake; [that it may not accuse you for resisting God's order].

This is meer burlesquing the scripture, tho' it is a natural consequence of your opinion, that every tyrannical prince is, virtually in himself, the power and ordinance of God.

Catal. Since you explain away the obvious and literal meaning of these texts; I hope you will give me a better.

Cato. I will give you all the meaning they can bear. And first, it is to be observed, that the Apostle does not mention any power, or form of government; and therefore, must be supposed to mean all kinds of government in general, and is as applicable to a bench of senators, and their doge, at *Venice*, as an arbitrary monarch at *Versailles*. Second, he supposes the government, or ruling power, to be performing its duty; not carrying the sword in vain, but punishing the evil doers, and praising, and rewarding those that do well. These powers, thus acting for the good of society, we are not to resist: but we are no where forbid to resist a tyrant, who does not only carry the sword in vain, but even to the destruction of the society, which it was designed to protect.

Catil. But you are still making suppositions that are meerly chimerical. When did ever a society meet without a government, and fall upon these wise regulations you talk of; viz. the chusing them-

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themſelves a king, and framing the conditions, by which he was to regulate his conduct: telling him, that in caſe of failure he muſt be ſet aſide, and another choſe in his place. Did this ever happen in *England*, or in any other country? All the monarchies we know at preſent, are founded upon conqueſt, or uſurpation, and all the republicks on rebellion.

Cato. Bravely ſpoke, *Catiline*, you allow the right of conqueſt to be valid then; and if the people endeavour to throw off the yoke, you call it rebellion. According to your ſcheme, we muſt allow, that *Alexander* the great robber, and the pirate, whom we may call the little robber, had each an undoubted right to the plunder they ſeized upon; for certainly, a great army, and a ſingle ſhip make no material difference. If an highwayman with a piſtol at your breaſt, obliges you to deliver your money, you allow him to be the juſt proprietor of it; and if you meet a twelve-month after, you would be glad to ſee him, for old acquaintance ſake.

Catil. However ridiculous my aſſertion may appear, yet you muſt either allow ſome ſuch thing as a right of conqueſt, or elſe, that the conquered people muſt keep up a ſpirit of revenge, and, if they have an opportunity, to wreck their fury on the lateſt poſterity of the aggreſſor; which would be puniſhing the child for the father's fault, which no chriſtian would care to do.

Cato. Theſe arguments had no force with you, when you engaged in a rebellion againſt the reigning power. But however, it is certain the preſent queſtion is a little puzzling, viz. when does a conqueſt become lawful? All the anſwer I can give is, that when the people find the terms of ſubmiſſion, and the tenor of the government are not deſtructive of the benefits of ſociety, they will

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in a manner, naturally yield a free obedience. I shall give you two rules, which may guide you, and every christian in such an exigency; the first is, in the words of the Apostle, *as much as in you lies, if it be possible, live peaceably with all men*; the second is a very reasonable one, *that the remedy must never be worse than the disease.* Hence it follows, that a free and honest submission to a conquering power is necessary, where the terms of subjection are not contrary to the duty we owe to God, our neighbour, and ourselves: but when the lives of the people, or their property, the support of their lives, are taken away, to gratify the malicious or covetous desires of a prince; I think, no length of time ought to make people submit to such a power, because no cure can be worse than such a disease. It is nothing to the purpose, how the prince got his power, whether by conquest or faction, by corrupting a part of the nation's strength; it is enough, that we are certain, he has no right to use such a power. Can we be stupid enough to think, that God sent the bulk of his people into the world ready saddled and bridled, and a few in boots and spurs, to ride them.

Catil. Indeed, I always thought, that if a prince conquered a nation, he had a right to give them what terms of life he pleased, and if they got good terms, they were to be reckoned as the gracious concessions of the prince.

Cato. Certainly a prince who pushes on conquests, only to gratify pride, ambition, or avarice, has a right to nothing but destruction: but this is foreign to our purpose, if you think the *English* monarchy founded upon conquest, you are mistaken; if *William* the bastard conquered *Harold* and his *Saxons*, he did not conquer his own *Normans*, and auxiliaries, who gave him the victory, and became the proprietors of *England*; they

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had a right to, and accordingly got a large ſhare in, the government. Here were no gratis conceſſions, but a mutual agreement; here the out-lines of our *Engliſh* government were firſt chalked out, which ſucceeding times have brought to the perfection it bears at preſent.

Catil. Did not the barons rebel againſt king *John*, and ſo gained their *magna charta*, the foundation of the people's privileges at this time.

Cato. You are willing to allow that a ſingle man may make a people miſerble, to procure to himſelf ſome imaginary happpineſs; but call people rebels, if they endeavour to make themſelves really happy at the expence of the prince's imaginary one. If the happineſs was real on either ſide, yet, certainly, the majority ought to carry it, rather than a ſingle man; the people will never aſk more than their right, and a prince is ſeldom content with his.

Catil. But if a king is excluded from the throne on account of breach of truſt, that ought not to exclude the next heir.

Cato. This obliges me to ſay ſomething of hereditary right. Now, we muſt obſerve in general, that an eldeſt ſon has no more natural right to his father's fortune, than any other child, or even a ſtranger. Indeed moſt nations have agreed to allow a great deal to primogeniture, as they do to the metal called Gold, for convenience-ſake. It ſtops a great many diſputes, eſpecially when a man dies inteſtate: In relation to the crown, it ſaves the inconveniencies of an election, which are too viſible in *Poland* and elſewhere. But that this is no fixed right, either in natural or revealed religion, is evident from hence, that the legiſlative power often turns poſſeſſion out of this channel, when the heir at law is an ideot, or for other wiſe reaſons. If one of the conditions by which a king holds his crown, is, that his eldeſt ſon ſhall

reign

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reign after him in succession; it is plain, that the father's and the son's right fall together. This is evident in *Adam*'s case, not only himself, but all his posterity were deprived of immortality, on his breaking the conditions that gave him a right to it. Thus was *Rehoboam*, and all his posterity excluded from their regal power over the ten tribes, by his not answering the just demands of the people.

Catil. But when king *James* abdicated the throne, why did the convention give the crown to his daughter? If she had a right, certainly his son had a better one.

Cato. The convention, doubtless, had very good reasons for what it did. First, the prince was strongly suspected of being an impostor, the queen neglecting to give the nation that satisfaction which the nature of the thing required. Secondly, the prince, supposing him legitimate, was gone to *France*, an enemy's country, under the tuition of popish parents, and the influence of a popish and arbitrary government; therefore, there was a moral certainty, that he would be a papist himself; the father had taught the nation, that a popish prince would never support a protestant church, and a free people. What could the states or the convention do, in such a case, but fill the throne with the next heir of the royal blood, that they could confide in?

Catil. Tho' king *James* broke his covenant with part of the people, I mean the protestants; yet the papists were willing enough, nay, eager, to continue him in his regal power; now, the papists were in no subjection to the protestant party, therefore, the latter had no right to thwart the inclinations of the other, by driving away the king that was agreeable to them, especially as the papists was the majority; which is evident from the pro-

testants being obliged to call in the prince of *Orange* with his *Dutch* forces to assist them.

Cato. Your argument does not convince me that the protestant party were the weakest either in number or property; it is true indeed, that all the military men, especially the officers, were papists, they possessed most of the places of any trust or power, and had a king at their head: the protestants were without a leader, without arms, and without power; so that though they were over-power'd, they were not out number'd: nor were they even over-power'd; for in a corner of *Ireland* only, at *Derry*, and *Inniskillen*, where they got arms in their hands, they baffled the whole force of the royal army. As for the *Dutch* forces which the prince of *Orange* brought over, they were more than matched in number by the *French* regiments which came over to help king *James*. But all this is nothing to the purpose; for when king *James* broke his coronation oath, he ceased to be king to the whole society, papists as well as protestants. If the papists did not approve of his being king on the terms he swore to, why did they not protest against him and them, and so shift for themselves? But they swore allegiance to this conditional king, which was, in effect, to swear allegiance to the conditions themselves; they made use of the *English* laws, and therefore ought to protect them. I doubt not, but the papists were well enough pleased with king *James*, while he plundered the protestants by his pernicious schemes of brass money, &c. wherein they were large sharers: but when that fountain would run dry, and their own properties come to be snatched from them, I am afraid they would not be over fond of their bargain.

Cavil. But if the papists think otherwise, who has a right to force their consciences?

Cato,

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Cato. Conſcience is a ſtale excuſe for mercy, ſchiſm, and rebellion; a man has no right to plead conſcience till he diveſts himſelf of all prejudices of intereſt and education, and get the beſt information he poſſibly can. Now, let us ſuppoſe that each party had a right to pleaſe themſelves in the choice of a king, yet as both rights could not take place in the ſame ſociety, they muſt either ſeperate intirely, or one party, in order to keep poſſeſſion and preſerve peace, muſt yield the paſs to the other: but who muſt yield is the queſtion? Did the papiſts but generouſly conſider, that if the proteſtant government of *England*, was as furiouſly rigid as thoſe of *France*, or *Spain*, or any other popiſh government, there would not be a papiſt in *England*, to diſpute the choice with the other; therefore this lenity in the government, ought to charm the papiſts into ſilence and ſubmiſſion. Again, let us ſuppoſe that the caſe was referred to a ſincere lover of peace and equity; he would undoubtedly determine in favour of the proteſtants, as being the majority both in number and property; or if the referree aforeſaid, conſidered the affair in a religious view, he would determine as before, well knowing, that the genius of the popiſh religion will not ſuffer proteſtants to live peaceably among them; whereas the proteſtants would give the others toleration and even indulgence: but if both parties would ſtake their lives, liberties, and properties on a game at ſwords in defence of their choice, leaving the deciſion to the arm of fleſh, and God's providence; the party worſted ought to thank the conquerors for giving them back their forfeit lives, and liberties, and be gratefully quiet for the future.

Catil. But ought not all the people in general to ſubmit to the deciſion of the king and parliament?

Cato. I know your drift, *Catiline*, you are for fixing

fixing the charge of rebellion on the proteſtants in *Ireland*, becauſe they oppoſed the meaſures of king *James* and his *Iriſh* parliament; but that parliament was not legally choſen and conſtituted. All the ſheriffs in *Ireland*, except one, were papiſts; cities and corporations loſt their charters and liberties, and elections were taken out of the hands of the legal proprietors, and put into thoſe of papiſts: but ſuppoſe they had been elected legally, yet as they acted illegally, attainting ſeveral thouſands of the beſt of the inhabitants, devoting their lives and fortunes to deſtruction; it is no wonder, if the people, in obedience to the great law of ſelf-preſervation, took the opportunity which God's providence put into their hands, to free themſelves from this, worſe than *Egyptian*, bondage.

Catil. O^r my conſcience, *Cato*, upon your ſcheme of politicks, I think, I might fairly juſtify the rebellion I have been concerned in. If the people are allowed to be judges of the elections, and proceedings of parliament-men, where will you find an end of rebellion, or reſiſtance, call it which you will? Which of your elections will bear a ſcrutiny, and be found quite clear of bribery, and corruption? And are not the ſame fraudulent practices carried on in the houſe; elſe, why did the parliament of *England* make ſuch unſucceſsful attempts to exclude penſioners, and place-men from ſitting among them? Now, if the many-headed monſter, the multitude, who often clamour without any occaſion, may judge of the legality of theſe proceedings; they will be very apt to vote againſt them, and refuſe obedience to the laws made by ſuch a ſenate, and in conſequence, reſiſt any force that may be uſed to compel them to obedience; whereas, the truth of the affair is, the parliament, as being the repreſentatives of the people, have a right to do what they think proper, without

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without being in any thing accountable to their conſtituents; I do not know, if the people have even a right to complain, as they put all their rights into the hands of their repreſentatives.

Cato. I am ready to grant, that deſigning men may ſtir up the people to complain, when they are in no real danger: but then theſe ſuppoſed dangers, muſt likewiſe be ſuppoſed to be at ſome diſtance; but when the people ſee the bulwarks that kept them from certain danger, actually broken down, and the miſchief ſpreading among them, they muſt then be allowed to be as good judges of their danger as a *Dutchman*, when he ſees the great dike broken, and the ſea overflowing the country. This was the caſe of the proteſtants in *Ireland*, the laws that kept out popery were repealed, the proteſtant religion prohibited in the capital city, and the churches ſhut up. It was a heinous crime in a proteſtant to refuſe accepting a farthing's worth of braſs with the regal ſtamp, in return for five ſhillings worth of his goods; and as great a fault to offer the ſame braſs in payment to a papiſt: in ſhort, as they were then ſituated, nothing was certain, but their ruin; it is upon theſe topicks they juſtify their reſiſtance, and the ſubſequent revolution. While men are fallible, there will be faults in governments, to which people ought to ſubmit, while the cure would be worſe than the diſeaſe; but that was not the caſe with the *Iriſh* proteſtants; their religion, lives, and properties, were openly invaded, as biſhop *King* fully proves in his ſtate of the proteſtants of *Ireland*, under king *James*, which is a book you ought to read carefully. As to your laſt aſſertion, concerning the unlimited power of parliaments; I cannot ſhew the abſurdity of it better than by ſuppoſing a parallel caſe.

Suppoſe a minor chuſes a guardian, and this guardian

guardian appropriates all the fortune of the other to his own perpetual use, must not the unhappy sufferer be allowed to complain, or seek a remedy? Certainly he may, and ought, 'tis a justice he owes himself. I must own the people are in a miserable situation when their representatives join the prince in taking away their lives, liberties, and properties; but then it is a crime, as unnatural, as for a child to destroy the parent that gave him being; and it is a duty incumbent upon all who are able, to stop such proceedings, either in a state, or a private family.

Catil. If a people may justly and lawfully resist both prince and parliament, and are allowed to be their own judges when they may use that right; it seems to me to follow, that there can be no such thing as rebellion in the world.

Cato. Yes, there is. If a man acts contrary to the good of the society he is joined with, even ignorantly, provided his ignorance is not invincible, he is a rebel; for ignorance may palliate, but not extenuate a crime; as is evident in the case of *Paul* the apostle, who charges himself with sin in persecuting the church, tho' he did it ignorantly. However, this is the lowest degree of the crime; but the highest degree of rebellion is, when a man acts thus, in opposition to known and received laws and constitutions, and contrary to his own vows, oaths, and obligations. And according to this last definition, you will find the charge of rebellion fall heavily on *Oliver Cromwell*, king *James* the second, and those men who now take up arms to destroy our happy constitution in church and state.

Thus far the dialogue, which I leave you to consider. I may in a future series of letters give you my notion of religion in general, and of the several

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several faults and merits which may be found among the many sects and professions that claim the name of christians, in order to give you a true idea what christianity really is; but this must be deferred a little, till your mind gathers a sufficient strength to digest these sublime truths, till then, and always, let it be your care to practise what you know and understand, and God will bless you, and so will your ever

Affectionate FATHER.

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THE *Brute Philosophers.*

In Six DIALOGUES.

DIAL. I. *The* Ram *and* Setting-Dog.

R. WHEN I see you in the fields, I conclude, your master is not far off.

S. You judge right, it is he who brings me out, and sets me to work.

R. I have observed it. And pray what service do you do for him?

S. I traverse the field till I chance on some birds, such as partridge or grouse; as soon as I perceive them, either by sight or smell, I advance towards them; when I am at a proper distance I stop, pointing to the birds, they are afraid of me

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and therefore keeping their eyes fixed on me, they give my masters an opportunity of drawing a net over them, and so catches them.

R. And what does your master do with them?

S. He eats them as delicious food.

R. What a tyrant is your master, to destroy and devour the innocent. And where the tyrant is, there will always be spies, setters, and informers; in short, I pity the poor birds.

S Have they not wings to carry themselves away? If men have wisdom, why should they not take advantage of the foolishness of other creatures.

R. How would the men like to be served so themselves? It may be their own case; while they are guarding against, and striving to shun some trifling evil, they may plunge or be entangled in the snares of some tyrannical being more strong and cunning than themselves. We see what is below men, but we do not see what is above them; there may be creatures as much above them as we are inferior to them.

S. Your supposition may be right, for I often hear the men bid the devil take one another; now this devil may be as ready to catch men and destroy them, as men are to catch birds.

R. It is not unlikely. But why are not you at work now?

S. The wind fell, and the day grew too hot for us; so my master went to the brook to wash himself.

R. Where is he now?

S. Yonder, do you not see him on the bank of the river?

R. I see something move yonder, but that thing is no more like your master than an egg is like an oister. I know your master perfectly well, the the upper part of his head is black, with a fine stream

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ſtream or border of bright yellow round the edge of it, the wool that grows on his head and about his face is long and buſhy; the ſkin of his body is, indeed, variable, as to its ſhape and colour; but his feet are always black. Now yonder thing hath none of theſe marks.

S. You ſilly fool, he is now naked.

R. And can he change his ſhape when he pleaſes?

S. Why, that which you ſee now, is his true ſhape, at other times you ſee him with his cloaths on.

R. Why does he deſire to be conſtantly in diſguiſe?

S. I believe it is neceſſity, becauſe his naked body cannot bear the cold, for I never ſee him naked, or ſtrip himſelf, but on very warm days.

R. And does he never complain of having ſo tender a carcaſe, is he not aſhamed of his weakneſs?

S He is rather proud of his gay trappings, and deſpiſes thoſe who have a leſs load of cloaths than himſelf.

R. And what are theſe ſame cloaths made of?

S. They are made, for the moſt part, of the fleeces of wool that are ſhorn off your backs.

R. Bleſs me, can he be proud of wearing one of my old coats! If men will be proud, it ought to be for ſomething that is peculiarly their own; they who are vain and proud of the ſpoils which we naturally throw away, ſhew themſelves greater brutes than we.

S. But ſuppoſe you bear theſe fleeces purpoſely for the uſe of man.

R. If it be ſo, then the queſtion is, by whoſe contrivance is it, that we are made ſo ſerviceable to them? If the contrivance is their own, they have reaſon to be proud, but if a ſuperior being hath contrived it for them, they ought to be

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proud of that being who is ſo careful of them. But your maſter calls you away.

DIAL. II. *The wild* Thruſh *and the tame one.*

W. MY dear thruſh, how did you make your eſcape?

T. What do you mean by an eſcape?

W. Did not I ſee you in a cage yeſterday?

T. And you may ſee me in a cage to-morrow again.

W. Is it your own choice to return to your priſon?

T. And a good choice too, there I have every thing provided for me, I eat and drink well, and lie warm and ſafe, free from chilling rains, and pinching froſts, and the perſecuting claws of hawks and eagles.

W. All this is mighty fine, but nothing to the ſweets of liberty; but you begin to think like the men that you are got among, a while of ſlavery ſinks their minds, and makes their chains not only tolerable, but even a choice.

T. Do not ſpeak diſreſpectfully of the men, they are happy creatures; they live under a form of government which makes every one eaſy, they join their ſtrengths together to reſiſt, and deſtroy the common enemy. I wiſh the thruſhes would do ſo too.

W. You talk like a fooliſh thruſh, men are barbarous, and deſtructive in their natures, and always inclined to injure and worry one another; it is this abominable faculty in them that makes laws and government neceſſary among them. We have no enemies but hawks, crows, and men; which all our ſtrength conjoin'd could not reſiſt, becauſe they attack us when we are alone, and they not expected. Government cannot ſave a man

man when he meets with a lion or a tiger by chance, or even a thief or a robber: but indeed men are the worſt of hawks, for they deſtroy their own kind, which no other creature will do.

T. Why, my maſter is of no ſuch temper, I have lived with him a long time, and not only ſuffers me to live, but to live well. I am ſure a hawk would not uſe me ſo.

W. Nor would your maſter uſe you ſo, if he had no other food. Men are ſtrange unaccountable creatures, tho' your maſter is a ſlave to you, yet he would be a tyrant to me if I came in his way; I would rather meet a hawk than him, for I could eaſier eſcape the hawk's talons than his gun-ſhot.

T. There is ſome truth in what you ſay, for I ſee my maſter keep a parcel of ſervants as he keeps me, in eaſe and plenty, only for a ſhew; while at the ſame time, his tenants are hard wrought and ill cloath'd; one may ſee miſery in their looks: but ſince I live well, it is none of my buſineſs to ſearch into the cauſe.

W. If you eat and drink well you think you have no more to do, but we are not deſigned for idleneſs, we muſt be buſie, our health and happineſs depend upon it. You tell me of chilling rains and pinching froſts; but I tell you, they are followed by clear ſkies, and warm ſunſhine. All the happineſs you boaſt of cannot equal mine when I ſit on a thorn with my ſpeckled breaſt to the ſun, ſinging a ſong of thankfulneſs and liberty; it is theſe changes of ſeaſons that makes life agreeable. You have been among men ſometime, and know the difference between the rich and the poor; our caſes are the ſame, and a fair judgment between them, will determine the caſe between you and me.

T. I was too young and giddy to make any obſervations.

W. Then

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W. Then give me leave, you will find that I am no ſtranger to theſe affairs. The rich man, like you, eats and drinks well, lies warm, and does nothing; and the conſequence is, that he has a reliſh for nothing: what pickles, what ſauces, what ſweets and ſours are made uſe of to recover and whet his cloy'd appetite? What ſickneſs does he labour under? Are not the whole brood of doctors maintained at the rich mens expence? While the poor man, like me, has hunger or a keen appetite (the beſt of ſauces) to reliſh his coarſe morſels; his ſleeps are ſweet and ſound after his day's labour; no ſickneſſes trouble him, except he labours too hard or expoſes himſelf to too much cold.

T. Why, according to your account the rich ſhould die like rotten ſheep.

W. If they were conſtant to their favourite notion of idleneſs and good living, that would be the caſe; but, happily for them, they have ſome craving wants, either real or imaginary, that keep them ſtirring.

T. What wants are they?

W. One wants a wife, another a whore, one man ſtrives for money, becauſe he thinks he wants it, and another has enough yet wants more; you may ſee a man ſtriving to be equal to his neighbour in wealth and power, while that neighbour ſtrives as much to keep the upper hand. The poor man is kept buſy to procure the neceſſities of life, and the miſer is as buſy in hunting after too much.

T. What then will become of me, who have no wants to keep me ſtirring?

W. Why, you will grow as rotten as the green water that ſtands in the bottom of the ditch, while I will be as freſh and wholeſome as the ſtream that runs on the other ſide of the hedge.

T. You

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T. You have perſwaded me to embrace a life of liberty, ſo farewell to confinement and mankind.

DIAL. III. *The* Goat *and the* Hog.

G. WHAT is the matter now, why do you ſtagger ſo?

H. My dear brother brute, I have been drinking glorioufly.

G. I may be your brother brute, but no brother of yours in the way of drinking; we drink only out of neceſſity, but leave glorious drinking, as you call it, to men and hogs. But what were you drinking?

H. I had a charming tub of ſtrong beer at my noſe; you would be ſurprized had you ſeen how long and largely I drank.

G. Not at all, it is common among men, and would be ſo with you if you could get the liquor. I have often thought that a ſwine is a man's beſt looking-glaſs, there he may ſee his picture in perſon and practice.

H. Not ſo faſt, dear brother, for ſo I muſt ſtill call you, do not give me all the glory of being at the head of the human ſpecies ſince you have a right to a large ſhare.

G. How, in what manner?

H. You know the uſe of the female is in great credit and reputation among men, and he who can do moſt that way, is reckoned the cleverest fellow; but they all may caſt their caps at you for performances this way.

G. The drink makes you rave, our luſt depends on our youth and ſtrength, and they all fail together: but luſt with them is lodged in the inclination, and therefore begins before they have ſtrength to put it in practice, and laſts long after the ability of performing is over.

DIAL.

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DIAL. IV. *The* Hound *and the* Fox,

H. DEAR *Reynard* help me to a drink of cold water.

F. Are you in great diſtreſs?

H I am juſt at the laſt gaſp; I muſt get a drink or I am a dead dog.

F. Is it ſo, then I may have word about with you, without danger of worrying. Well, what will you give me if I take you to a charming freſh fountain, the beſt water in the country.

H. I have nothing to give you but thanks and good wiſhes.

F. Good words butter no fiſh; you need expect no ſervice from me without a valuable conſideration.

H. Was it among men that you learned the art of taking advantage of others neeeſſities? However, I have thought of ſomething to content you.

F. What is that pray?

H. I will make a league of peace and friendſhip with you; I will engage never to hunt, purſue, or even to open my mouth againſt you, when I ſee you before me.

F. Do you think you could change your nature ſo far, as to ſee me paſs by you, and not perſecute me?

H. What ſhould hinder me, the men do it every day. My maſter is exceeding proud, haughty, and imperious among his tenants and ſervants, and poor neighbours; but when the lord *Good-intereſt* or the duke of *Do-for-him* comes to hunt with him, he is quite another man; then he is humble, ſervile and fawning.

F. Why, *Jowler*, you are a meer fool, it is a proſpect of ſomething to come that makes men change their natures or tempers; for they wilfully forget

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forget paſt favours. You now walk quietly along with me while you expect a drink from me, but when you have drank and refreſhed yourſelf, I have no ſecurity againſt a new perſecution.

H. If men can forget kindneſſes brutes have more honour, you may depend upon me.

F. Here is the ſpring.

H. Ha, how refreſhing and pleaſant that is! All the wine in my maſter's cellar will not give him as much pleaſure as that cooling draught hath given me.

F. Your maſter keeps his wine for food, and not for drink.

H. I do not underſtand you.

F. Why he keeps it to feed his vanity, his luſt, and his appetite, when he is dry he drinks ſmall beer, or ale.

H. I am not ſcholar enough to underſtand you: but farewel, I hear the cry of the hounds.

F. So you deſign to join them? *H.* I do.

F. What do you hunt?

H. A fine hare.

F. I do not know which is maſter, or which is ſcholar, but I have obſerved a great ſimilitude of manners between men, and theſe brutes that are moſt converſant with them. When a poor man is oppreſt by one or two, more powerful than himſelf, it is odds but more men will join the cry, and help to run him down. But how many of you are engaged in this hunt?

H. Eight couple of dogs, and about twelve men.

F. You will not all get bits a-piece of her; you toil hard for a ſlender breakfaſt.

H. We do not depend for a breakfaſt on her nimble heels: it is our nature to hunt, and the men who love hunting feed us well for our trouble.

F. Are they not a parcel of fools to take ſo

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much pains for ſo ſmall a trifle? I have been ſurprized to ſee men and horſes flying over rocks, rivers, hedges, and ſix-bar-gates, as if a bag of gold was at every half mile's end.

H. Some men purſue pleaſure more eagerly than profit.

F. I think that pleaſure is beſt, which is mixed with profit.

H. So do I, but gentlemen think otherwiſe, and even value theſe pleaſures moſt, which are moſt expenſive.

F. What is the reaſon of that?

H. They are proud and envious, and therefore are beſt pleaſed when they find pleaſures which the bulk of mankind cannot reach at.

DIAL. V. *The* Lion *and the* Dog.

L. WHERE away Mr. dog?

D. I am following my maſter.

L. And where is your maſter going?

D. He is going to the wars.

L. What do you mean by that?

D. Why, he is going to fight with his enemies.

L. How many enemies has he?

D. About an hundred thouſand men.

L. He muſt be a very bad man that has ſo many enemies.

D. He is a very good man and injures no body.

L. Did they all conſpire together to injure him?

D. Not that neither, for they are perfect ſtrangers to one another.

L. What can tempt him then to call them his enemies, and to go to fight them?

D. He makes a trade of it, it is his way of living.

L. Does he eat them as faſt as he kills them?

D. No,

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D. No, but he gets money for fighting, with which he buys food and other neceſſaries.

L. But he will certainly be kill'd; he is not able to fight with ſo many men.

D. But he has an hundred thouſand men to help him,

L. That makes his chance ſomething better: but what takes you to theſe ſame wars?

D. I go to get food.

L. Who will give it you? *D.* My maſter.

L. Do you help him to fight? *D.* No.

L. Then you run no hazard of being kill'd.

D. No, if unlucky boys let me alone.

L. Then I think you are the maſter and he the ſervant.

D. It is ſo in fact; but men always think themſelves free, while they have the liberty of chuſing their ſlaves. One man is a ſlave to his dogs, another to his horſes, a third to his whore, and a fourth to his palate, &c. they are fond of their chains and will not ſhake them off.

L. I ſaw vaſt numbers of men going this way about an hour ago, I ſuppoſe your maſter was among them. *D.* He was.

L. They ſtopped in this glade, the men ſcattered about for ſome time hickle-de-picklety; but as ſoon as two or three men made a noiſe, with pipes, and ſtretched ſkins, the men run together, fell into order, and marched off.

D. Theſe ſounds are deſigned for that uſe.

L. Might they not as well have a bell? Why ſhould men have one ſound to call them to fight, and another to pray?

D. Men have a reaſon for it; when they go to fight they make uſe of ſounds that will inſpire courage and reſolution; but when they go to pray, they uſe ſuch ſounds as will ſoften their minds and make them devout.

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L. I believe they want such spurs to urge them to action, for in both cases they seem to act against nature, which is always steady, uniform, and the same, and wants no outward helps to push her to the necessary end. It must be contrary to nature either to kill, or to be kill'd, or to own a superior and go a begging to him.

D. Do not you often kill? For my part, it is natural to me to have a superior, and to ask my bread from him, then why should it be unnatural in men to do both?

L. I kill when I am immediately prest with hunger and passion; but that is not your master's case, nor those with him, I saw them feed heartily, and were all in a very good humour, yet they marched on to these wars, as you call them.

D. We brutes are only prest by the present occasion; but men who have reason, to look both backward and forward, can fetch occasions for fighting much farther than we do.

L. Both sides cannot have a just occasion, or reason for fighting; but you that are much among men, can you tell me how they are gotten or born.

D. The manner of their getting is a secret I could never discover, they do it in private; when they are born we hear noise enough, but see nothing, even the men are not permitted to be spectators.

L. And what do they come into the world for?

D. To live as long as they can, as I suppose, and to leave some of their breed behind them.

L. Then consequently their killing one another is contrary to that great end. When they act according to nature, they get into holes and corners, and use secrecy; but when they act contrary to it, they proclaim it to the world and destroy their own species in the face of the sun. If that be reason, let nature be still my guide.

DIAL.

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DIAL. VI. *The* Dog *and* Fox.

F. MY dear *Tray*, how glad am I to see you!

D. Indeed *Reynard*, I never doubted your friendship.

F. You may as well doubt my inclination to hens flesh. But what makes you so dejected?

D. I have reason; a month ago you saw me a happy dog, now you see me miserable.

F. But what has occasioned this melancholy change?

D. My master, the best of masters, is dead, the family are dispersed, and I am left to shift for myself.

F. Your master was no old man, how came he to die so soon.

D. Dear *Reynard*, most men are their own destroyers; my master was a great drinker; some company came to visit him, they drank excessively three days and three nights, they swam in liquor, so that one would have thought that the flood of *Noah* was returning. My master fell desperately ill, sent for a doctor, who soon finished what the wine began.

F. So then you think that intemperance is the cause of most sicknesses among men, which is improved into death by the doctors.

D. I have reason to think so; sometimes they eat and drink too much, another time too little, one time they exercise too hard, again they are too long idle, one time they sit up all night, another time they sleep all day, one time they are scorch'd in the meridian sun, again they are chill'd in the midnight air. We dogs are intemperate in our food only, therefore are not so liable to sicknesses as men; but you foxes, who are guilty of no intemperance, are less liable to sickness than we.

F. But how do you prove that these sicknesses are improved into death by the doctors?

D. Why,

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D. Why, the doctors have but one ſure or certain principle in their whole art, and that is never to confeſs their ignorance, all the reſt is only working in the dark; if they do arrive at any degree of certainty in this buſineſs of blind-man's-buff, it is owing to experience, purchaſed at the expence of a thouſand lives.

F. Why, you ſeem to be a dog of parts.

D. Men may think of us what they pleaſe; ſome of them think that we are only meer machines, ſpurr'd by outward cauſes to ſome neceſſary ends; yet we can diſcern between things as well as themſelves. You are wiſe enough to paſs by a dead horſe, in purſuit of a fat gooſe; and I would rather have a cut of roaſt beef than a mouldy cruſt.

F. You are a knowing dog, and might give mankind a good receipt to preſerve and reſtore health.

D. I need not be at the pains, you and a thouſand other creatures ſhew them what they ought to do. If they would copy after ſo good examples the doctors might go hang themſelves.

For temperance will health preſerve,
But if we from this precept ſwerve,
Then ſickneſs comes, but ſickneſs flies
From abſtinence and exerciſe.

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THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

1. THE atheiſt tells the Chriſtian that there is neither a heaven nor a hell. However that may be, this is certain, that if all men were ſincere chriſtians we would have a heaven upon earth; but if all men were ſincere atheiſts, our earth would be a perfect hell.

2. When we compare a rich and a poor man together, we find the rich man's advantages are, that he can indulge his carcaſe and his vanity: his diſadvantages are, that he pays dearer for diſeaſes, and the hazard of loſing a happy futurity. A content in the bare neceſſaries of life, and contempt of what is more than ſo, would make them both eaſy.

3. If a worldly rich man is generous, he is like a pool of water in a hollow ground, where a thouſand beaſts come to drink; if he is a churl, he is like a hedgehog, who turns his ſmooth ſide to himſelf and his briſtles to every one elſe.

4. Hiſtory is like a fine woman, if ſhe is elegantly dreſſed ſhe is a treaſure, and even in a bad dreſs ſhe is worth embracing.

5. It

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5. It is safeſt truſting your ſubſtance in the hands of a narrow ſpirited man, as liquors are in leſs danger of ſpilling, when put into a narrow-necked earthen pitcher, than in a gold goblet.

6. What thoughtleſs, ſilent, unfaſhionable creatures would a great part of our ſpecies be, if *Eve* had not introduced dreſs and ſcandal among them.

7. A man is not only eaſy, but well pleaſed to ſee a threatening miſchief that can do no hurt. I have, with pleaſure, ſtood upon the land, and ſeen the furious waves of the ſea toſs themſelves to the face of heaven: I have had the ſame pleaſure on the ſunny ſide of an hedge, while the cold winds have bluſtered round without touching me: the pleaſure is much the ſame when an angry man threatens to do me a miſchief, but wants the power.

He like a rumbling rivulet may roar,
And waſte his uſeleſs force, I can ſtep o'er.

8. A virtuous, and a vicious mind are like a bee and a waſp, the one finds honey even in hurtful weeds, the other ſucks hurtful juices from the fineſt flowers.

9. A paſſionate perſon in a houſe, like quick-ſilver in a porridge-pot, either drives all the people out, or puts them in great confuſion.

10. Nature ſhrinks at the approach of death, ſo does it at the pricking of a launcet; yet we ſubmit to the latter, for removing ſickneſſes and reſtoring health. We ought to ſubmit to the former at leaſt as chearfully, as a thing that will end all ſickneſſes, and give eternal life.

11. It is not the duty of a chriſtian to conquer his paſſions, but to guide them to their proper end. Thus a luſtful man ſhould not throw himſelf into a monaſtry, but into the arms of a fair and vir-

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tuous wife, whose breasts will satisfy him at all times: by this method he serves God, and his country, and makes his life easy and comfortable.

12. An ill-natured and termagant wife told her husband one day, that she was sure he would be glad of her death; but he assur'd her that he would not: upon her asking him the reason, he told her, that he could bear her ill-nature and tormenting humour, better than she could bear the devil's. She reflected seriously on the answer, and became a good wife afterwards.

13. It is a great folly to take to drinking to drive away cares from the mind; the spirits which are the strength of the mind, being over-hurried by the strength of the liquor, soon grow weak and jaded: besides, the loss of time and money, only increases the trouble. So that upon the whole, the load is increased, whilst the mind that is to bear it, is weakened.

14. As the empty nuts are hardest to crack, so the shallower a man's intellects are, it is the harder to come at his inside. Hence it is plain, how properly we speak when we call such an one an impenetrable blockhead. M

15. As a school-boy t'other day was repeating the rule in syntaxis, of adjectives which signify desire, knowledge, &c. says one present, the example of this rule exactly suits the character of the late D—— of M——gh. *Cupidus auri, Peritus belli.* M

16. Those who have not been used to affliction, are apt to complain much on slight occasions; while such as have met with many trials, bear the greatest without murmuring. As a new cart creaks and makes a noise under a small load, while an old cart trundles silently along under a great one.

17. The same weakness and levity of mind that puffs some men up in time of prosperity, makes

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them ſhrink to nothing under the ſtrokes of adverſe fortune; like a feather, which mounts and ſpreads with a breeze of wind, and floats triumphant above our heads, yet a little wet makes it ſhrink to the ſmalleſt dimenſions, and being grown too heavy to riſe from the ground, it is trod under foot, and mixed with the common dirt.

18. Exceſs of joy is many times as fatal as an exceſs of ſorrow, as a man may be blown up into the air by gun-powder, as well as ſwallowed up in the ground by an earthquake.

19. Men, as well as children are fond of trifles, either uſeleſs or hurtful, or both; and a guardian angel, if there are ſuch beings, muſt be as much diſguſted at ſeeing a man load himſelf with riches and grandeur, as a man can be, at ſeeing a child play with a knife or a daffodil.

20. One being aſked why the noſe was placed between the eyes, gave this jeſting anſwer; it is placed there, ſays he, to keep the eyes from quarrelling, for two of a trade can never agree.

21. A man who receives favours and returns none is like a bed of ſand; ſuch an ingrate is only fit to be trampled on: yet gratitude is a virtue only of an inferior kind; for if a man will not do a good office till he receives one firſt, he is no better than an old crazy pump, that muſt have water poured into it before it will yield any. But the man who confers benefits on others, without waiting for a motive, or expecting a recompence, is God-like in his diſpoſition, and happy in his mind; ſuch a man is like a fountain that yields a conſtant and a refreſhing ſtream; and probably is alluded to by our Saviour, when talking of a true chriſtian, he ſays, *out of his belly ſhall flow rivers of living water.*

22. If our bleſſed Saviour had as many imitators in this kingdom, as a lady or a fop have, who

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are just come from *France* or the court, it might, once more, be justly called the island of Saints.

23. When we weigh within ourselves what we should do or forbear, sometimes a slight opinion, or the feather *vanity* turns the scale, and determines us: but if we throw a passion, a prejudice, or a sanguine hope in one scale, both reason and scripture in the other, will not pull down the beam; hence it is, that we see some men indulge in lust, revenge, and other known sins; who would not comply with an innocent ceremony; and this is the reason, that some men have wronged and injured their own families, and the society they are joined with in interest, in order to support a supposed, tho' a disputed right to the family of *James* the second.

24. Solid religon, like solid gold, has more of weight than shew in it; tho' the religion of our times, like leaf gold, is little else than outside and appearance: hence it is, that a man would rather hate his enemy than sing a song on sunday, tho' the former is strongly forbidden, the other not.

25. Never throw water against the wind, nor curse another on any provocation; for both the one and the other will fall upon yourself.

26. When religious distempers arise in a state, every one thinks himself well enough, and so strives to cure his neighbour. This is the present state of *Scotland*; they have got a religious itch among them, which has broke out in *associates*, *seceders*, &c. and as their church government cannot cure them, they will scratch one another to pieces.

27. There is a good deal of difference between a man's being learnedly ignorant, and ignorantly learned: the former destroys self-conceit, the other establishes it. The case is much the same in religion as in learning, when we practice but little, we

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think we do a great deal, but the more we practiſe, the more we are ſenſible of our deficiency.

28. Some * ſpeculative moraliſts tell us, *that we ought to love and embrace virtue for its own ſake only;* and that *any man who does a good action upon the motives of rewards and puniſhments, deſerves neither love nor regard, but rather contempt.* Certainly, virtue is delightfully engaging when rightly conſidered and attended to: but who is ſufficient for the taſk? If a ſevere bodily pain ceaſes to affect us ſometime when the mind is otherwiſe buſily employ'd; it is no wonder if we are many times blind to the charms of VIRTUE. We have reaſon to rejoice, that the author and finiſher of our ſalvation has placed our happineſs on a broader bottom. He, who † for the JOY that was ſet before him, endured the pain and deſpiſed the ſhame of an ignominious death, has ſet both rewards and puniſhments before our eyes to keep us ſteady in the paths of VIRTUE; and well knowing that even theſe were inſufficient, he hath ordered us to ſeek the aſſiſtance of the holy ſpirit of God, in prayer.

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* Lord Sh—ftsb—ry, and others. † Heb. xii. 2.

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THE

LADIES MONITOR:

OR, THE

Way of the ARMY.

A

FARCE.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautem.

Printed in the Year M,DCC,LII.

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PROLOGUE.

YOU're welcome all, believe me I'm sincere,
Ah, could you see my breast, you'd find it there!
But ladies, in particular to you,
All our endeavours, all our thoughts are due.
'Tis for your sakes our author form'd his scheme,
To guide you in these paths that lead to fame.
He points where error lies, and bids you shun
These dangers, by which others are undone.
He shews a nymph in love, whose fond pretence
To coldness, keeps her lover in suspence:
As if she could command both time and fate,
And youth and beauty would like handmaids wait.
Yet finds herself in a strange circumstance,
By chance nigh ruin'd, and just sav'd by chance.
Then, to the next extream our author goes,
A too soon yielding female to expose:
But this example makes you shine more bright,
And sets your virtue in a stronger light.
It shews that you can conquer flesh and blood,
Are wise by choice, and struggle to be good.
Smile and approve, dear ladies, since our bard
Will take your plaudit for a full reward.
Ladies, thus far to you: the next propose
The same pacifick treaty to the beaux:
But we may use few arguments with them;
They'll watch your eyes, to praise or to condemn.
They'll smile your smiles, and echo all you say;
And by admiring you, scarce mind the play.
But still the race of criticks are behind,
To poets, players,——even to nymphs, unkind.
Let such hiss on——from such we beg no truce,
To ape the serpent, will expose the goose.
Ladies, on you alone, our fame depends;
We fear no enemies, while you are friends.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Captain JOLLY, *the Commanding Officer.*
Mr. SPRIGHTLY, } *two Subalterns.*
Mr. SPARKLY, }
Mr. THRIFTY, *a rich old Hunks.*
Mr. LITIGIOUS, *an Attorney.*
TUNBELLY, *a Conſtable and Innkeeper.*
PADDY, } *two Watchmen.*
DARBY, }

Two Blacks, Meſſenger, Drawer.
JOHN GUZZLE, *the Captain's Servant.*

WOMEN.

Miſs FANNY, *a young Lady from* Dublin.
BETTY, *Miſs to Sparkly.*
LANDLADY, *that keeps a Publick Houſe.*

SCENE, *a Village near* Dublin.

TIME, *about four Hours.*

THE

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THE Ladies MONITOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street before Tunbelly's *House.*

Enter Sprightly *leaning on* Sparkly's *Arm.*

AIR. The Macedon Youth, &c.

SPRIGHTLY.

IF fortune ſhould frown, or quite throw me down,
And plunge me in ſorrow and trouble:
At laſt if ſhe'll ſend a bottle and friend,
She then recompences me double.

Spa. Nay, *Frank*, one bottle would not do, you would have a ſecond, and that introduced a third; and if I had not forc'd you away, I can't tell where the humour would have ended, for half a bottle more would have put you paſt advice.

Spr. You know I do not love wine for its own ſake, but for the good it does; it gives preſent eaſe to the deſpairing lover and the diſappointed dependant, it comforts the heart of the diſconſolate widow, who grieves more for want of a ſecond husband than for the loſs of the firſt; and it cheers the ſpirits of the dejected ſoldier, who, on the eve of a march, is bidding farewel to his friends and acquaintance.

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Spa. Artfully ſpoke, Mr. *Sprightly*, you think to conceal the fruit among the leaves; but I can ſeperate the *deſpairing lover* from the reſt of your flouriſhes.

Spr. What, you do not think I'm in love! If *Cupid* had all his eyes about him, he could not wound me; for I have as many flights as a ſwallow on the wing.

Spa. I do not know what flights you may be in now; but there was a time when you fixed your eyes upon pretty Miſs *Lucre*, and I fancy you wiſh to fix your whole body there, for all your flights.

Spr. My dear friend, I ought not conceal any thing from you——my heart ſhould ſtill lie open to you: and if I could have made the leaſt breach in hers, you ſhould have known the whole ſecret: ——but ſhe's impregnable.

Spa So that you are forced to raiſe the ſiege, and march off.

Spr. No, I'll ſend in one ſummons more; I have a letter in my pocket: but I muſt go ſeek that *hang dog Paddy*, to carry it to her. I gave him half a crown this morning, and I warrant the rogue is getting himſelf drunk——will you go along, *Tom*,——let us go find him out. *Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Mr. Thrifty's *Houſe.*

Enter Thrifty, *and Miſs* Fanny.

Thrif. Do you know that you are to be marry'd, neice?

Miſs. Not poſitively, ſir; but like other women, I modeſtly expect it one time or other.

Thrif. Well, but your marriage is reſolved on.

Miſs. I ſhan't be ſorry for that, provided I get leave to chuſe the man. *Thrif.*

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Thrif. Ay, neice, no body doubts that, and yet that very choice may give you nothing but sorrow. No, no, let them chuſe for you, who have experience, and know the world.

Miſs. You know, uncle, when people plague themſelves, they ſit contentedly under it, but to have a plague forced upon us, doubles the miſchief. We, who are to ſuffer all the inconveniencies, ought at leaſt, to have the liberty of chuſing our tormentors; becauſe, ſome one pleaſing property in a husband may make a recompence for a thouſand failings.

Thrif. Well done, good Miſs philoſopher, now let me preach in my turn; ſuppoſe you were obliged to leave your native country, would you of your own head make choice of your new place of reſidence, without conſulting any one who had been there before you, who perfectly knew the climate, its cuſtoms and conſtitutions? We ought to act with certainty in all things. But to put an end to the diſpute, you will find nothing to hinder your free choice, only arbitrary authority; you may chuſe as you pleaſe, and do as you pleaſe as far as is conſiſtent with paſſive obedience.

Miſs. O tyranny! But what have my parents reſolved on?

Thrif. To give you a husband comfortably rich, and one that can't fail of making money while the world continues wicked, and that's an excellent chance, let me tell you.

Miſs. And while he continues as wicked as the world; for no good man would ſeek to thrive by the wickedneſs of his neighbours. And what is this rich man's employment?

Thrif. A lawyer, girl, in the agreeable perſon of Mr. *Litigious.*

Miſs. I might have gueſs'd at the man, and his

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employment too, by your deſcription. But ſuppoſe I can't fancy him?

Thrif. Fancy him! Why child, I don't deſire you to fancy him, I only deſire you to marry him, and that's no great matter. What money I have is my own, and I can leave it to whom I pleaſe; therefore I muſt and will chuſe the man who is to handle it when I am gone, a man that will take the ſame care of it that I have done.

Miſs. And ſo it is to paſs from generation to generation like an old medal, or like the ſtars in the firmament, with this difference, that no body muſt have a peep at the money but the jailor in being. Conſider, ſir, that happineſs is not plac'd in money.

Thrif. I conſider that money will buy every thing that one wants; and that every one is happy who wants for nothing.

Miſs. Suppoſe I ſhould marry a covetous, ill-natur'd brute, would not I want a benevolent, generous, and ſenſible companion; and would not that be an afflicting want, which money could not purchaſe?

Thrif. Ay, but neice, I think plenty of money might make you eaſy.

Miſ. Would plenty of money give eaſe to a troubled mind, or an aking heart?

Thrif. I proteſt neice, your head is quite turn'd with reading fooliſh books, you have brightened your mind, as you call it, only to make it the more ſenſible of feeling miſeries. What a-duce ſignify your fine ſentiments, a fine ſettlement is worth fifty thouſand of them.

Miſs. But Mr. *Litigious* never mention'd any ſuch thing to me, he never aſk'd my conſent.

Thrif. That's only a matter of form, he got my conſent which is as good as yours, and he got your father's likewiſe, which in this caſe, is the caſting voice; however, for form's ſake, he ſhall aſk your conſent too.

Miſs.

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Miſs. And if I refuſe him what will the conſequence be?

Thrif. The conſequence! The conſequence will be nothing.

Miſs. Oh, then I'm ſafe enough.

Thrif. Oh mighty ſafe, for if you refuſe him, your father will give you nothing! I'll give you nothing, then you'll chuſe ſome rake-helly young fellow who has nothing, and when you're joined together you will have nothing, and when you die you will leave nothing behind you——but a breed of young beggars.

Miſs. And do you call that nothing?

Thrif. That's worſe than nothing, becauſe they will be a dead weight on your relations, or the pariſh.

Miſs. You rich men will truſt nothing in the hands of providence, except your ſouls. If I am left to my own choice, I'll have a husband of a couragious, courteous, and generous diſpoſition, and a good conſtitution, which is pretty near my own character, therefore I may ſuppoſe that my children will be ſo too. If they be under a cloud in their younger days, they will ſhine the ſtronger when they enter either into the ſea or land ſervice; then they will ſerve their country more than ever it ſerv'd them, when they bring home laurels, plunder, dollars, and gold duſt.

Thrif. I like your courage, neice, or rather your conceit. Hope is ſometimes uſeful, but for the moſt part it is no better than *Will-wi'-the-wiſp* leading people into certain ruin. But I have ſaid enough, you can't plead ignorance; and I hope you won't be wilful. *Exit.*

Miſ. I won't be wretched if I can help it. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Watch-House.*

Enter Paddy *and* Darby, *with their Lanthrons and Watch-Poles, both pretty drunk.*

Pad. Come along you ſon of whore, and let us have one dram to drink the braave ſhentleman's heath; by the honour of my profeſſion he's a braave ſhentleman.

Dar. Who, Mr. *Sprightly!* He's a braave ſhentleman ſure enough; of all the officers that ever came upon this place, he's the man for my monies.

Pad. By my ſhoul now, I'm the man for his monies tho', for I have laid out the half crown he gave me to the beſt advantage; there's ſix drams of geneva, at two pence a dram, and that's very ſheap now, that's von ſhilling, and there's five mugs of *Tunbelly*'s three-penny drink; *arrah* how muſh does that make?

Darb. Arrah go to the divel, how do think I could tell, I'm ſure the landlord told you vance, then what made you forget, why?

Pad. O long life to the head that can tell, five threepences is von ſhilling, and von threepence—— and here's ſometing left yet———O ho let *Paddy* alone——— come you dog you, ſing the brave ſong that was made on the watchmen long ago, ſing you dog you, ſing for the honour of the watchmen.

AIR, London *is a fine Town.*

Paddy. *The tales we are of* Argus *told*
Are but a pack of lies;
For it was fifty watchmen bold,
That had the hundred eyes.

Darby.

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Darby. *When* Mercury *a rake o'the town,*
Went out a ſeranading,
He met the watch and knock'd them down;
But potent gin was aiding.
Paddy. *With potent gin he ply'd them ſo,*
They in a trice got drunk,
And when they could not ſtand or go,
He carried off his punk.
Darby. *A watchman is a noble thing,*
Where will you find its match;
For ſtateſmen, generals, nay the king
Is always on the watch.
Chorus. *My hearts of gold our watch we'll keep*
Till the return of day,
For ſome muſt watch while others ſleep,
So rolls the world away.

(*They ſing the tune, and dance together. The clock ſtrikes, they ſtop ſhort*).

Pad. Blood *Darby* honey, take your lanthorn and go and tell the people it is paſt twelve o'clock; ſay it with a graſh now, *arrah* let me ſee now how you will ſay it.

Dar. Paſt twelve o'clock; (in a watchman's tone, and *Exit.*)

Pad. Call away my buck, I'll go and call for a mug of *Tunbelly*'s three-penny drink, and try to ſwallow it wid a graſh now, it's better than telling the clock of a cold night. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Street before the Watch-houſe.

Enter Litigious *with a Letter in his Hand, a Meſſenger following.*

Lit.

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Lit. What time did you leave town?

Meſſ. About four o'clock, ſir.

Lit. You travell'd well——yonder is Mr. *Thrifty*'s houſe where you ſee the paliſades——beſure you give the letter into his own hands.

Meſſ. I ſhall, ſir. *Exit.*

Lit. This letter muſt have ſome relation to my marriage with my charming *Fanny*, Mr. *Thrifty* is my plenipo, in this affair, and hath, I believe, brought it to a concluſion; he deſired me two days ago to provide licence, and to hold myſelf in readineſs for a journey to *Dublin*; and ſo far I'm ready——I'm impatient till I ſee the contents——hold, I'll get a candle in the watch-houſe——the raſcals! There's not one of them here! Hey, the watch, hey.

Enter Paddy.

Pad. Did you call, ſir?

Lit. Yes, I call'd, ſir, and bawl'd, ſir; is this the way you watch the town, you raſcal, we may be all robb'd while you're ſotting in the ale-houſe.

Pad. 'Tis a wery cold night, ſir, and I was getting a dram juſt hard by here, ſir, I did not think no harm at all, ſir.

Lit. Don't tell me of your drams, ſirrah, muſt I ſtand waiting on your leiſure——take that, ſirrah, to put you in mind of your duty. [*Beats him.*

Pad. O dear ſir, an't pleaſe your lawſhip, I am a poor ignorant watchman, that does not know my manners; *gu guit a'n deuol da chree eſſoud.* (Aſide)

Lit. Lawſhip! That's well enough——well, ſir, come into the watch-houſe with your candle, till I read this letter. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *the Watch-House.*

Enter Litigious *and* Paddy.

Lit. Hold here your candle, sir, (*whilst he reads,* Paddy, *staggering, almost thrusts the candle into his eyes.*) Damn you, sir, will you burn my wig?

Pad. Who me, sir!——By my shoul now *arrah* honey I'd be very loth to burn your lawships wig.

Lit. (*Reading to himself and smiling*) 'tis just as I expected.

Enter Sprightly.

Spr. Has that letter brought you any good news, Mr. *Litigious*: you smile with pleasure o'er the contents——from a lady I suppose.

Lit. No, faith, but it is from a lady's father (*putting up the letter*) and I fancy you would smile and laugh too, to have a fine woman and a fine fortune ready to tumble into your arms the next day.

Spr. And who's the happy lady, pray?

Lit. That's a secret as yet, sir.

Spr. And a great one too, for I never so much as heard of your courtship.

Lit. I believe not, faith. I have more wit than to court a woman.

AIR. Packington's Pound.

The courting of women is now out of fashion;
For men have found out a much easier way,
That saves them the toil of pretending a passion,
And all the fatigues of a tedious delay.
Let parents be told
What plenty of gold
Is lodg'd in your chest, what possessions you hold,
How much you can settle——without all dispute
The fortune you'll get, and the woman to boot.

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A woman, Mr. *Sprightly*, ſhould never know the ſoft toying and tenderneſs of a lover.——— She'll be ſo apt to expect it, when a husband is not in the humour of giving it, that it's ten to one but ſhe'll go to ſome other one that will.

Pad. (*Aſide*) *Tura lorſa*, you are never in the humour of giving, ſince you gave yourſelf to the devil for a lawyer.

Lit. Egad, I muſt go.——I have a great deal of buſineſs on my hands.

Spr. I ſuppoſe, ſir, you have pretty good buſineſs, as a lawyer.

Lit. Indifferent, I can't complain——I live in a country both rich and ill-natur'd, and that produces quarrels and half crowns. This very day I had three lawſuits on my hands, the firſt one indeed, puzzled me plaguily, the plaintiff gave me half a Crown, and the Defendant another; egad they feed ſo even, that I was like the aſs between the two bundles of hay, I could not tell which to help; ſo at laſt I brought them to a refference.

Pad. (*Aſide*) Fait you're always like an aſs.

Spr. But where is juſtice all the while?

Lit. Juſtice be-damn'd.——I have an averſion to the jade, ſhe's always painted with a naked ſword in her hand, you know; and that's enough to diſguſt me. But the next lawſuit was more eaſy, the plaintiff gave me half a crown to do him juſtice, the defendant gave me a whole crown to ſtand his friend.

Pad. (*Aſide*) Fait they ſhould have join'd, and given you a broken crown between them.

Spr. But, Mr. *Litigious*, was that fair dealing?

Lit. When people are ſuch rogues as to bribe me, I ought to puniſh them by taking their money.

Spr. And who did you help moſt?

Lit. He that gave me the moſt. Would not you

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you do more for two pence than you would for a penny.

Spr. And you tell me you're to be married to-morrow.

Lit. Yes faith, here's my commiſſion, directed to Mr. *Saygrace* now in *Dublin*: this licence coſt me a good fat guinea——O the conſcience of the clergy, to make one pay ſo much money for ſo little paper.

(While he pulls out the licence he drops the letter.)

Pad. Ub, boo, boo, a lawyer talk of conſcience. *(Aſide)*

Lit. And then there are gloves, and favours to buy, and the devil knows what——egad the expences of a genteel wedding is enough to break one.——Come *Paddy* light me home.

Pad. Ga bruiſh en deuol a whineaul agra——devil a foot vill I go home vid you, I'm paid for watching here, and unleſs you pay me better, you may 'een go along vid your ſelf; I'll do more for two pence than for a penny you know.

Lit. I'll remember you for this, you villain. Mr. *Sprightly*, will you be ſo kind as to ſee me ſafe home——how troubleſome a thing is a fearful heart? *(Aſide)*

Spr. I don't care if I do.——*Paddy*, I ſhall want to ſpeak with you bye and bye.

Exeunt amba.

Pad. Villain a *neah*! There's ne'er a man in the corporation that would call me villain but your own ſelf, even his worſhip would ſay, ſo *Paddy*, how do you do honeſt *Paddy*: by my ſhoul I may be even vid you yet, *arrah cud de ſhin*——what's this, a letter! For Mr. *A, r, a, m,* a *Ram, L, i, li, t, i, ſhi, liſhi, g, i, o, u, s, Gooſe*; *arrah* I believe it's one of *Eſop*'s fables, for there's both a ram and a gooſe in it. O ho, I have you now; for

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Mr. *Aram Litigious*, fait you're no friend of mine ——I'll ſee the inſide of you, *agra.*

Enter Sprightly, *and* Sparkly.

Spr. What have you got there, *Paddy?*

Pad. A letter, maiſter honey, will you read it for me, ſir.

Spr. (Reads) Sir, *I expect you in town to-morrow with my daughter* Fanny. *I have wrote to ben uncle* Thrifty *to accompany her, next day I will put you in poſſeſſion of her perſon and fortune, with a ſincere bleſſing from your very humble ſervant,*

John Lucre.

To Mr. Aram Litigious.

Death to my hopes, I have loſt her then——my dear friend, what ſhall I do?

Spar. A bottle and friend, you know——.

Spr. That won't do now, *Tom*, you muſt give me more ſubſtantial comfort.

Pad. Arrah, Mr. *Sprightly* honey now, I carried many a letter for you, but never got no anſwer, then what hopes had you, joy?

Spr. Why, to tell you the truth, ſhe never gave me any encouragement; yet ſtill I had hopes.

Pad. That was fooliſh enough now, let her go and be damn'd.

Spar. Paddy adviſes well.

SONG.

If you importune
A nymph in courting,
And 'tis your fortune
To be deny'd,
Pray uſe no whining,
Or dull repining,
To raiſe the vain minx's pride.

Draw

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Draw careleſſly off if ſhe bids you begone,
Don't own you're a captive, or ſay your're undone:
But whiſtle ——and tell her you'll let her alone,
There's women enough beſide.

II.

Don't waſte your leiſure,
Your lungs, your treaſure,
It gives her pleaſure
To ſee you vext.
No birds, nor daizies,
No nineteen nayſays,
Or any dull beaten text.
For ladies grow vain when they vanquiſh a beau,
And think by their conqueſt they worthier grow;
But when they grow ſawcy, ſir, pray let them know
The devil may come for them next.

Spr. How weak is advice to a mind that can't reliſh it? My dear *Fanny* has charms to fix the heart of the moſt inconſtant wanderer.

AIR. Fanny *blooming fair.*

My heart as free as air,
The power of love daſpis'd,
Till Fanny blooming fair
The giddy thing ſurpriz'd.
Her wit and beauty mix'd,
Have made it all her own:
So now, my fate is fix'd,
I muſt have her or none.

Here, *Paddy*, give her this letter, ſhe is not yet gone to bed; and take this for your pains.

(*gives money.*)

Pad. O God almighty bleſs you, ſir.

Spr. And do you hear, ſhew her that letter you found, and ſucceſs attend you.

(*Exit* Paddy *bowing.*)

Spa.

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Spa. But what chance has he for admittance to your charming *Fanny*, at this time of night?

Spr. Thanks to the penny in purſe, I have a friend in court, that will introduce him at any reaſonable time, or deliver my letter, at leaſt.

Spa. Ay! there's ſome hopes in that. A woman cannot be quite indifferent when court is paid her, what does not diſpleaſe, muſt certainly pleaſe her; nor would your confidante venture ſo far, if ſhe found her miſtreſs reſent it.

Spr. I wiſh I may find it ſo. This unexpected adventure, may bring her to a reſolution one way or other.

While women are ſecure they love to toy,
And at a diſtance keep the proffer'd joy;
And triſle with their love, but when they find
'Tis now or never, *then they ſpeak their mind.*

Exeunt.

SCENE, *a Room.* *Miſs* Lucre, *and* Paddy.

Miſs. Trouble me no more, I ſay, with your impertinent letter.

Pad. By my ſhoul but I will tho', and you ſhall taak it too, if you pleaſe; for fait I have never a fardin, to buy my dinner of potatoes to-morrow, till I would get a ſhilling from Mr. *Sprightly*, for bringing him an anſwer to that letter. Many a letter I have brought you, and you never gave me as much anſwer as would lie upon the nail of my thumb, joy. And unleſs you would pity his caſe, it will kill him, it will deſtroy him, joy.

Miſs. Let me ſee. (*Reads*) Um——*march to-morrow.* Um——*the laſt interview.* Um——*let me know my doom.* Um——*your moſt ſincere and conſtant lover.* Here carry it back to him, and bid him give himſelf no more trouble about me.

(Paddy

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(Paddy *going*) How can I be ſo cruel.——— Hearkye, friend, (Paddy *comes back*)——and yet I muſt——you may go, friend——and muſt I loſe him for ever—my heart and my pride are in a dreadful conflict.

Pad. Now ſhe's wav'ring, wav'ring like my watch-pole when I would lay it croſs my thumb: but I'll give her a turn to one ſide or t'other. He bid me ſhew you this, madam.

Miſs. (*Reads it, and then ſpeaks.*) What's the meaning of this, do you know, *Paddy?*

Pad. Fait madam, it means but badly for poor Mr. *Sprightly*, ſince Mr. *Litigious* is to be the happy man. If you love the law, madam, you will ſoon get your bellyful of it, joy.

Miſs. Was ever parents ſo cruel as mine, to marry me without aſking my conſent! And that brute, *Litigious*, thinks to make me his wife, in a manner unknown to me: this muſt be prevented one way or other.

Pad. Fait, he ſaid it was a fooliſh ting to be courting a vomans. *A vickna ſtreepagh*, I could wiſh my lanthorn croſs his throat.

Miſs. Why did my pride forbid me to tell the dear youth that I lov'd him tenderly——but he made love ſo delightfully! I liked him ſo well in the capacity of a lover, that I fooliſhly thought of no other happineſs.

Pad. A pretty way of thinking, ſure enough. (*Aſide*)

Miſs. Go, *Paddy*, and bid him come to me here. (*Exit* Paddy.) He ſhall ſtill court me into a conſent.

AIR. When bright *Aurelia* tript the plain.

When a young cat a mouſe does ſeize,
Her folly ſets it free;

She

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She with the soft thing toys and plays,
Till chance away the prize conveys,
And then she frets like me.

Enter Paddy *in haste.*

Pad. Here madam——he's just coming——he's ready to break his neck for haste, joy.

Miss. Well leave me, *Paddy*, (*He stands aside*) I must keep him off a while, 'twould shew a weakness to consent too soon.

Enter Sprightly.

Spr. My dear charmer, allow me to salute you. (*Kisses her.*) This is a favour so extraordinary, that I hope it is a prelude to greater joys.

Miss. Don't flatter yourself, 'tis the last you must expect; I sent for you one purpose, to tell you, that you must trouble me no more.

Spr. The tenderness of my passion deserves a more suitable return.

Miss. I am not insensible, Mr. *Sprightly*, that you have taken a great deal of pains to convince me that you love; but as I have neither power nor inclination to make you a suitable return, I hope you will make yourself easy, and think of me——no more.

Spr. Either, your words have a double meaning, or it is with reluctance you pronounc'd these dreadful words *no more*——shall I hope the best, madam?

Miss. You may hope as you please; however, your discretion should inform you, that love, like plants, should die without nourishment, and I'm sure, you never got any encouragement from me——nor never will.

Pad. My shoul, you lye in your very throat, now. (*Aside*)

Spr.

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Spr. Even that ſevere reſolution cannot damp my love; it muſt, and will continue: the ſun is not a more natural cauſe of light to the world, than your charms are of love in my breaſt.

Miſs. And ſo when both are out of ſight,
Love is gone, as well as light.

Spr. In the abſence of the ſun, madam, we remember his friendly and chearful influence, and wiſh for his kind return, nor would we part with him, if we could ſtill retain him with us, or travel with him round the globe: ſo that my compariſon ſtill holds. Oh, how willingly would I ſtay here, or ramble round the world with you!

Pad. That's my man, ſtick to her, you dog. (*Aſide*)

Miſs. Suppoſe, Mr. *Sprightly*, that I ſhould tell you, that my mind is in the ſituation you would wiſh for, could you pardon the weakneſs of ſuch a confeſſion, and the former trouble I have given you. All I can ſay, in my defence, is, that you will reliſh me the better, after the difficulties you met with in obtaining me. Cold and ſtorms make the calm ſun-ſhine that comes after, vaſtly agreeable: ſo now, if you think yourſelf happy, I give you free leave to enjoy that ſatisfaction, and will do all in my power to continue you in that pleaſant way of thinking.

AIR. Shepherd when you ſee me fly.

Spr. *Come thou charming nymph divine,*
To my longing boſom fly.
I am thine——
Miſs. ——*And I am thine.*
Spr. *I'm all love——*
Miſs. ——*And ſo am I.*
Both. *May our loves, where'er we range,*
Like the ſun, ne'er know a change.
[They embrace.

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Miſs. How empty is this flaſh of joy; like the glames of a dying taper. I'm on the very verge of utter ruin—to-morrow throws me in another's arms. The intervening time is only ours. What ſhall we do?

Spr. Faith I don't know, but ſomething muſt be done; go, *Paddy*, and bring Mr. *Sparkly* to me: his council and aſſiſtance will be of vaſt uſe to us: but ſee my good genius where he comes.

Enter Sparkly.

My dear friend welcome.

Spar. Madam, your moſt——the welcome you give prevents any apology for my intruſion: when you left me at the door, I had no thoughts of going away. A man's friend, and his wit ſhould never leave him at a dead lift.

Spr. I have need of both now. This lady has conſented to make me happy, if the ſhort time that's left may admit of it.

Spar. We are ſtraiten'd for time, that's the truth on't; perhaps this arch rogue *Paddy* may help us. *Paddy*, can you contrive no way?

Pad. By my conſcience, ſir, I wid do what lies in my power for you boat: if you are for a clergyman, I will provide you one, and if you are for ſhorter work, my watch-houſe is at your ſervice.

Spr. 'Tis marriage we are for, honourable marriage: but where will you get a clergyman at this critical juncture.

Pad. Ha, ha, dear ſir, you know they're plenty enough, and they're always ready enough at an ill turn.

Spr. Do you reckon marriage an ill turn?

Pad. Many a one finds it ſo, *agra*. But if you pleaſe, Mr. *Saygrace* ſhall marry you.

Spr.

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Spr. Mr. *Saygrace* is not at home, nor would he marry me without a licence if he were.

Pad. O, dear sir, Mr. *Saygrace* came home late last night; now then, cannot you out-wit the lawyer, and get his licence, that cost the good fat guinea.

Spar. A lucky thought, and may be improv'd; could not you procure an old licence, and then palm a change on *Litigious*? We might easy alter the name.

Spr. Ay, but the difficulty will be, to get *Litigious* out of bed. Egad I must contrive some scheme to unkennel the fox——I fancy I have hit on one.

Miss. It would give me double pleasure to make that villain, *Litigious*, contribute to his own confusion.

Pad. And me treble pleasure, for the blows and the abuses he has given me wrongously: I'm sure if his arguments are as weighty as his blows, he may be a lawyer for the devil.

Spar. Don't go to bed, madam, till you hear from us; unless you are in the way, to lend a hand, all our labour will be lost.

Miss. Don't fear me——go on and prosper.

Exit.

Pad. Hur slaan ma Calleendass, a brave wench, by my salvation.

Spr. Is not that a prize worth contending for?

AIR. *Cupid* god of pleasing anguish.

All our passions urge to action,
All our aim is satisfaction,
In the toils we undergo:
Nor can toils, nor crosses tire us,
When the sweets of love inspire us.
Love does all that's great below.

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ACT II.

SCENE. *A Room in* Tunbelly's.

A Table, Bottle and Glaſs, Sparkly *riſing from Table.*

DAMN it—I wiſh I had ſome one to help me out with this bottle—my landlord is certainly drinking very comfortably with ſome other company, or I ſhould not want his aſſiſtance.

Enter Betty.

So, Miſs *Wagtail,* what brings you here, this time of night?

Betty. And what brings you here, this time of night?

Spa. That, that, (*pointing to the bottle.*) Come, I muſt introduce you to my company—this is a glaſs of choice port.

Betty. I remember when I was your choice.—Ah, Mr. *Sparkly,* won't you take me with you?

Spa. With me, child! Go to bed, —baniſh that fooliſh thought, and dream of ſomething more ſubſtantial.

Betty. If I ſhould go to bed, I could not ſleep for thinking of you.

Spa. There you have the advantage, for I can't think of you for the blood of me.

Betty. Your wife is the propereſt perſon you could think of.

Spa. O heavens! The very name frightens me.

Betty. The ſubſtance has been pleaſing before now.

Spa. Do you love the name of whore, child?

Betty. No.

Spa.

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Spa. Yet the ſubſtantial part has been pleaſing before now.

Betty. Did not you ſwear you'd marry me?

Spa. And now I ſwear I won't marry you, and it's a man's laſt will that ſtands good in law.

Betty. I'm ſure the law will make you perform your promiſe, ſince I gave you a valuable conſideration.

Spa. I was *non compos mentis* when I made them, and that makes them of no force.

Bett. What were you, ſir?

Spa. Mad, my dear, ſtark ſtaring mad.

Betty. What made you mad, in the name of goodneſs?

Spa. Mad for poſſeſſion, but you cured me, and I thank you.

Betty. Then you ought to be grateful.

Spa. 'Twas you made me mad, and therefore you were under an obligation of curing me.

Betty. All this won't do; I'll let you know that I'm your wife, and you ſhall uſe me as ſuch.

Spa. Why, I have us'd you as ſuch, and becauſe I did you a piece of ſervice, you would confine me to a perpetual drudgery——that's unkind.

Betty. And why did you promiſe to marry, when you never deſign'd a performance?

Spa. I knew you wanted ſome excuſe for ſurrendering, and if I was ſo complaiſant as to furniſh you with one, you ought not to be the firſt to upbraid me with it. So, if there's any harm done blame your ſelf.

AIR. If Love the Virgin's heart invade.

When a young nymph has made too free,
Without the church ſecurity;
'Tis ſhe that is to blame.

'Tis

'Tis the fond kiss, and kind caress
That fires our blood, and then we press
For——what I dare not name.

By passion drunk, we little care
How much we flatter, lie, and swear,
Till we enjoy our game.
The nymph to get the thing she loves,
Makes that a good excuse, so proves
A——what I dare not name.

Betty. 'Tis false, perfidious man——you know I sacrificed all to please you, because I lov'd too tenderly.

Spa. To please me! Who had the greatest benefit by it? I sav'd you from eating chalk and oat-meal, and there's all the thanks I get.

AIR. Auld lang sine.

Whene'er a nation is afraid
To die by civil wars,
They wisely call in foreign aid,
To quell domestick jars.
But when their foes are dead and gone
The foolish Sots repine
Against their friends, and ne'er think, on
Auld lang sine.

Betty. How miserable a creature is a poor weak woman? What pains we take to get husbands to shelter and protect us! nay, sometimes the prospect is so pleasing, that we leave the beaten road of virtue to pursue it——and then, to be sure, we're miserable.

AIR. Irish Howl.

I'm like a traveller in the night,
Who thinks he sees a friendly light,

In

In hopes of ſhelter, he forſakes
The beaten road, for bogs and brakes.
The phantom vaniſhes——then he
Left in the lurch, laments like me.
Oh, oh, ambora.

(*Whilſt ſhe's ſinging the latter part of the tune he is ſtealing away, ſhe runs and catches him*)

Nay, one kiſs before we part, 'tis the leaſt you can do.

Spa. Will you trouble me no more then.

Betty. No—oh. (*Sighing.*)

Spa. Here then. (*Offering to kiſs her.*)

Betty. Ah, won't you come with me, and ſee your ſon; indeed I an't well—— I'm afraid it's the ague—come home with me—ah do now—— won't you?

Spa. Well, go home——I'll juſt pay the reckoning, and follow you——indeed I will. (*Exit* Betty.) I know what ſhe wants: ——but if all my body was converted into jeſuits bark, I could not cure an ague, where the hot fit comes every hour; however, I muſt keep her as quiet as I can, till I get out of town. *Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Paddy.

Arrah what can keep Mr. *Sprightly* ſo long; I am afraid Mr. *Saygrace* has left him, to read over all his printed ſermons, or an account of his tithes. If the day riſes, *Litigious* will riſe too, O *ſhin dunnas!* that would ſpoil all.

Enter two, with their Faces black.

Tara fu teal——what the divel are you?

1 *Black.*

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1 *Black.* Don't you know your friends, *Paddy?*

Pad. The divel taak you boath, for the fright quite ruin'd my memory. ——But where is Mr. *Sprightly?*

2 *Black.* Here he comes.

Enter Sprightly.

Spr. Well, *Paddy,* things have gone luckily enough as yet. I have got the old licence from my friend *Saygrace.* Why, we are near relations, man; —he was as fond of me as if I was a tithe pig—I thought he would have eat me.

Pad. Vel den—if you don't vork your brain, to put the cheat upon the lawyer, I vill beat them out with my vatch-pole.

Spr. And I'll deſerve it. ——But to begin, let us tie theſe honeſt fellows. (*Tying them.*) But is *Litigious* ſo great a coward you ſay?

Pad. A divel of a coward, when he has no body to back him. He was one night coming from *Dublin,* and it grew dark, and he grew fear't, every buſh was a ghoſt, at laſt he grew afraid of his own ſhelf, and ran away from his own ſhelf. O ſir, a naked ſword is as good as a purge to him at any time: but have you brought the ſwords vid your ſelf?

Spr. Yes, yes, ——take that one, and I'll keep this to myſelf.—Now, dare you ſtand me a cut.

Pad. No, by my fait, ſir; ——but hold, Mr. *Sprightly,* will you give me leave to frighten Mr. *Litigious* out of ſome of the half crowns that he got by knavery, joy?

Spr. With all my heart. But how will you contrive it?

Pad. Do you go away vid yourſelf, and leave the reſt vid me; but make a noiſe vid the ſwords firſt. (*They claſh the ſwords, as in a fight.*

Spr.

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Spr. Yield, you raſcals, ——ye villains, did you think to rob the honeſt man; ——but I'll have you all hang'd. —Hallow, Mr. *Litigious*, —damn ye, why don't you call, *Paddy*, your pipe is ſhriller than mine?

Pad. Mr. *Litigious*, Mr. *Litigious*, you're robb'd, you're murther'd, here is thieves, riſe ſir, riſe and hang the villains.

Lit. (*At a window.*) What's the matter?

Pad. Thieves, that were going to rob you; but I have ſecur'd them.

Lit. Are they ty'd faſt?

Pad. They are holden and firmly bound by theſe preſents, by ſhant *Patrick*, a bond and judgment would not hold them faſter.

Lit. Then I may venture down. *Exit.*

Spr. I'll leave you to practiſe your ſcheme on Mr. *Litigious*: but do you depend on your courage, *Paddy*?

Pad. Courage, ha, ha! —No, ſir, but on his cowardice.

Spr. That does as well. He that would make his fortune in this world, muſt not depend on his own merit or virtue, but on the vice and failings of others. But I ſtay too long. *Exit.*

Pad. Do you hear, boys, when *Litigious* comes, do you offer me monies to untie you, and if *Litigious* offers me monies to keep you faſt, you muſt offer twice as much.

Black. Yes, yes. —But here comes *Litigious*.

Enter Litigious.

Lit. Oh, the ſons of darkneſs, they would have robb'd me, and ſkinn'd me, and taken my very ſoul from me, if it were in their power.

Pad. An't pleaſe your lawſhip, that's out of their power tho'. ——The divel has his claws in't already. (*Aſide.*

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Lit. Ye villains, I'll have you hang'd, like lace makers bobbins, and gibbet you for ſcarcrows.

1 *Black. Paddy* honey untie me, till I get one nick at his wind-pipe, let me get the raſcal by the head, I'll ſoon cut off the entail, I'll finiſh the law on him; do untie me, and here's a crown for you.

Pad. Eh, a crown! *Arrah* by my ſhoul, Mr. *Litigious*, that's more than you offer me as yet, and I ſhould do more for two pence than for a penny, you know, and ſo, joy. (*Going to untie them.*)

Lit. Hold, you villain.——

Pad. Blood, who dares call me villain. (*Draws.*

Lit. Sirrah, you're a papiſt, and I'll have you indicted for carrying arms.

Pad. So you may, joy, when theſe ſons of darkneſs have cut your throat. (*Going to untie them.*

Lit. Here's two crown's, dear *Paddy*, and let them alone. Bloody minded dogs——they might murther me.

Pad. Arrah feckum ſhin——I will drink your health, and wiſh your neighbours may never want quarrels and half crowns.

1 *Black.* Don't take his money, *Paddy*, here's four crowns for you, and untie us both.

Pad. Four crowns, *agra*; —now, for a little of the lawyer's conſcience. —By the blood, ſir, I'll let them both looſe upon you, vidout you give me more monies.

Lit. Well, take their money, but don't untie them; you may take their money to puniſh them.

Pad. I tought you had more wit, Mr. *Litigious*; *arrah* how do you tink they could give me monies with their hands ty'd? And if I ſhould take it out of their pockets, that would be robbery, and then I might hang like a lace maker's bobbin, *na mas bobbin eà.* (*untying them.*

Lit. Here, *Paddy*, take all the money I have—you rogues you ſhall pay for all.

Pad.

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Pad. One, two, three, four, five, six half crowns, *arrah gura mah aguth.* ——*Toll, lollerol doll.* (Exit capering.

Enter Sprightly.

Spr. Mr. *Litigious*, I'm glad I had it in my power to do you some service; I left these two rogues in *Paddy*'s care and follow'd another, but he made his escape.

Lit. I thank you, sir, and hope you will be so kind as to assist me in carrying them to the constable's; ——honest *Tunbelly* will take care of the prisoners.

Spr. Any thing to serve my friend. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Inside of* Tunbelly's *House.*

Enter Tunbelly, *and Drawer.*

Tunb. Are the company gone, boy?

Dra. Yes, sir,

Tunb. And have you lock't the doors?

Dra. Yes, sir. (*Gives a key.*) *Exit.*

Tunb. Then I think I may go to bed, and sleep with a safe conscience. I have about ten shillings worth of wine in my belly, and the price of it in my pocket.—I begin to wallow in fat and fortune, I shall soon be a great man, and have some weight in my country.

AIR. *See the full Bowl.*

'Tis a landlord that can
By drinking, by drinking, become a great man;
Some men waste their fortunes away in good wine,
And by drinking with such, is the making of mine,
(*Knocking.*) What, more Company? I may drink another shilling into my pocket yet. (*Knocking again.*)

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again.) Coming, coming, gentlemen. (*Sings again as he opens the door.*

Let a new deluge flow,
And we'll drink it alſo.

Enter Sprightly, Litigious, *and two Blocks.*

Spr. You're merry, Mr. *Tunbelly.*

Tunb. 'Sblud, why ſhouldn't I, when two ſuch gentlemen favour me with their company. What will you pleaſe to drink, gentlemen?

Lit. Here are two robbers I muſt put under your care, Mr. *Tunbelly.*

Tunb. What are theſe! ——A pair of young devils come for you, Mr. *Litigious*: ——they need be in no haſte, you will go unſent for.—— You know I can't help joking. Well, gentlemen, what will you pleaſe to drink?

Lit. I have had ſome loſſes to-night, otherwiſe I might afford to give you a *nip* of punch: —— but as it is, landlord, fetch a mug of your beſt drink, your three-penny ale.

Spr. Hearkye, landlord, fetch us a bottle of wine.

Tunb. I ſhall, ſir. *Exit.*

Lit. You don't imagine that I'll pay for it?

Spr. Not I, ſir, —you're kindly welcome to a ſhare of it.

Lit. Then I don't care if I drink a glaſs or two; I am quite out of caſh at preſent. I laid out a guinea for a licence; but that will bring in five hundred fold, and then, my friend, I'll remember your kindneſs.

Spr. No apologies, good Mr. *Litigious*, I take the will for the deed. ——I have long'd much to ſee a licence, on account of a diſpute; will you be ſo kind as to let me look at yours a moment?

Lit. O, ſir, with all my heart——here it is.

Enter

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Enter Tunbelly.

Tunb. Here, my heroes, a bottle of the naked truth, Mr. *Sprightly*, my humble ſervice to you. (*Drinks.*

Spr. Come, Mr. *Litigious*, my ſervice to you. (*He drinks.*) Shall I help you, ſir. (*Filling.*

Lit. With all my heart. (*Drinks.*) 'Tis good wine, Mr. *Sprightly*, your health——hold, it muſt be a bumper. (*Fills and drinks again.*) Mr. *Tunbelly*, I forgot to drink to you. (*Fills and drinks again.*) My ſervice to you.

(*All this while* Sprightly *pretends to look over the paper, then puts it in his pocket.*)

Tunb. Thank you, ſir, very kindly. —— 'Sblud, this fellow would make a rare landlord; he out-does me at deep drinking on free coſt. (*Aſide.*) Come, Mr. *Sprightly*, your beſt thoughts.

Spr. Sir I thank you.—Mr. *Litigious*, how do you find yourſelf?

Lit. Very much refreſh'd.—Well, have you done with the licence?

Spr. Licence! Ha, ha, ha, you muſt excuſe me, ſir, I find my friend *Paddy* has taken an advantage of you, and ſo, fearing you would take the law of him, I contriv'd this method to oblige you to give him a general releaſe, and you muſt include my name in it too; take notice, no licence without it.

Lit. Pſhaw, pſhaw, I don't value theſe trifles, I'll give you a diſcharge as ample as you pleaſe.

(*Writes; in the mean time* Sprightly *and* Tunbelly *talk in dumb ſhew.*)

Here it is, ſir, I deliver it as my act and deed.

Spr. And here is your licence, ſir.

Lit. (*Putting it haſtily in his pocket*) Gentlemen, I muſt beg your pardon. I'll try to get a nap e'er I begin my journey. *Exit.*

Spr.

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Spr. Go, and enjoy ſome pleaſing hours, for you'll ſoon diſcover what will murther ſleep ever after, if you don't murther yourſelf to prevent it.

Tunb. Why, what may the matter be?

Spr. You'll ſoon hear; in the mean time, I'll go, and ſtrike one bold ſtroke more.

Tunb. For a wife, I hope.

Spr. Suppoſe it were!

Tunb. 'Sblud, then I'd wiſh you joy.

Spr. I fancy a great many married men want ſuch a wiſh, for they often find it a joyleſs ſtate.

Exit.

Tunb. Ah, ha, you're a wag. —Come, my negroes, Mr. *Sprightly* has bail'd you off, and ſo I acquit you of your bonds. You may go to bed, and I'll go ſee my fields; for it is now near day.

Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE. *The Street,*

Enter Paddy, *and* Darby.

PADDY.

ARRAH cuſhla ma chree, did you find never a half crown ſince I left you?

Dar. No, by the blood.

Pad. Then I'm not ſo. *Feagh ſhin,* One, two, three, four, five, ſix half crowns dat I got as a fee from Mr. *Litigious. O duol fuckle braigud ſhin.*

Dar. What, he that's the ſcoundrel at law.

Pad. The Counſellor at law, you mean; but he's only a turney at law.

Dar. Fait, I tought he had taken out his diſgreaſh in the inch of court.

Pad.

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Pad. Phoo, no. ——— Well, theſe four ſhall pay my quarter's rent, dis von ſhall buy me a buſhel of malt for ſheebeen, you dog, you. —— And lie you there, till I wo'd melt you down my throat in good geneva. Or what would you tink, *Darby* now, of *Plaurakan O Roork* upon the harp, and a bottle of whiſkey on the table? Would not that make you merry, oh?

Dar. Fait then you're no bad warrant to make yourſelf merry, and others boath: but whiſht here comes the conſtable.

Enter Tunbelly.

Tunb. Have you had a quiet guard?

Pad. Not a cat ſtirring, ſir.

Tunb. Not a mouſe ſtirring, is the word; that is the way my friend *Shakeſpear* has it.

Pad. Arrah, who was that ſame *Jack Spear?*

Tunb. A famous man. —But it is time to diſmiſs you; for,

See the morn in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o're the dew of yon high eaſtern hill:
Break we our watch up, and by my advice,
We'll have a dram of gin, or mug of gill.

Pad. Arrah merry be your heart, let us go, then.

SCENE. *A Room in the Barrack.*

Enter Capt. Jolly.

I wonder the dun flies don't bite, but I ſhall be peſter'd with them preſently. I ſhall ſoon have a large levee, and bribes too if I would encourage them; but I deteſt that, tho' a levee and a bribe are the *ſummum bonum* of a ſtateſman.

AIR.

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AIR. *My heart was so free.*

The statesmen like me,
Gets at his levee
A hundred kind sollicitations,
He answers them too
As I often do, He answers, &c.
My worthy friend, you must have patience.

Here it begins. (*One knocks*) Come in.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. An't please your honour, there's one of your honour's men that owes me a trifle, and he won't pay me, an't please your honour.

Capt. It does not please my honour, nor my conscience neither, that any of my men should wrong you; but what's his name?

Wom. Jeremy Slim, an't please your honour.

Capt. O, 'tis very well. And what was it for?

Wom. Why, indeed, sir, he came to my house the rejoycing night, of all days in the year. His club came to four shillings and four-pence; but he never came near me since; but when he had money, went and spent it elsewhere.

Capt. Why, indeed that was provoking: but gentlemen soldiers must not be called villains.—— But tell me, did he drink the king's health, good woman?

Wom. O, indeed sir, the gentleman drank the king's health on his bare knees.

Capt. Then the king's pay ought to defray the expence. Give me your bill, and here's your money.

Wom. The lord bless your honour. ——Then here's your honour's own servant, *John Guzzle*— he owes me sixteen shillings and four-pence, an't please your honour.

Capt.

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Capt. Let me see the bill. (*Reads.*) To a dram of brandy the review day.

Wom. Ay, sir, he said it would put a flush in his face.

Capt. The whey face'd rascal might have drawn his cravat tight about his neck, and sav'd that expence. ——To another dram the same day.

Wom. Indeed, sir, that was at the firing, he said he was both faint and dry.

Capt. I don't doubt but he was faint, and wanted spirits; but I fancy he was not very dry; for his comrades say, that the firing of a gun makes the water gush out of the knees of his breeches. —To three drams of rum and sugar, and a bowl of punch, with *James Limberham*'s wife; —so, so, this is a large article. —*John*, why *John Guzzle*?

Enter John.

Pray *John*, did you treat *Limberham*'s wife to all this liquor?

John. Indeed sir, —I believe I did.

Capt. It could not be for nothing, I am afraid you had bad designs upon her, tell me the truth.

John. Why, indeed sir, I thought that would be the safest way of indulging the flesh a little, and accordingly tried it; but was rarely clapt for my performance.

Capt. So then I find this woman keeps a bawdy house.

John. Upon my word sir, she does.

Capt. Ah you vile woman!

Wom. I think, sir, you ought to like me the better for that; what would such vigorous young gentlemen as you do, if we did not keep conveniencies for you?

Capt. All that can be said in favour of a bawdy house is, that it helps to save mens wives and daughters from the flattery, temptations, and vio-

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lence of the wild young profligate, and the rich old hunks; but you draw in both to proſtitution, to raiſe your profits.

Wom In troth, ſir, if I would not take in mens wives and daughters, I ſhould get few cuſtomers; for mens mothers would be too old for our way of buſineſs.

Capt. Get out, you vile woman, I have a mind to kick you out of my room.

Wom. You'd kick me, ſir, your betters would not tell me ſo. —You'd kick me! I believe your foot is the only part of you that ever was near a woman's backſide ſince you lay with your mother. —Egad, I need expect little good from you, a bad rider always hates a horſe-jockey. *Exit.*

Capt. Pox on her, if it is not on her already, ſhe had almoſt made me angry. —But *John*, how do you deſign to pay this woman?

John. O, ſir, ſhe and I will never have a word about it, we agree rarely; —ſhe and I are of the ſame way of thinking.

Capt. What's that?

John. She thinks I'll never pay her, and I'm of the ſame opinion.

Capt. But ſuppoſe I have paid her already.

John. O, ſir, I'll allow it to you with pleaſure; but it went againſt my conſcience to pay her myſelf.

Capt. Why ſo?

John. Why, ſir, it was ſhe that drew me into the ſcrape with *Limberham*'s wife: now, the ſurgeon's bill was twice as long as hers, ſo that I diſcounted hers out of the fore end of it.

Capt. So, I find that you're a rogue, and ſhe's a jade, and you both ſuffer for your wickedneſs. —You may go about your buſineſs, ſir. I'll ſoon give you a diſcharge. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

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SCENE. *The Street.*

Enter Litigious, *and* Tunbelly.

Lit. You ſeem troubled, this morning, neighbour *Tunbelly.*

Tunb. A little or ſo, faith, if my drink were in the barrels it would not be marching away this morning: but the worſt veſſel ever drink was turn'd in, is a ſoldier's belly; for then we ſee the laſt of it.

Lit. And the law can give you no relief; for you were order'd not to truſt them. —But how did your priſoners reſt laſt night?

Tunb. Who, the brace of young devils? I turn'd them looſe, egad, and told them you would be ſure to follow.

Lit. Pſhaw, you're always fond of jeſting.

Tunb. Faith, I'm in earneſt now; for they're both gone.

Lit. Well, Mr. *Tunbelly*, I aſſure you, I'll make you anſwer for them.

Tunb. What the devil can you lay to their charge?

Tunb. 'Tis no matter; ——but I'll work you ſo, that the very name of *Litigious* ſhall make you tremble.

Tunb. Ha, ha, who the devil would tremble for what you can do? indeed if you grow good the devil might tremble for fear of loſing you; —— but here comes my bail—he'll ſatisfy you.

Enter Sprightly.

Spr. Good morning, gentlemen. —Well, Mr. *Litigious*, are you for *Dublin* this morning?

Lit. Immediately, ſir, I've ſent for my horſe.

Spr. And pray who are to go with you?

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Lit. Mr. *Thrifty*, and Miſs *Lucre*.

Spr. Miſs *Lucre!* She's my wife, ſir, and I don't think it ſafe to truſt her with you.

Lit. Your wife, ſir!

Spr. Yes my wife, ſir.

Lit. I believe you lie, ſir.—How came ſhe to be your wife, ſir.

Spr. I pardon your bad manners, becauſe you are ſufficiently puniſh'd another way.——And I'll tell you, it was her own inclinations, your licence, and a little of the black art that Mr. *Saygrace* uſed, that made her my wife.

Lit. My licence, ſir, ——that's in my pocket.

Spr. With all my heart, you may think ſo if you pleaſe.

Lit. (*Looks on it.*) Hey-dey, legerdemain, this is a damn'd impoſition; ſir, you have cheated me, this is not the licence I gave you to read: ——but I'll be reveng'd, I'll ruin you, you might as well have meddled with the devil as with a lawyer.

Spr. I believe they are both alike, they love power, and hate mercy: ——but I'm pretty ſafe, the diſcharge protects me.

Lit. O death, I'm fool'd every way; hearkye, *Tunbelly*, get me your priſoners, or I'll wreck all my fury on you.

Spr. I tell you, Mr. *Litigious*, theſe two fellows were honeſter men than yourſelf; it was I brought them to your houſe as a bait to draw you out, in order to accompliſh my deſign.

Lit. I'm ruin'd undone.

However, to the law I'll have recourſe,
And fetch up miſchiefs from its fruitful ſource,
And at your heads bend their vindictive force!

Exit, in a rage.

Tunb. And where have you left the bride?

Spr. She is——I cannot ſtay now,——*Sparkly* will tell you. *Tunb.*

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Tunb. You're devilish hot upon't. —I was just the same, when I marry'd my *Molly*.

Enter Sparkly,

O, sir, your servant, do you see who comes yonder?

Spar. Damn it, is not that *Betty* and her bantling under her arm?

Tunb. It is then, in *propria persona*.

Spar. Pox confound her, she follows me like an apparition, I thought I had conjur'd her down this morning; but I find she's risen again to haunt me.

Tunb. Your conjuring her down, is like throwing a bone to a dog, he'll squat down till he knaws it, and then get up and look for more.

Spar. 'Tis e'en so; however, I'll make to cover, and do you try to dodge her off the scent.

Tunb. I shall always be ready to serve you, (*Exit* Sparkly.) —While I get any thing by it; but by my soul, I won't trouble my head about your affairs now you're going away.

Enter Betty, *and a Child in her Arms.*

Betty. Husha, husha.

AIR. *Aughrim's* Lament.

Ah, little my baby does know,
What makes your poor mother weep,
Your father will go, and leave me in woe;
Oh, husha by baby a-sleep.

Ah, Mr. *Tunbelly*, did you see Mr. *Sparkly*, this morning?

Tunb. Ay, I believe he's gone towards the barracks; you may e'en follow him now, as much as he

he follow'd you before, tho', I fancy, less to the purpose; but I must mind my own business.

Exit.

Betty. Well, I'll complain to Capt. *Jolly*—— yes, I will complain of his cruel usage.

Exit crying.

SCENE. *A Room in the Barrack.*

Capt. Jolly, Sprightly, *and Miss* Fanny.

Capt. Mr. *Sprightly*, I cannot approve of this adventure till I hear what the opposite party have to say; to carry away a man's child without his knowledge or consent, is an action not easily excused. Here comes *Thrifty*; now, madam, your trial comes on.

Enter Thrifty.

Thrif. Ah, *Fanny, Fanny*, little did I think you would have left me in so scandalous a manner!

Capt. How, scandalous! Mr. *Thrifty*.

Thrif. Ah, Captain, is it not a scandalous thing for a child to leave her parents house at midnight to run to a barrack; and is it not a hard case that our children should be taken from us by the very men we pay for protecting us.

Capt. Mr. *Sprightly*, what can you say in your own defence?

Spr. Why, sir, I lov'd the young lady a long time, and wanted to strike a bargain for her person only, which, as she was of age, was at her own disposal. Tho' she gave me no encouragement, yet still I persever'd; at last the lucky minute came, when she consented to make me happy.

AIR.

He that would gain a lady's heart
Must take some time to win it;
With patience he must act his part,
And wait the lucky minute. *I try'd*

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I try'd all methods, us'd all means,
But could make no impreſſion,
Till fortune recompens'd my pains,
And now ſhe's in my poſſeſſion, poſſeſſion.

Capt. This is all very fair, Mr. *Sprightly*. What can you ſay to juſtify yourſelf?

Thrif. Ay, niece, what can you ſay for yourſelf, why did you abandon me? Was I not always a fond and a kind parent?

Miſs. I did not abandon you, till I found that you had reſolved upon my ruin; then, ſelf-preſervation got the better of that duty I always did, and always will pay you. I never gave this gentelman any encouragement; (tho' I may now own I lov'd him tenderly) becauſe, I thought my duty forbad me. And what was the conſequence? I was to be marry'd to a brute, that never thought it worth his while to pay me a civil compliment; this made me cloſe with the propoſals which I had dally'd with before.

AIR.

That maid may often be beguil'd,
That looks for too much wooing;
For had not fate propitious ſmil'd,
I had been plung'd in ruin.
I always lov'd the charming ſwain,
Yet wou'd make no confeſſion; ——
But ſince I'm ſafe I'll not complain,
My all is in my poſſeſſion, poſſeſſion.

Capt. Well, Mr. *Thriſty*, you ſee how matters ſtand. It is no uncommon thing to ſee a bird fly into a man's boſom to ſhun the pounces of a hawk.

Thrif. I proteſt, and that's true, Captain. But Mr. *Litigious* is very rich, and in a good way of making money.

Capt.

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Capt. So are the mountains in *Peru* very rich, would you therefore think her happy to be buried in one of them.

Thrif. I proteſt there's ſomething in that; —— but I wanted her to live, and enjoy his riches.

Capt. When a man locks up his treaſures from himſelf, do you think he'll give his wife the keys to keep?

Thrif. I proteſt, Captain, there's a great deal in that.

Enter Sparkly.

Capt. Come, come, Mr. *Thrifty*, *Sprightly* is a gentleman, and has good relations, from whom he may expect ſomething valuable; his commiſſion qualifies him to keep company with his general, as he may be a general himſelf yet, and then he will come trundling to your door in his coach and ſix.

Thrif. I proteſt, that's every thing. —Well, Mr. *Sprightly*, if you will love my niece, and, niece, if you will make a dutiful wife, I'll leave you all I am worth when I die, and, may be, give you ſomething in the mean time.

Both. We thank you, ſir, and deſire your bleſſing

Thrif. I will bleſs you, and pray for you too. —Come and kiſs me. —I proteſt you're a good handſome young fellow, and I'm ſure, my niece will be pleaſed in a morning to ſee a pretty face on the ſame bolſter with her.

Spar. I'll warrant ſhe'll be well pleaſed in a morning more ways than one.

Enter Betty *with a Child.*

Capt. Who are you? What do you want?

Betty. Ah, ſir, this is Mr *Sparkly*'s child, and he won't marry me as he promiſed.

Capt.

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Capt. Ha, ha, ha, Marry you! What has he to expect that he has not got already? —Have you any thing to give him, to bribe him into fetters? —Harkye, *Sparkly*, is this your child?

Spar. No, sir.

Capt. How, not yours!

Spar. No, indeed sir, I made her a present of my share of it, and much good may it do her.

Capt. Plain, plain; harkye, child, go get a good nursing, or ship yourself off to *Jamaica*, that boy will bring you in a roll or two of tobacco, and that will be so much clear gains; and then you'll have a chance for a good husband, of a negro, if the worst should happen.

Betty. But I hope, sir, you'll do me justice.

Capt. I would do all the justice that lies in my power between the soldier and the subject; but when people break through all laws, and all order, the least they can expect is, that their crime should be their punishment. What do you think, madam?

Miss. As she is one of my own sex, weak and frail, I pitty her; but as she found forty examples against her for one in her favour, she ought to have taken warning: but since others could not warn her, I hope she'll be a warning to others.

Betty. I hope, sir, you'll consider that if I be guilty, he is more so; and therefore, should bear a proportionable part of the expence; I'll do what industry I can, I am willing to punish my self, and so ought he too, that we may both be frightened from such practices for the future.

Capt. That's a good girl, I begin to like you. Harkye, *Sparkly*, you must do something for the child. ——Have you got any money?

Spar. Not much, sir, ——here's five guineas, and some silver.

Capt. Give her that, —and I'll tell you what you must do more, —give me your cash note for

ten pounds, and I'll advance the money now; as it is a charitable action, I hope Mr *Thrifty* will take it in truſt, and put it to intereſt for the uſe of the child; the intereſt will keep him in coats, and the principal will put him out an apprentice, when he will be fit for it.

Thrift. I proteſt, Captain, I'll do it with pleaſure.

Capt. Well, *Sparkly*, go and draw the note.

Spar. Yes, ſir.

Enter Paddy.

Capt. So, honeſt *Paddy*, how do you do?

Pad. *Arrah* by my own conſcience, at your honour's ſervice. Mr. *Sprightly* honey, I wiſh you a great deal of joy—and Madam *Sprightly*, are you there! O, by the honour of my profeſſion, one of the pretty babies that vas dancing in your eyes yeſterday, is gone to take his lodging ſomewhere elſe.

Spr. O fie, *Paddy*! you make her bluſh.

Pad. I beg ten thouſand pardons, mainter honey. But, ſir, (*whiſpering loud*) How does Mr. *Thrifty* like the match?

Spr. O, very well, we are all well pleaſed and happy; and you ſhall be happy too.

Pad. *Toll lol derall lall.* (Capering.) O ho, let *Paddy* alone, by my ſhoul, I had always good luck in every match I made——but my own.

Capt. How happen'd that, *Paddy?*

Pad. Why, ſir, I marry'd a ſort of a poor gentlevomans, that bring me nothing, but big vords and little ſhildren, and the divel a thing ſhe can do, but curſe her fate for marrying the likes of me.

Capt. Poor *Paddy!* (*The drums beats, he looks at his watch.*) 'Tis four o'clock, we muſt march.

Mr,

Mr. *Sprightly*, you may ſtay with your fair ſpouſe till I write for you. ——And ——

Thrift. I proteſt, Captain, you ſhall not go till you drink a pint of old hock with me.

Capt. With all my heart. —*Sparkly*, do you march the men off the parade—I'll ſoon overtake you, ——

Spar. Yes, ſir, —and here is the caſh note.

Capt. 'Tis very well, —I'll ſettle the affair at Mr. *Thrifty*'s. —You may come, girl, and ſee it finiſh'd.

Betty. God almighty bleſs you all, worthy gentlemen.

Capt. Paddy, farewell. (*Gives money.*) You uſed to be an arch dog at ſinging a ſong extempore. Come, let us have one verſe at parting.

Paddy. *O by my ſhoul brave ſhentlemen,*
I never ſhall ſee your ſuch again;
Then joy be vid you night and day,
Over the hills and far away.

They go off laughing. ——*Paddy* remains and ſpeaks the Epilogue.

The EPILOGUE.

LADIES and ſhentlemen the play is done,
The company that made the ſport is gone.
The author ſtrove to teach me ſame fine verſes,
Of epilogue —— and plague me vid rehearſes.
The words were wery fine, and wery hard ones,
About excuſes, 'pologies and pardons;
But by my ſhoul, I now forgot them quite.
Sloan lief a leigg —— *I wiſh you all good night,*

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POEMS

ON

RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

MONSIEUR DES BARREAUX' celebrated Hymn, quoted by Mr. *Addison* in the 513th *Spectator*.

GRand Dieu, tes jugemens ſont remplis d'equité ;
Toûjours tu prens plaiſir à nous être propice.
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, ſans choquer ta juſtice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impieté
Ne laiſſe à ton pouvoir que le chaix du ſupplice :
Ton intereſt s' oppoſe à ma felicité ;
Et ta clemence meme attend que je periſſe.
Contente ton deſir, puis qu' il t' eſt glorieux ;
Offenſe toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux ;
Tonne, frappe, il eſt tems, rens moi guerre pour guerre ;
J' adore en periſſant la raiſon qui t' aigrit.
Mais deſſus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne ſoit tout couvert du ſang de JESUS CHRIST ?

Attempted

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Attempted in English.

I.

THY judgments, Lord, with equity are crow'nd;
'Tis thy delight to be forever kind:
But oh! my crimes so horribly abound,
That were thy goodness to forgive inclin'd,
'Twould shock the justice of thy Sov'reign Mind.
Yes, yes, my God, I'm such a rebel grown,
Nought's left thee, but a proper doom to find:
To give me glory, were to hurt thy own;
Thy very mercy waits to see me overthrown.

II.

Since then thy glory does my doom require,
Fulfil thy mind, and to thy wrath give way!
Let my sad flowing tears ev'n feed thine ire:
Hurl, blast with thunder! strike without delay!
Strike ('tis high time;) and war with war repay:
With dying voice I'll own thy judgments good,
And yet with dying voice presume to say,
Where-e'er thy thunder falls, 'twill meet a flood
To quench its hottest flames, ev'n my dear SAVIOUR's blood.

M.

A Receipt to cure Lust.

TAKE two eyes-full, until they run over, with tears;
Take, all you can say with devotion, of pray'rs;
Take, of fasting as much as your body will bear;
Mix all these together with caution and care:
Set them o'er a slow fire of self-examination,
And keep them still stirring with close application,
This will quench all inord'nate desires so well,
They will not hereafter need quenching in hell.

M.

The

The Author's own Epitaph.

HERE lies M——w D——n, a man much expos'd,
For aiming at good, but miſtaking the means:
Whoſe labours in Chriſt had been happily clos'd,
Could his ſkill in addreſs but have equal'd his pains.

Was the rich man's contempt but the poor man's delight,
Was one of great zeal, but of no great diſcretion:
Was very ſincere, but not very polite;
And both knew too well, and too ill his profeſſion.

M.

The Angel's Meſſage to the Shepherds, LUKE ii.

I.

BEHOLD I bring (the angel cries)
Good tidings full of joy,
Which ſoon will ev'ry ear ſurprize,
And ev'ry tongue employ.

II.

For to you all, this bleſſed morn,
(From heav'n I bring you word)
In Bethle'm, David's town, is born
A Saviour, Chriſt the Lord.

III.

And this to you a ſign ſhall be,
(Let trial now be made)
Him wrapt in ſwaddling cloaths, you'll ſee,
And in a manger laid.

IV.

He ſpoke, and ſtreight a num'rous croud
Of angels round him throng,
With accents ſweet, and voices loud,
All chant this heav'nly ſong.

Glory

V.

Glory to God in heav'n above,
And peace to men on earth;
Reſtor'd to his good will and love
By this moſt happy birth.

On GOOD FRIDAY.

I.

THIS day my Lord did ſhed his blood
To purchaſe Heav'n for me:
And won't I labour to be good
That I in Heav'n may be?

II.

To ſin I'll die, to God I'll live,
As Chriſt has done before:
And as he roſe, ſo I'll revive,
With him to die no more. M.

The Ten Commandments.

1. I Am the Lord of all, one God ſupreme,
Then let no other my juſt glory claim.
2. By images, I will not worſhip'd be,
Such low ideas are unworthy me.
3. My awful name with higheſt rev'rence uſe;
The bold offender I will ne'er excuſe.
4. One day in ſeven muſt devoted be
To reſt, to prayers, and praiſes paid to me.
5. Thoſe who protect and guide you muſt be paid,
Reliev'd in want, lov'd, honour'd, and obey'd.
6. From murther keep your hands, for I have ſaid,
That heinous ſin, ſhall be in kind repaid.
7. Let not thy luſt unlawfully delight
To injure innocence, and ſacred right.
8. Let cheating, theft, and robbery be ſuppreſs'd,
That property may ſafely be poſſeſs'd.

9. Avoid

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9. Avoid tale-bearing, ſlander, hurtful lies,
All bad, but worſe when back'd with perjuries.
10. Thou ſhalt not covet, with a greedy mind,
Thy neighbour's property of any kind.

The Slavery of the Mind. An Epiſtle.

IT vexes me, O R———, when I ſee
Men chain'd and manacled who might be free:
'Tis not the body, which may often feel
The weight of iron bolts, and bars of ſteel;
It is the mind I mean, and chains of vice,
Put on by paſſion, will, or prejudice.
A man may oft be locally confin'd,
Cramm'd in a jail, with freedom in his mind:
His thoughts may freely traverſe land and ſea,
To planetary orbits wing their way.
Howe'er the lump of clay may be confin'd,
Nor law, nor tyrant can enſlave the mind.
And yet the mind is too too oft a ſlave
To ſome deluding wench, or flatt'ring knave:
Sometimes ambition gets the deadly hold,
Sometimes it pants beneath a load of gold:
Sometimes the ſhameful vaſſalage depends
On great progenitors, and mighty friends:
A ſlave ſometimes to oſtentatious cloaths;
The caſe of women, puny fops, and Beaux:
A craving palate often ſinks the ſoul
In coſtly viands, or the flowing bowl.
Oh grief! to ſee the ſenſual appetite,
O'er reaſon triumph, and obſcure its light!
And yet the mind is ne'er enſlaved thus,
Till yielding reaſon writes its Mittimus.
Temptations ſcarcely cover half the hook;
But we run eager on, and will not look.
And thus knight errants quit their native home,
And, ſeeking troubleſome adventures, roam;

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Fall in the pow'r of witches, fiends, and elves,
Or in enchanted caſtles plunge themſelves:
There muſt they lie in adamantine chains,
Till ſome ſuperior one their liberty regains.
Oh may that Being all our ills diſperſe,
Who from a chaos form'd an univerſe!

Let reaſon ſit as judge, let reaſon ſpeak;
We'll find the charm, the whole enchantment weak.
Muſt we have women—reaſon ſays, that *muſt*
Depends on beauty or intemp'rate luſt.
Beauty at beſt is but a tinctur'd ſkin;
For queens no fairer are than queans within:
And luſt beſpeaks a mind deprav'd and dull;
Rivall'd by ev'ry ſparrow, goat, and bull.

Flatt'ry ſets up an idol in our place,
Gilds the bad mind, and mends the ugly face;
And yet the beauteous mind, the charming frame
Are only in conceit—— we're ſtill the ſame.

When reaſon ſets ambition up to view,
We find its cares in ſhoals, its pleaſures few.
He that would climb a hill, may ſpurn the plains,
Yet he muſt creep up each poor inch he gains:
When at the top arriv'd—juſt out of breath,
He's tumbled down by juſtice, fraud, or death.

And gold—emphatically ſtil'd thick clay,
Which Indians, bleſt with reaſon, fling away.
They will not ſweat beneath the pond'rous mass;
But chuſe to ſhine in feathers, ſhells, or glaſs.
Great blood's a jeſt, the beſt that ever ran,
Is that which animates an honeſt man.
See Miſs, and Fribble, in the chilling froſts,
Skim in their ſilks and look as pale as ghoſts.
To pleaſe another's eye—if they were wiſe,
They would look ruddy, and go wrapt in frize.

But huge Apicius cannot ſtir abroad,
O'ercharg'd with fat, he ſinks beneath the load;
Yet from his chains, he ſeeks not to eſcape;
Is, miſer-like, ſtill adding to the heap.

And

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And yet thy carcaſs, inconſiderate aſs,
Muſt have ſome limits which it cannot paſs;
Thy blood oppreſt with crudities muſt pine,
And nature ſickens in the fumes of wine.
O *R*——, raiſe your mind to nobler things,
True happineſs from ſolid virtue ſprings.
Is beauty and a fortune worth your care?
See blooming virtue, ever lovely, fair.
Her fortune—numbers can't expreſs the ſum,
A glorious portion in the world to come.
All earthly grandeur, could it all unite,
Would yield in glory to one ſaint in light.
Some earthly things demand our conſtant care,
Our daily labour, and our daily pray'r;
Plain food and raiment, loving friends, and health;
The poor man's comfort and the poor man's wealth.
If theſe are good thank the Omnipotent:
If bad, ſtill thank your God, and be content

The bending Reed.

SEE yonder reed, which now and then
Peeps o'er the ſtream and dips again;
When calm the air, and water low,
It ſtands upright and makes a ſhow:
But ev'ry blaſt, and little wave
Redips it in its watery grave.
Our faith, our friendſhip, and our love,
Such bending reeds too often prove.

The plain Argument.

THE man who denies future torments, and bliſs,
And thinks there's no life to ſucceed after this,
May chance to be right, yet may be at the pains
To balance on both ſides, his loſs and his gains.
For reader (as preface) I'll tell you in brief,
My nurſe bred me up in a diff'rent belief:

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A ſtrict education has lace'd me ſo ſtrait,
That I ſcarcely have room for a future debate,
And yet I don't think my Religion implicit;
I'll give you my reaſon tho' *Atheiſts* may hiſs it.
The chriſtian religion is ſtill underſtood
To advance to the higheſt the common-wealth's good:
It ſweetens the husband, the friend, and the neighbour,
Our induſtry quickens, and forwards our labour;
It raiſes our ſpirits, depreſſes our cares,
It covets not riches, nor poverty fears.
A very ſmall pittance may fully ſuffice;
Contentment the place of a fortune ſupplies:
Nor is it repugnant to well gotten wealth,
No foe to calm joys, nor deſtructive of health
Nor do we relinquiſh our hopes with our breath;
But boldly puſh on thro' the terrors of death,
In hopes of a heaven, which if we obtain,
How ſmall is our labour, how great is our gain?
Suppoſe we're deceiv'd in our hopes, our oppoſers
Shou'd ſhew every item, wherein we are loſers.
In keeping religion, they'll ſay (to be ſure)
We loſe the delights of the bottle and whore;
The ſweets of revenge, and the pleaſures of gaming,
And ſwearing fine oaths, which the prieſts are ſtill blaming;
Nor can we indulge in what nature requires,
When always bug-bear'd with unquenchable fires.
Whilſt they, with more wit, preſent happineſs chuſe,
And freely enjoy all the pleaſures we loſe;
To nature and caprice and paſſions give way,
No matter what conſcience, and clergymen ſay.
If this is their heaven, we'll never agree!
Such troubles, and miſchiefs we conſtantly ſee
Attending on gaming, intemp'rance, and luſt;
As ſickneſs, pains, poverty, wounds, and diſguſt,
Sure

Sure pleaſures, ſo follow'd, deſerve no regard,
Tho' virtue had only itſelf for reward.
But if we are right, what muſt atheiſts expect?
Who trample on love, and ſalvation neglect.
I tremble to think on the hazard they run,
Of being for ever, and ever undone. T.

The 131ſt *Pſalm Paraphras'd extempore.*

I.

WHate'er men think, thou Lord, doſt know,
(Who judgeſt not by outward ſhow)
That, if my heart e'er lifted be,
'Tis not with pride, but 'tis to thee.

II.

Or if aloft I caſt my eyes,
'Tis not that others I deſpiſe;
But wrapt in thoughts of love and praiſe,
To heav'n my wond'ring looks I raiſe.

III.

I never fann'd ambition's fire,
Nor did to dang'rous heights aſpire.
I own for higher things I ſtrove,
But then 'twas for the things above.

IV.

For how can I be ſwol'n with pride,
Who am ſo th'roughly mortify'd?
Whoſe ſoul is, like a weaned child,
Grown humble, lowly, calm, and mild.

V.

Let *Iſrael's* hope, like mine be ſhewn
To reſt on God, and God alone;
Let it to future worlds extend,
And only in enjoyment end. M.

A divine Ode. Integer vitæ, &c. Hor.

IF innocence, and virtue are
My boſom friends, what need I fear?

If

If I, enroll'd among the juſt,
On the Almighty's ſuccour truſt;
In dangers I'll not be afraid,
My pray'rs to God will bring me aid.
Suppoſe that I were ſhipwreck'd on
The torrid, or the frozen zone:
The fiery heats would be allay'd,
And ſtormy winters gentle made.
Tho' all the ſavage foes of man,
In dreadful howlings round me ran;
Struck with a reverential awe,
They durſt not lift the rending paw.
Tho' ſwift wing'd vengeance from the ſky,
In gloomy terrors round me fly;
To execute, by God's command,
His judgments on a guilty land:
Tho' thouſands fall on ev'ry ſide,
I wou'd not once be terrify'd.
But the firſt act of goodneſs ſhown,
Shou'd charm my love to God alone;
And ev'ry after-act ſhou'd prove
A motive to enhance that love.

T.

A Hymn, or Prayer.

I.

ALMIGHTY God, our only good,
Our minds would ſtill be fix'd on thee;
If wonder, awe, or gratitude,
Could make our blind affections ſee.

II.

Thy works which we already know,
Expreſs thy wiſdom, power, and love:
Rich attributes which freely flow,
In which all mankind ſharers prove.

III.

And yet thy holy truths relate
Much greater bleſſings ſtill behind;

An

An heav'nly and ete
For thy adopted

In thinking on thefe
What raptures ſhc
An extaſy which far
The burning ſera

Yet I look coldly o'
As if no part bel
O God, when will
To make my bli

Almighty father, fi
With flaming lov
O wing my ſoul that
From earthly thi

WHEN thro' t
The wond'ri
When thro' the wild
The rock diſſolv'd a
Almighty God !
Where floods of vic
Stop their o'erwhelm
And melt my ſtony

Written in the Praye

N*Upta duos bis ja*
Andream amiſi

Two husband's nam
Andrew indeed I lo

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On our present State, Death, and Futurity.

I.

WHY does my soul with horror shrink,
When I reflect on death?
Because I do not rightly think,
Or exercise my faith.

II.

The soul of man a free-will hath
To follow good or ill;
Then we have nature, reason, faith,
To influence that will.

III.

By nature we must chuse some good,
In good we must rejoice;
But dread of ill, or passions rude,
Too often spoils our choice.

IV.

And then, how easy grows the mind,
Of some small good possest,
When reason, and religion join'd,
Should urge us to the best.

V.

Besides, the small, the fancy'd good
May usher in some ill:
Which shews that faith, and reason shou'd
Be guardians of the will.

VI.

The speckled snake, with lovely skin,
May please the infant mind;
But oh! what dangers lurk within,
The fatal sting's behind.

VII.

Life is a good we must allow,
For some wise purpose giv'n:
But to what end, let reason shew,
And faith point out a heav'n.

VIII.

Were we sent here with ills t' engage,
And act our passions o'er;

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To

To fret our hours upon the ſtage,
And then be ſeen no more?

IX.

If ſo—brutes happier are than we,
Who no reflections know;
If reaſon only lets us ſee
Our impotence and woe.

X.

But reaſon ſtill has more to do,
For when ſhe looks abroad;
She can the whole creation view,
And let us ſee a God.

XI.

That offers to the gloomy ſoul
A comfortable ſight:
That ſhews God's pow'r beyond controul,
His wiſdom infinite.

XII.

That ſhews the goodneſs of his hand,
To ev'ry thing that lives;
Whate'er their various wants demand,
He plentifully gives.

XIII.

And in return for this, we find
In ev'ry time and place,
All creatures act their part aſſign'd,
Except the human race.

XIV.

If God to brutes an inſtinct gave,
Which all the brutes obey;
We want this inſtinct and ſhould have
His will ſome other way.

XV.

If brutes by inſtinct guided are,
To ev'ry end deſign'd;
Is man alone beneath the care
Of the creator's mind?

XVI.

This inſtinct is the divine will,
On ev'ry brute impreſt;

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Which far ſurpaſſes human ſkill,
In acting for the beſt.

XVII.

The bee, with mathematick art,
Contrives its little cell;
What man can act ſo wiſe a part?
Let boaſted reaſon tell.

XVIII.

Some of our birds can wing their ways,
To coaſts they never knew;
By inſtinct led o'er pathleſs ſeas:
This reaſon cannot do.

XIX.

How can the landman croſs the ſeas,
Without the ſailors ſkill?
Or how can we our maker pleaſe,
Unleſs we know his will?

XX.

We have, we have our makers will
With demonſtration given;
Which bids us ſhun eternal ill,
And boldly ſeek a heav'n.

XXI.

Accordingly—ſome men we ſee,
In virtuous ways advance.
O may I die like them and be
A ſharer in their chance.

XXII.

A heav'n remains for thoſe, who make
God's holy will their own;
Thoſe, who in ſuff'ring for his ſake,
Have faith and patience ſhown.

XXIII.

But men who walk in wicked ways,
And proffer'd mercy ſcorn,
It had been good for ſuch as theſe,
If they had ne'er been born.

XXIV.

Attend my ſoul to what is ſaid,
Behold both good and ill:

Call

Call all thy reason to thy aid
And God's revealed will.

XXV.

There is a life of peace and love,
Replete with heav'nly joy:
Here various ills our passions move,
And all our peace destroy.

XXVI.

There is a life we may employ
In endless scenes of bliss.
Why don't I seek that life with joy,
With joy relinquish this?

XXVII.

Why don't I wish to see the dawn
Of everlasting light?
And long to have the curtain drawn,
That intercepts my sight?

XXVIII.

Why don't I long to be with Christ,
And in his glory share?
There pleasures evermore exist,
Eternal joys are there.

XXIX.

These to describe—the viewing saint,
Own'd all his utt'rance fail'd:
That all his language could not paint
The glories there reveal'd.

XXX.

Then think on this, O fearful heart,
Be comforted, and sing:
O life to come how sweet thou art!
O death, where is thy sting?

The sick Penitent's Prayer.

TO thee, good God, at last, tho' late, I turn,
Not for my sickness, but my sins I mourn:
For all my crimes thy mercies I implore;
And to those mercies thou hast shown before,
Add but the grace, that I may sin no more. Pardon,

Pardon, oh! pardon my transgressions past,
Lord, I repent! make my repentance last.
Let me once more this mortal race begin,
Let me live on, but not live on to sin:
I beg thy goodness to prolong my breath;
And give me life, but to prepare for death:
Which if thy heav'nly wisdom thinks unfit,
Thy will be done, I willingly submit.
But then let mercy bear the sov'reign sway,
Let justice throw her flaming sword away,
Or man will ne'er abide that dreadful day.
O! by the cross and passion of thy Son;
By that dear blood, which our redemption cost;
By his ascension to thy heav'nly throne;
And by the coming of the Holy Ghost;
My soul deliver from the wrath to come,
I' th' hour of death, and in the day of doom. H.

An Epistle from —— to —— a Libertine.

YOU tell me, (and you tell me true)
'Tis pleasure which we all pursue:
But all the matter is to know
What is, and is not truly so;
You talk of wenching, drinking, gaming,
And other pleasures not worth naming,
Which, tho' they seem your *summum bonum*,
I vow, I'm half asham'd to own 'em.
These acts of bodily sensation,
May gain in part our approbation;
And should, sometimes, admittance find,
In order to unbend the mind;
And if they're us'd without a crime,
May pass as pleasures for a time:
The chearful glass, the pleasant wife,
And merry game, refreshes life;
But ne'er indulge them to excess,
Their end is only chearfulness.

Excess

Excess of watching makes you fropp
To women freaks, and turn their dupe;
Excess of drink decays your health,
Destroys your reason, time, and wealth.
Excess of gaming too, you'll find,
Will waste your purse and peace of mind:
Such pleasures let a man disdain,
That are attended thus with pain.
" These pleasures set aside (you'll say)
" How can I pass my time away."
Why, sir, I'll tell you what I'd do,
And what I'd recommend to you;
Sometimes the scaly fish I'd catch,
And sometimes join a hunting match;
Or else with gun, or net, or snare
Trapan the wand'rers of the air;
In this I'd have a double view,
A real use, and pleasure too.
Then musick, painting, drawing, building,
And mathematicks I'd be skill'd in,
Which would agreeably amuse,
And have besides, its real use.
Then with a chearful hum'rous friend,
I'd many a pleasant ev'ning spend;
This is what I myself would do,
And what I'd recommend to you.
You may sometimes let mirth prevail,
And laugh at *Ramsay*'s merry tale:
Read *Shakespear*, *Congreve*, *Prior*, *Gay*,
With hum'rous *Swift*, and *Rabelay*;
With *Butler*'s rhymes, and *Farquhar*'s plays,
And such diverting books as these;
Sweet *Pope*, with numbers most refin'd,
Will certainly delight your mind;
And *Addison*, with sense and stile,
Will any tedious hour beguile;
And if the muse attends your call,
Write something of your own, withal.

But there are pleaſures ſtill behind,
Pleaſures which moſt improve the mind;
Search into nature's ſecret laws,
For each effect to find a cauſe:
Their harmony will let you know,
What wiſdom could contrive them ſo.
As ſun-beams when they ſtrike our ſight,
Make viſible their ſource of light.
The ſweeteſt path, that e'er was trod
Is up from nature's works to God;
The journey certainly will pleaſe,
And raiſe to virtue by degrees:
From ſtrength, to ſtrength, until you come
Unto the Pow'r Supream, with whom
There is a plenitude of joy,
And pleaſures which will never cloy:
You'll ne'er exhauſt the endleſs ſtore;
Theſe pleaſures laſt for evermore.

T.

A Second Epiſtle from —— to ——

WHEN matters to our wiſh ſucceed,
How joyfully the news we read?
When it concerns ſome friend we love,
This greatly does our joys improve;
And more ſo, when that very friend,
Does of himſelf the tydings ſend:
Theſe circumſtances all agree
T' endear your welcome lines to me.
How overjoy'd am I to find
You are reforming to my mind;
And have already ſet about
The precepts, which I pointed out;
And yet your work's but half begun,
Until you know what ills to ſhun:
E're you a good foundation lay,
The rubbiſh muſt be clear'd away:
For if you build on dirt and ſand,
You can't expect your work will ſtand.

If

If you would any good produce,
You muſt ſhun ev'ry thing that's looſe.
And firſt, you muſt reſolve to drop
The company of ev'ry ſop;
Whoſe poliſh'd converſation ſoars
No higher up than dogs, and whores,
Balls, ſeranades, and fighting cocks,
Race-horſes, drinking, claps and pox.
With theſe——a laugh, and impudence,
Supply the want of truth, and ſenſe.
With theſe——religion's all a cheat,
Meer prieſtcraft and a trick of ſtate;
Which with ill-natur'd grins they hoot,
Or with triumphant laugh confute.
Important laugh,—how truly fit
To ſhew their learning, teeth, and wit.
Now take my laſt and beſt advice,
Uſe ſparingly drink, cards, and dice:
For in exceſs, beſides th' expence,
They are of dang'rous conſequence,
Producing often brawls, and lies,
With quarrels, oaths, and blaſphemies.
Were I to parcel out the ſum
Of ills t' avoid, they would not come
Within the compaſs of a letter,
Beſides, good books will teach you better.
And firſt, you muſt the ſcriptures read,
But let it be with cautious heed:
Obſerve the precepts plainly preſt,
And practiſe theſe, and drop the reſt;
For God will no account demand,
Of what we cannot underſtand.
What miſchief to themſelves, and others,
Have men made by their learned pothers:
For each opinionative head,
Is like the * tyrant's iron bed;

Each

* Procruſtes

Each text muſt ſtretch or loſe its limbs,
To tally with their various whims;
A bit of bread has rais'd a flood
Of arguments, and chriſtian blood;
Some tell us, that a prieſt can make
A God, out of a bit of cake;
And, if the baker find him ſtuff,
May make you deities enough;
But how can either prieſt, or baker,
Or both together make their maker.
Some men have argu'd, and made war,
To bring all clergy to a par;
And others by a great majority,
To biſhops give ſuperiority.
Whilſt others of pretended merit,
Allow no clergy but the ſpirit.
Some give lay elders right divine,
And with Genevan models join:
Whilſt others argue, they were bred
No higher up than *Calvin*'s head:
Some hold ſeven ſacraments, ſome two,
Some none at all; can all be true?
And therefore leſt you go aſtray,
Be you indiff'rent ev'ry way.
What you, yourſelf, can clearly read,
And underſtand, make that your creed:
But never truſt another's ſkill,
Unleſs it's prov'd infallible.
Next read the works of thoſe divines,
In whom a courſe of learning ſhines;
Who free from all polemick jars,
(The ſources of religious wars)
Preach up good will and peace on earth;
Heav'ns gift at the Meſſiah's birth,
Who make the chriſtian faith agree
With reaſon, and morality.
And tho' religion ſoars more high,
Than moral reas'ning e'er could fly:

Yet

Yet ſtill with reaſon it muſt cloſe,
It may exceed, but not oppoſe:
For faith explicit, ne'er can fix
On, what our reaſon contradicts.
But I'll give o'er my poor directions,
And leave you to your own reflections;
And may the God of peace, and love,
You in each happy thought improve:
And by his ſpirit guide you thro'
The various taſks you have to do;
Till you in glory are ſet down,
Rewarded with a heav'nly crown;
With cordial zeal, and wiſhes fervent,
So prays your very humble ſervant. T.

The Solitaire.

SURE converſation was by heav'n deſign'd,
To be a ſocial tye for human kind;
In *Eden*'s walks the firſt created pair,
Convers'd with honeſt tongues, and hearts ſincere:
Thus in the golden age, which poets feign,
(O could we ſee that age of gold again!)
The binding vow, and ever ſacred oath,
For paſt, or future truth, aſcertain'd both.
The heart gave words, the words gave deeds as ſure,
The ſpring was perfect, and the ſtream was pure.
But ſoon in fouleſt channels language ran,
When lies, falſe vows, and perjuries began.
Friendſhip's now dwindled down to falſe pretence,
And villainy is robe'd like innocence;
Fraud, falſhood, luſt, and treach'ry wear the dreſs
Of truth, and honour, love, and gentleneſs.
Poor exil'd truth! that only deigneſt to ſtay
To guide the ſaint along the heav'nly way,
Or teach keen ſatyr, what ſhe ought to ſay.
But oh! what reſidence can virtue chuſe,
Or where is peace and ſafety for the muſe?

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Peace muſt be found where paſſions ne'er intrude,
And ſafety muſt be ſought in SOLITUDE.
Hail SOLITUDE! I'll fly thee, faithleſs MAN;
And for my conduct fix the following plan,
In lonely walks ſome leiſure hours I'll waſte,
Without offence to man,—or God, at leaſt.
In reading uſeful books ſometime I'll ſpend,
For here I meet the honeſt eaſy friend,
Who with my various humours will diſpenſe,
Can be diſcharg'd without the leaſt offence:
Can entertain me, while I'm ſo diſpos'd,
But when I ſay I'm tir'd, his lips are clos'd.
In gay parterres I'll paſs ſome pleaſant hours,
To view the the various dyes of diff'rent flow'rs;
To mark their ſpring, and bloom, their riſe, and fall,
Then praiſe the wiſdom that contriv'd them all.
Then for variety I'll ſometimes ſtray,
Where confluent waters cut their liquid way;
Upon the margin take my ſilent ſtand,
And ſweet amuſements find on ev'ry hand:
To ſee the ſun, and clouds beneath the tide;
And trees inverted on the farther ſide;
Then by perſpective rules examine why
Theſe double viſions ſtrike the wond'ring eye.
Then in clear ſtreams, to ſee the ſcaly throng,
Shine pervious to the eye, and ſcud along.
Thus by th' immortal *Boyn* I've ſometime ſtood,
To view the beauties of the chriſtal flood:
But moſtly, near that memorable place,
Where thou, great *William*, met the ſtream's em-
brace;
Upon the farther bank majeſtic roſe,
Amidſt the fire, and fury of thy foes,
Thy Troops, inſpir'd by thee, made no delay,
Nor fire, nor water, could retard their way:
Led on by thee, they dar'd th' unequal fight,
Soon victors prov'd, and put their foes to flight.

That

That day, religion was to us reſtor'd,
And liberty by thy all conquering ſword.
The obeliſk, erected to thy name,
Will ſcarcely laſt ſo long as thy immortal fame.
But what avails the liberty you gave,
While each man to his paſſions is a ſlave?
What boots it what religion we profeſs,
We know but little, and we practiſe leſs.
Think not, great ſpirit, we your favours ſlight,
You gave us bleſſings, could we uſe them right.
Regret not, ſince we treat our Maker worſe,
And often turn his bleſſings to a curſe.
Abſtracted from all noiſe, all jars, and ſtrife,
I'll ſtrive to lead a calm, and quiet life.
Shun all the ill I can, do all the good,
And ev'n in crouds enjoy my SOLITUDE.

THOUGHTS ON Various SUBJECTS.

NO man ought to help his friend when juſtice is on the oppoſite ſide, no more than he ought to drive his cattle croſs the mearing to eat his neighbour's graſs.

No man ought to judge an author without he has a ſuperior, or at leaſt an equal capacity. If you weigh any thing with too ſmall a weight, you will always find it too heavy for you.

Love is like a river, where it is shallow and falling it carries nothing with certainty, it makes a great noise and still, which hinders the bottom from being seen; but when it is deep, it is quiet, calm, and strong, and carries a proportion'd weight with safety, and if the bottom can't be seen, it is owing to the quantity and not the quality of the medium.

A good poem, and a good constitution may both suffer by falling into over nice hands, for too much cookery spoils the broth.

An atheist is like a child who shuts his eyes, and goes blindfold for fear of seeing spirits.

The inquisition in popish countries, must put the people into an invincible state of ignorance, and therefore their errors will be winked at, and in the great day of Judgment they may say for themselves what the highland rebel did, when he was told he deserv'd to be hang'd for his rebellion: *No hang her, hang her chief.*

Prerogative and power are useful, so is a cord; but overstretching will spoil both, and he that overstretches the first, ought to be stretched in the second.

Why do we find fault with a plagiary writer? is it because he is a publisher of stolen goods?

M.

A woman is like a great mountain, that appears best at a distance: when you view it afar off all seems smooth and level; but upon a closer inspection, you'll find several parts very rough and disagreeable. M.

He that makes a shew of gentility when the means are gone, is like a field of corn after a violent shake.

Our native Irish have a way of thinking, directly opposite to the Steward in the gospel; his case was,

dig

dig I cannot, to beg I am asham'd; Theirs is, dig I can, to beg I am not asham'd. M.

D—n S—t in his ascribing to his Hoynhnhms the perfection of reason, has not allow'd them the least tincture of religion. He seems in this, to have some regard to himself, lest the old proverb should be turn'd against him, that he had no more religion than a horse. M.

Children under the management of careless and indulgent parents, are like nettles growing under a dead wall.

It is a wonder to some, that men in antient times gave portions for their wives, and now must have portions with them. Is it not as great a wonder to see a man at one time purchasing dung and dirt when it is useful and necessary, and at another time giving money to have it carried away when it becomes a nuisance.

The case of sickness is often like that of a midwife, who comes galloping to us on horseback, but goes off again slowly on foot. M.

Men as they improve in learning, generally grow more silent, and less communicative. Is not this to play the miser, who the more wealth he gets still hoards the more, and still spends the less. M.

How inconsistent are mortals! who in their worldly affairs trust all to the means, and entirely neglect God; and in their spiritual concerns, trust all to God, and entirely neglect the means.

A lover may be compared to a person in drink, who when he is most desirous to speak, is least capable of it, and there is this farther resemblance between love and drinking, that a little of either will make a man fluent and talkative, but a great deal will tie up his tongue, and render him speechless. M.

In our spiritual affairs we should compare ourselves

ſelves with thoſe who are in a better condition; in our temporal affairs, with ſuch as are in a worſe, the one will teach us humility, the other contentment. M.

He that deſires another to tell him his faults, is like one groping the ſeat of a bog-houſe in the dark, ſearching for what he would be loth to find. M.

Tenants, now-a-days, are like white candles, if you pinch them too cloſe, you will make them run. M.

Self-conceit is generally reckoned a great defect, yet it has its advantages; if moſt people entertained no better opinion of themſelves than the generality of their acquaintance do, half the world would hang or down.

An hypocrite is like a ſculler rowing his boat, his face is directed one way while he is ſteering another. M.

The reaſon why we are ſo fond of bringing every body to our way of thinking, is, becauſe we expect thereby to be agreeable to every one. M.

To revenge a private injury by publick authority, is the ſame thing as putting on armour to fight a naked man.

How oft do we meet with men who have ſtops and heſitations in their ſpeech; but a ſtammering woman is as rare as a good one.

As a ſhadow is but a want or privation of the ſun beams, ſo laughter is only the privation of wiſdom, and each increaſes as its oppoſite declines; this is plain from obſervation, an ideot laughs if you hold up your finger to him; but *Solomon*, the wiſeſt man, ſaid of laughter, it is mad, and of mirth what doth it? So that we may ſay, a man has as much laughter as he wants wiſdom.

Ambition neceſſitates men to go through ſeveral mean-

mean-ſpirited actions, as a man that ſits, muſt ſtoop e'er he can riſe.

We ſhould always hope the beſt and provide for the worſt.

Wit is to the mind what tumbling is to the body, both are a kind of exerciſe, and no farther uſeful, than as they give pleaſure to others by new and ſurprizing images that have their foundation in nature. The practitioner in both is always off his guard, and lies open to any enemy that would aſſault him; whereas wiſdom and diſcretion, like the natural and regular motions of the body, capacitates men to live ſafely in this world, and happy in the next. Some men, indeed, live by wit, and tumbling, but they are only an exception to a general rule.

When the world makes little of a man, it is a ſign that he either makes too much, or too little of himſelf. Thus when a carpenter finds the log of wood too big, he hews it down to the ſize he would have it; if too little, he makes nothing of it.

POEMS

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POEMS

ON HUMOROUS

SUBJECTS.

MATTHEO, and HONORA; or, Love's cross Purposes: *A Tale.*

In Three CANTOS.

CANTO I.

I Sing adventures of an ancient date,
Cross-purposes of Love, o'er-ruled by fate:
Tho' old the Tale, 'tis known to very few,
Tho' old the Tale, my verse shall make it new.
Of all the towns, within Iërne's coasts,
Kilkenny justly the precedence boasts,
For many rare advantages, which grace
The happy soil, peculiar to the place;
No smoaky vapours from her coals arise,
To stain her houses, or obscure her skies:
Upon her hills, no hazy fog abides,
Low'ring at top, or flitting round the sides:

No

No mud was ever known to tarnish o'er
The silver bottom of her winding *Nore*.
She likewise boasts her * *Well*, where all the poor
Find nat'ral physick, and a gratis cure.
Hither great numbers flock to wash and pray,
To purge their sickness and their sins away.
Canice, an early saint of great renown,
Gave name to the Cathedral, and the town:
A fair cathedral built with Gothick pride,
A town which ev'ry age has beautify'd;
Her domes and palaces, of marble made,
Her very streets with marble pebbles laid:
Fair must the place be granted, when I tell
That here the Lord *Armando* chose to dwell.
Among Hibernia's sons was none more great,
Since they had ceas'd to fill the regal seat.
So good was he—when ever busy fame
Had time to praise—*Armando* was her theme.
His wife, all Irish ladies did excel,
And was alone *Armando*'s parallel;
Thus join'd, like lights in close conjunction plac'd
Their flame shone clearer and their flame increas'd.
Armando had a squire (for squires were then
Domesticks, which we now call gentlemen)
His name *Matheo*, tho' in friendly chat
He took the more familiar name of *Matt*.
This gentle squire was match'd by very few,
For manly beauty, and good nature too,
Was so obliging both to great and small;
He, in return obtain'd the love of all:
Except *Honora*, long he strove to gain
This virgin's love, but strove as long in vain.
Honora had too high a sentiment,
Both of her merit, and her grand descent;
Her pedigree, she learnedly could trace,
From several kings of the Milesian race:

* St. John's *Well* near Killkenny.

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And from its early rise, the sanguine flood
Ran pure unmix'd, with low plebian blood.
She was ingenious, and had store of wit,
And education for a lady fit,
Of beauty she could boast a wond'rous share,
Her body finely shap'd, her face divinely fair.
A large estate, her sire had once possess'd,
In ease, society, and affluence blest:
But his great spirit soar'd beyond its sphere,
His flights more boundless than his wings could bear,
Expence, and luxury his table spread,
And many a sycophant his bounty fed:
His doors, and cellars, like his gen'rous breast,
Stood kindly open to each spunging guest.
Thus he profusely spent, and treated on,
Till with his fortune all his friends were gone;
For, like a horse o'er burthen'd, his estate
Jaded at last, and sunk beneath the weight.
Thus was his daughter fair *Honora* left,
Of friends, and fortune, and support bereft.
But Providence is most conspicuous found,
Where hopes and expectations least abound.
Thus, *Honor* found, what ev'n her hopes deny'd,
Found, by *Armando*'s lady, ev'ry want supply'd,
Who took her, on her person to attend,
And mix the servant, with the fav'rite friend.
Matheo heard her talk, and saw her move,
The certain consequence of which was love.
He spoke his passion to the haughty dame,
And strove to raise in her an equal flame;
In vain his toil, the antient purple tide (pride,
Which swell'd her veins, so swell'd her heart with
That sooner she'd renounce all worldly good,
Than sink the honour of her antient blood.
Matheo still lov'd on, tho' well he knew,
Despair, and death was all that could ensue;
His troubles rankled in his tortur'd mind,
His sleep was broken, and his body pin'd:

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The roſes in his cheeks were ſeen to fade,
His health forſook him, and his ſtrength decay'd;
His pangs increas'd, and now the youth began
To feel the ſymptoms of a dying man.
So ſulph'rous vapours in earth's bowels pent,
And hurrying to and fro to find a vent;
The furious agitation ſpreads around,
Heaves up the earth, and ſhakes the ſolid ground,
Rocks tumble down, and edifices fall,
And one impending ruin threatens all.
And yet *Matheo*'s fate prov'd leſs ſevere
Than others thought, or he had cauſe to fear:
For with compaſſion mov'd, his gen'rous lord,
Like a kind guardian o'er a ſuff'ring ward,
Took the pale youth to taſk, and thus he preſs'd,
To know the inward ſorrows of his breaſt.

ARMANDO.

Come, *Matt*, without evaſions, let me know
The cauſe that troubles, and afflicts you ſo.
Command what helps you pleaſe, command my wealth,
And uſe it freely to procure your health.
But really, *Matt*, I often am inclin'd
To think 'tis fruitleſs love torments your mind,
If that's the caſe, you may enjoy your love,
Since wealth can ev'ry obſtacle remove;
Wealth ſhan't be wanting; wealth, which like the ſun,
Makes ev'ry thing look bright it ſhines upon.

MATHEO.

To me, my lord, you've been ſo wond'rous good,
I have not words to ſpeak my gratitude:
Tho' now your beſt intentions are in vain,
For all your treaſures cannot cure my pain.
Love's my diſorder, as you rightly gueſs'd,
The ſcorching paſſion rages in my breaſt.
The fair *Honora* lighted up the flame——

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ARMANDO.

What our *Honora!* ———

MATHEO.

——— Ay, my lord, the same.

ARMANDO.

And did you tell the torments you endure?
The very telling would be half the cure.

MATHEO.

I did, my lord, and all I had to say
Was utter'd in the most persuasive way;
And yet my words, tho' strengthen'd with my tears,
Could hardly shake the fibres of her ears:
Much less could they my inward grief impart,
Or make impressions on her hard'ned heart:
For, like a rock, that can unmov'd sustain
Th' united force of batt'ring winds, and rain;
So stood her heart, immoveable, and hard,
So bore my sighs and tears without regard:
Yet still I love, tho' reason bids me hate,
And black despair portends a gloomy fate.

ARMANDO.

When love, like zeal, is led by prejudice,
It slights the pow'r of physick, and advice;
Despises all the logick of the schools,
And laughs at reason's pertinacious rules:
It likewise by an *hocus pocus* slight,
Can alter nature, changing black to white:
Can make an hero of the abject slave,
Make senators buffoons, and buffoons grave:
It can make misers generous, can make
The fearful valiant, and the valiant quake:
It can make ideots rational, and can
Down to an ideot sink the wisest man:
But tell me, *Matt.*, canst thou the cause assign,
Why *Honor* slights this ardent love of thine:
Your stations here, are much upon a par,
Your fortune over-reaches her's by far.

You

You, for a man, as beautiful as ſhe;
Then for her ſcorn, what motive can there be?
Perhaps ſhe ſlights the call of nature's laws,
From ſome religious, or ſome nat'ral cauſe;
Perhaps, ſhe's pre-engage'd, if that's the caſe,
You have no cauſe to wear ſo ſad a face;
If 'tis impoſſible ſhe ſhould be yours,
You ſhould give all your thoughts another courſe;
But if you only combat with her pride,
We may contrive a way to ſtem the tide.

MATHEO.

You've touch'd, my lord, upon the very ſtring,
From whence my troubles, and diſorders ſpring;
She's proud, my lord, proud of her antient blood,
Which ſhe can trace quite up to Noah's flood,
And therefore ſcorns to let a man, like me,
Mix with the nobles of her pedigree.

ARMANDO.

'Tis very ſtrange, this frenzy ſhould take place
Among the wretched ſons of Adam's race.
Can chriſtians into ſuch a weakneſs fall,
Who own one ſingle man produce'd us all?
True! did we think, as heathens did of old,
(Tho' odd the notion, yet it may be told)
That gods and goddeſſes, came down to earth,
Compreſt fair mortals, and gave hero's birth;
From whom we might deſcend—there would be room
In right of birth, ſome grandeur to aſſume.
It would be eaſy then to ſhew the odds
Betwixt meer mortals, and our kindred gods.
When we revere a man that's good and great,
Whom virtue raiſes to a high eſtate;
'Tis to the merit, not to the reward,
We pay the tribute of a juſt regard.
But do theſe virtues in ſucceſſion run,
By regular deſcent, from ſire to ſon?

But

But merit too, too seldom is the the case,
That rarely gives precedence, pow'r, and place:
Some men, by ill got wealth, their rank procure,
Or else by faction, or some fav'rite whore:
And then, must their descendants and their kin
Be highly valu'd for the price of sin?
And must men fix their value by intail,
Tho' merit, friends, and wealth, and int'rest fail?
Or do they think their grandeur must stand on,
Tho' that which rais'd, and held it up, is gone?
I wonder *Honor*, who has store of sense,
Should raise her views on such a vain pretence;
From Adam you descend as well as she,
And that's the heighth of ev'ry pedigree.

MATHEO.

While women are unprejudice'd in mind,
Like weather-cocks they veer with ev'ry wind,
And may be brought with ease to any view,
Even without reas'ning, flattery oft will do:
But when they're fix'd upon some darling scheme,
In vain we strive their fancies to reclaim;
In vain we'd bend them down to reason's laws,
Their will's their argument, their proof—*because*,
Honora's heart is fix'd on blood and birth,
And all I say to move her, moves her mirth,
As soon, my lord, the boys about the town,
With tennis ball would beat your palace down;
As soon old * *Sleanaman* would quit it's place,
And bend its summit to the *Nore*'s embrace;
As soon our marble would grow soft, as she
Quit her high pride of blood, and think of me.

ARMANDO.

Can't you you find out some moment critical,
When Venus is ascendant over all;
When reason, pride, and every thing gives way,
To natures call, and love's impetuous sway?

* A Mountain between Kilkenny and Clonmel.

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And then attack the non-reſiſting part,
And take the road directly to her heart;
Thus maids, and cities too, are often won;
Thus the great Cyrus conquer'd Babylon:
For thro' the channel of the Euphrates,
He puſh'd his forces, and obtain'd the place.

MATHEO.

Oh! pardon me, my lord, I'll ne'er conſent,
To gain her by that vile experiment.
Her blooming virtue I can ne'er aſſail,
For fear I'd hate her, if I ſhould prevail:
So pure's my love, I would not wiſh to find
A blemiſh in her, that would ſhake my mind.

ARMANDO.

I never knew before, a paſſion drove
Beyond the flights of a platonick love!
You ought to hate her like a baſiliſk——

MATHEO.

Oh! that's not all, I run a greater riſk,
If ſhe reſiſt me, as I know ſhe will, (ſtill:
'Twill but encreaſe my love, and make me fonder
But then ſo daring an afront would be
A means infallible, to ruin me.
For *now* ſhe only loves herſelf, but *then*
She would deteſt me as the worſt of men.
For women do, at leaſt they ſhould conclude
The lover falſe, that offers to be rude.

ARMANDO.

I know they ought, but this they ſeldom do,
And rare examples ſhould not frighten you.

MATHEO.

My lord, ſhe's chaſte and virtuous, therefore
Abhor all tendencies to ſcenes of luſt: (muſt
And my poor loving heart can ne'er be brought,
To give her boſom one uneaſy thought.
Whate'er the advocates for luſt pretend,
The lover that's ſincere can ne'er offend.

ARMANDO.

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ARMANDO.

These notions, which you have of womankind,
For common practice age, too much refin'd.
You call them perfect angels, whom I call
Meer fallen ones, or ready just to fall:
You think them subject still to virtue's way;
If nature will permit, perhaps they may:
But when wild nature, with a rapid force
Comes sweeping——virtue cannot stop its course.
Thus when the tide is out, or at a stand,
Men traverse, as they please, the empty strand;
But when it turns, and fills its shores again,
These lordings quit their momentary reign.
If proper time, and place, and means were us'd,
Pray, let me see what woman e'er refus'd.
I tell you, *Matt*, a proper application
Would ruin half the females of the nation:

MATTEO.

Those who, my lord, were libertines in youth,
Think your assertion an undoubted truth:
Because they found so many females frail,
They thence conclude, they'd all on trial fail;
But still there are vast numbers purely chaste,
That would preserve their virtue to the last.
No human art could urge them on a crime,

ARMANDO.

If the assailant did not nick the time.

MATTEO.

My lord, you cannot by experience speak,
Your virtues still were strong, your passions weak.
To stews, or brothels you did ne'er resort,
Nor did abandon'd females foil your court:
Unvers'd in lies, in flatt'ring tales unskill'd,
You never taught the blushing maid to yield,
Nor did adult'rate wives e'er draw you in,
To be the guilty partner of their sin.
'Tis but on hearsay, you expose them so,
Whilst you, their worth, by blest experience know.

The

The many virtues in your lady's breaſt
Should give you kinder thoughts of all the reſt.

ARMANDO.

Some women's virtues, like freſh roſes grow,
A bold invader ſpoils the lovely ſhow.
The caſtle that did never ſiege abide,
May boaſt its ſtrength, tho' poorly fortify'd,
And women may be chaſte, that ne'er were try'd.
Perhaps a few would ſtand, but more would fall,
Upon a proper trial——trial's all.

MATHEO.

Not all the pow'rs of earth, and hell combin'd,
Could ſhake the virtues of *Honora*'s mind.

ARMANDO.

Make trial, man, and if ſhe ſtands the teſt,
I'll leave her out, and ſatyrize the reſt.

MATHEO.

Alas, my lord, I can no trial make;
I want all means the taſk to undertake.

ARMANDO.

Suppoſe I make the trial in your ſtead,
My friendſhip for you, my excuſe will plead.
I'd rather find her weak, than ſee you dead.

MATHEO.

Suppoſe you find her weak,——perhaps her charms
May win you from your lovely lady's arms,
So, hop'd advantages give real harms.

ARMANDO.

Do not miſtake me—I have no ſuch view,
I'll make the ſet—the cov'ring—leave to you:
For if her virtue yields, ſhe'll quickly grant
An Aſſignation——which is all I want——
I'll let you know the appointed time and place,
Where you may ſink into the ſoft embrace.
Tho' that concluſion better were declin'd—
The pleaſure drags ſo many ills behind.

No, take the occaſion juſt to let her ſee,
You have diſcover'd her intrigues with me.
If this experiment can make you wiſe,
You'll hate her folly, and her charms deſpiſe;
You will repay her pride with juſt diſdain,
Quit love, and her, and be yourſelf again.
But this advice will meet with ſmall regard,
When nature ſtrongly tempted, preſſes hard:
As ſoon the tumb'ling cataracts of Nile
Would ſtop, and the expecting fiſh beguile,
As ſoon the hound would fly the panting hair,
As you would leave untouch'd the proſtrate fair.

MATHEO.

Tho' th' eaſy conqueſt would not give diguſt
Religion's ſtill an over-match for luſt.

ARMANDO.

You'll find a yielding beauty will ſubdue
Your boaſted reaſon, and religion too.
This is my creed—and therefore you muſt ſwear
That you———

MATHEO.

———My lord, what is it——let me hear?

ARMANDO.

If virtue's bounds you paſs, here you muſt ſwear,
That holy marriage ſhall the wrong repair.
'Twould be, you know, a moſt ungenerous act,
If marriage did not juſtify the fact.

MATHEO.

If virtue's bounds I paſs, my lord, I ſwear
That holy marriage ſhall the wrong repair.

ARMANDO.

I hope it will, and I expect no leſs:
Be patient, truſt to me, and hope ſucceſs.

CANTO

CANTO II.

'TWOULD fill a volume, fully to dilate
On all the beauties of *Armanda's* ſeat.
Which therefore (leſt our readers patience fail)
We'll barely ſketch, and ſo purſue the tale.
Upon a riſing ground the fabrick ſtood,
The building grand, the architecture good;
The riſing ſun adorn'd its lofty ſpires,
And made its windows like a range of fires;
Equal magnificence the gardens bore,
Slop'd down the hill, and border'd on the Nore.
A charming green-houſe on the margin ſtood,
With wings expanded o'er the ſilent flood.
In this retreat *Honora* all alone
Spent the few moments ſhe could call her own.
Her harp (the fav'rite muſick of the land)
Stood always there, juſt ready for her hand;
The brazen ſtrings her charming fingers ſhake,
The ſhaken ſtrings as charming muſick make;
With vocal warblings ſhe could ſweetly aid,
And well the harmony her fingers made.
One pleaſant ev'ning ſhe eſſay'd to ſing
Of *Bryan Boirhoime*, Munſter's potent king;
And all his actions, which, as bards relate,
Rais'd him moſt juſtly to the name of *great*.
O'er all the iſle he bore imperial ſway,
And taught the ſtubborn natives to obey.
He curb'd the inſults of the haughty Danes,
Who long had kept Hibernia's ſons in chains,
Who long were us'd with arbitrary pow'r,
Temples to ſpoil, and virgins to deflow'r.
She ſung, how oft he put their troops to flight,
And dwelt upon the ſubject with delight,
Nor need we wonder that ſhe lov'd the theme,
Since, from this hero, by deſcent ſhe came:

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And all his virtues, which so greatly shone,
She claim'd of right, and reckon'd as her own.
As a swift grey-hound, who pursues his prey,
Where shrubs, or rocks, or rivers thwart his way;
(If he, too eager, over-shoots his game)
Falls o'er a steep, or plunges in a stream.
Honora's thoughts were hurry'd this along,
And stray'd beyond the limits of her song:
Soon brought her down to sad succeeding times,
When Ireland suffer'd for its former crimes;
When England's *Henry*, second of the name,
To make a conquest of this island came:
Call'd o'er at first to help an injur'd king;
Oh fatal call! what mischiefs did it bring?
The Irish sea, the British forces past,
Help'd *Dermot* first, but help'd themselves at last.
The peoples property they did devour,
And soon, by force, usurp'd the sov'reign pow'r.
Thus too strong physicks hurry to the grave
The hapless patient they were brought to save.
About her heart a flood of sorrows rise,
Which issue thro' the sluices of her eyes;
O fate, she cries, oh! why has fate ordain'd,
That I should serve, where my forefathers reign'd.
Armando bent to prosecute his scheme,
In quest of *Honor*, to the arbour came;
And found her in this melancholy plight,
The falling tears almost obscur'd her sight,
Swam round her eyes, and put out half their light.
Thus when bright stars beneath the waves appear,
By light reflected, always look less clear.
Armando spoke, but when her lord she knew,
From her fair eyes she wip'd the pearly dew;
Apologiz'd ingeniously enough,
Made a fine courtsy, and was tripping off.
He stopp'd the flying nymph, and thus began,
By feign'd and flatt'ring speech to play the man.

ARMANDO.

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ARMANDO.

What ails thee, *Honora*, what disturbs thy breast,
Is love the troublesome, yet welcome guest?
If that's the case, you pity need, as much
As I, your lord, for oh! my case is such.
I'd tell you all my love, if you could bear
To hear with patience, what I would declare.

HONORA.

My lord, my mind is not with love possest,
Some other foolish thoughts had fill'd my breast;
If you're in love, and fain would give it vent,
My lady is your prop'rest confident:
I'm quite unfit, my lord, to talk with you,
I know my distance, and must keep it too.

ARMANDO.

I must not let you go till I declare
How strong my love, how fierce my wishes are;
Nay, shun me not, for I must tell you too,
This love, these wishes, centre all in you.

HONORA.

You have been kind, my lord, nay, wond'rous kind,
Witness the strong impressions on my mind;
Preserve that goodness or you'll uncreate
All my esteem, and turn it into hate.

ARMANDO.

If I have been so good as you allow,
Can this confession make you hate me now?

HONORA.

Devils were glorious angels e'er they fell,
Then fit for heaven, now only fit for hell.
Such gratitude your benefactions rais'd;
You were esteem'd by me, admir'd, and prais'd,
Ev'n with religious love, its measure such,
That holy angels hardly get as much.
Be still the same, preserve your former state,
And my returns shall keep an equal rate;

But

But if you change, and prove the worſt of men;
Even religion bids me hate you then.

ARMANDO.

If love's a fault, it muſt be very ſlight,
But I behold it in a diff'rent light;
I take it for a virtue, ſince I find
It is the nat'ral growth of ev'ry mind.
By patriarchs of old 'twas juſtly priz'd,
Who ſtill perform'd what mighty love adviſ'd:
Their wives, by reaſon, and by duty led,
Convey'd their handmaids to their husbands bed;
The handmaids offspring were allow'd co-heirs
With the true children, and got equal ſhares.
Ev'n pious kings, who led ſuch holy lives,
Had many concubines, and many wives.
And our religion on this hinge does move,
Whoſe very tenour, and whoſe end is love.

HONORA.

Ay, ſuch a love as that, I will admit,
Which is for me, and ev'ry chriſtian fit;
And on this ſcore your former actions prove
That you have lov'd me with a chriſtian love;
And if, my lord, you ſtill continue ſo,
I'll ne'er forget the gratitude I owe.

ARMANDO.

It is your love, which in return I aſk;
Sure love for love is no difficult taſk.

HONORA.

You have been kind, and in return ſhall have
What virtue bids me give and you receive:
A chriſtian love, with gratitude increaſt,
Shall be the off'ring of my thankful breaſt.

ARMANDO.

Why is a chriſtian love your conſtant theme?
Since love in all religion is the ſame:
Love guides the ſteps that to fruition tend;
If love's the way, enjoyment is the end:

Grant

Grant me but love with this dear conſequence,
And all my wealth ſhall be the recompence.

HONORA.

I beg, my lord! ———

ARMANDO.

——— I know what you would ſay,
And therefore interrupt you, beg and pray,
That you will yield to mighty love, and me,
My great requeſt, tho' but a toy to thee:
A bleſſing greater ev'n than life I crave,
Since it, or nothing elſe my life can ſave.

HONORA.

'Tis ſinful, ſuch diſcourſe to hear from you;
Your love is all, to one, more worthy, due.
Let her enjoy it all, for me, I'll deem
Myſelf moſt happy in my lord's eſteem.
Call reaſon, and religion to your aid,
Ev'n pride ſhould ſtop the progreſs luſt has made.

ARMANDO.

Love is a god of arbitrary ſway,
To whom all laws of ev'ry kind give way;
Nor pride, nor reaſon, can oppoſe its courſe,
My death will ſoon convince you of its force.
He drew his ſword, as ſeeming fully bent
To end his life, unleſs ſhe gave conſent.
Half dead with fear, with pity and ſurprize,
She ſeiz'd the weapon, and ſtill trembling cries,
Oh my good lord——I muſt not ſee you die;
And yet I muſt not—no—I can't comply.
Live my good lord, take a poor maid's advice,
And yet my virtue muſt not be the price.

ARMANDO.

I do not thank you for this ſmall reprieve,
Without your love I cannot think to live.
Give me my ſword—'twill finiſh all the ſtrife,
And end my vile preſumption with my life.

HONORA.

You muſt not perpetrate ſo raſh a crime,
I'd rather—let me think—oh, give me time. I'll

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I'll keep the sword till the next interview,
Who knows what fortune, and your stars may do.
She hurry'd off, —— and lord *Armando* laugh'd
Pleas'd he had manag'd her with so much craft.

CANTO III.

HONORA thus escaping on parole,
Flew to her lady, and disclos'd the whole.
The lady struck with wonder and surprize,
Look'd on *Honora* with attentive eyes.
The agitations of her mind did trace,
Like perturbations in the index face.
Her cheeks change colour, and her eye-balls rove,
And frowns declare the anguish of her soul.
Heart-rending sighs within her bosom pent,
Heave up her breasts, and struggle for a vent.
So when sulphurous exhalations gain
A place within the bowels of the main,
Its troubled surface up and down they heave,
And high in air they toss each mountain-wave;
Tho' all the winds are hush't, and bright the day,
We see a foaming and a furious sea.
A painful silence, thus at length she broke,
And thus her grief in flatt'ring accents spoke.

LADY.

Art thou *Honora*, always so expert
My pain to ease, my sadness to divert,
You're not the same — nor truth which you relate
My eyes and ears conjoin in one deceit.
If thou art she, I'm sure some envious fiend
Has rais'd a fury, and design'd my friend.
Ne'er tell me that my lord can faithless prove
Or quit my bosom for another's love.
Can he forget his virtue, and his fame,
For novel fancies, and a vicious flame?

No,

No, *Honor*, ev'ry thing beneath the moon
Would turn combuſtible, and blaze as ſoon.
His love will with his being firm remain——
But here ſhe paus'd, and thus began again: ——
Yet why ſhould I ſuſpect you in the wrong?
Your faith was ſtill ſincere, your virtue ſtrong:
And you have charms ſufficient, I'll allow,
To break the fetters of the marriage vow;
Then tell me (for I'll credit ev'ry word)
Say how your virtue could reſiſt my lord?

HONORA.

I long reſiſted, and did reaſons bring
From duty, conſcience, pride, and ev'ry thing:
But when I ſaw his ſword prepar'd to ſmite
His naked breaſt, I turned hypocrite:
And leſt deſpair might take too great a ſcope,
I ſaid I'd think upon't and bad him hope.

LADY.

I have a ſcheme now forming in my head,
To try his faith, and prove what you have ſaid.
The next time he attempts you, prove leſs ſhy,
Nay give him hopes, ſeem willing to comply:
Yield by degrees, like fruit, which as they grow,
To the invader's hand, bend down the bough:
Give him ſome taſtes of love, but very ſmall,
And tell him when, and where you'll grant him all.
I'll keep the aſſignation in your ſtead,
And ſo reclaim him to the marriage bed.
But leſt your beauty kindle new deſires,
And plunge him in a gulph of guilty fires,
I mean the fires of luſt, to which, I'm ſure,
Rage how they will, you'll never grant a cure;
Fly to a nunnery ſtreight, and I'll take care
You ſhall be kept and well reſpected there.
But on my love, if any love I've ſhown,
I charge you, let not this affair be known:
Tranſact this buſineſs with a faithful mind,
And I will love you always, always will be kind.

Armando and *Honora* fill'd with care,
To bring their well concerted schemes to bear;
For diff'rent ends, on diff'rent projects bent,
They meet by choice, as 'twere by accident;
Again he pres's'd with pow'rful eloquence,
Again she made a seeming strong defence;
He told her all his wealth should be the price,
She urg'd her innocence, and still seem'd nice.
A dagger for the very purpose made,
Was the last argument he had to plead;
'Twas such a dagger as tragedians use,
When set a stabbing by some bloody muse.
Armando quickly made his bosom bare,
And held the fatal weapon poiz'd in air:
Now cruel fair, now *Honor*, thou shalt see,
If heav'n approves what I propose to thee.
Our guardian saints and angels I'll invoke,
To save my life, and heal this fatal stroke;
Which if they do, you'll own my cause is good:
But if they will not stop the sanguine flood,
To expiate my crime before your eyes,
My life, and soul must be the sacrifice.
She ran to seize him in a dreadful fright;
But he retreated back, and quick as light
Smote his bare breast—in slipt the shining blade
Back in the haft, and no impression made;
He held it there, then cries, ye pow'rs above,
Or cure my wound, or let me die for love;
Then drew the weapon out unstain'd with gore,
And flung it in the silver bottom'd Nore.
Now, *Honor*, see what pitying heav'n has done,
In to the haft, you saw the weapon run,
And yet the passage is intirely clos'd,
'Tis visible some pow'r has interpos'd:
Sure heav'n approves what I propose to thee,
Then you should yield to mighty love and me.
This miracle alone might well prevail,
Tho' ev'ry other artifice should fail;

Now

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Now she may yield, and quit her virgin fears,
Since heav'n so plainly its assent declares;
But love and friendship to her lady due,
Still kept her former project in her view.
She would not then submit to his embrace,
But fix'd upon another time and place. ——
That he must to her chamber come at night,
And get, what he so fondly call'd, delight;
In darkness, and in silence come, for fear
Some busy prying folks might see, or hear.
What she enjoins he promises to do,
And begs she'll keep the assignation true.
She vows she will, and then, with kisses sweet,
They part, their diff'rent projects to compleat.
Of fair *Honora* first we'll something say,
(We always give the female sex the way)
She told her lady how the farce was play'd,
How it succeeded, how the scheme was laid;
She hope'd that heav'n would set all matters right,
Took leave, and to a nunn'ry went that night.
Armando likewise sought *Matheo* out,
To tell him how affairs were brought about.
I've made, says he, the grand experiment,
And have succeeded. ——

MATHEO.

——How! did she consent?
Could she to such low purposes be brought?
I'll slight her, for she is not worth my thought.

ARMANDO.

By heav'n she is, and richly worth your while,
Were you the sov'reign monarch of the isle.
Honora's virtuous to the last degree,
Altho' you think she yielded all to me;
Yet by severest prudes she'll stand excus'd,
If once 'tis known what treachery I us'd:
When bribes, or flatt'ry could not win the field,
I forg'd a miracle to make her yield.

When e'er you think how fully you'll be blest,
I scarce can banish envy from my breast
Enjoy her, man, and make her all your own,
And thank kind fortune for the prize you've won.

MATHEO.

But be so kind, my lord, to let me know,
How she could yield, and you could conquer so.

ARMANDO.

I will; but see the rain begins to fall,
Let's fly to shelter, and I'll tell you all.
Armando's lady in *Honora*'s room,
Did her low state, and character assume:
Whilst young *Matheo*, with an honest heart,
Did act the lord *Armando*'s nobler part.
The night pass'd o'er—at the approach of day,
Matheo and *Honor* slipt away:
For neither thought it proper to declare
Their private sentiments or who they were.
The lord *Armando* eager to enquire
How things had prosper'd with his fav'rite squire:
Soon found him out, and thus the youth address'd.

ARMANDO.

I need not ask—I know you have been blest,
Pass o'er those scenes of rapture, and relate
How you disclos'd, how *Honor* bore the cheat.

MATHEO.

Her pleasure seem'd so great, it was not fit
To dash her joys, she's undeceiv'd as yet.

ARMANDO.

You seem quite out of humour, and chagrin'd,
Has any new misfortune interven'd?

MATHEO.

I own, my lord, I am not pleas'd in mind,
Honora was too forward, too too kind;
Could your pretended miracle root out
Those principles, which ne'er allow'd of doubt
We'll grant her virtue was a sacrifice,
Which heav'n, for ought she knew, did authorize:

Yet

Yet, virgin modesty, and ankward shame
Ought to have dash'd the ardour of her flame.
I vow, my lord, to me she seem'd as free,
As wives, beyond the blushing week, could be.

ARMANDO.

Nature perhaps has long been pressing hard,
But rigid virtue kept too strict a guard;
And therefore when her virtue once gave way,
No wonder nature took large scope to play.
When from the cage the imprison'd bird gets out,
With double joy it flits and skims about.

MATHEO.

All this is true, my lord, yet pardon me,
If I return another similé.
When hungry famine o'er a land is spread,
And folks must roam abroad in quest of bread,
They please their fancies with supplies to come,
Yet with reluctance, quit their native home.
Virginity's no prize, if maids can be
So glad, from the great burthen, to get free.
But what contributes to displease me most,
I am not sure a maidenhead was lost.

His lord look'd on him with enflamed eyes;
Wretch, is it thus, my favours, you despise?
Have I run counter to my nat'ral bent?
Us'd lies and oaths upon a base intent?
And made religion a meer stalking horse?
How could I, wretch, have us'd my conscience worse?
All with a view to save your worthless life,
Nay, more, to make you happy in a wife:
The pleasure is enjoy'd, and past; and now
Y' impeach the woman to evade your vow;
Let friendship think on this another time,
And never push its favours to a crime;
Hence from my sight, my passion drives me on
To raging mischief—if you'd live—begon.

Home

Home went *Armando* with a troubled mind,
And left the uneasy trembling squire behind.
His lady saw his grief, and begg'd to know
What was the cause that could afflict him so.
Armando gave a heavy sigh, and said,
Where is *Honora*——where's your fav'rite maid?

LADY.

She seem'd last night o'erwhelm'd with discontent
So ask'd my leave and to a nunnery went.
Then added with a smile, my dear, I will
Explain th' affair, if you'll not take it ill.
My lord, *Honora* told me you profest
A love for her, and for enjoyment prest,
That she resisted—till in deep despair
You drew your sword, and made your bosom bare,
When prone to strike, some distant hope she gave,
To cure your love, and precious life to save:
With me consulted how she should proceed,
That she might not be ruin'd—you not bleed.
'Twas I who bad her play the hypocrite,
And so invite you to her bed last night,
Then sent her off. 'Twas I her bed possest,
And met you there——my lord, you know the rest.

Armando fetch'd a sigh, enough to break
A heart less firm; but not a word could speak;
The lady wept, surpriz'd and griev'd to find
Her words make such impressions on his mind.

Forbear, she cries, forbear, my lord, to grieve;
I'll not *Honora*, nor myself believe:
'Twas all a jest, let us our joys improve,
And nothing be remember'd, but our love.
My lady, says *Armando*, be content,
I may seem guilty, yet am innocent;
And yet I'm guilty to a vast degree,
Yet ne'er design'd an injury to thee:
The circumstances I must not relate,
Enjoy thy peace of mind, and leave me to my fate.

He

He adds no more, but from his lady flies
To lonely walks, and leaves her in surprize.
Such pungent griefs did on his vitals prey.
His wasting spirits shew'd a quick decay:
Long time a solitary life he led,
Till want of strength confin'd him to his bed,
So sore the grief had rankled in his heart,
It mock'd all physick, and despis'd all art.
But when he found his death approaching near,
E'er he receiv'd the passport oil, and pray'r,
His lady, and his ever-faithful squire
Came to attend him, at his own desire.
With racking grief they saw their dying lord,
Whom both sincerely lov'd, nay ev'n ador'd:
He kiss'd his lady, and her hand he prest,
And kindly begg'd she'd grant his last request;
She gave consent—and back'd it with an oath.
Then thus, *Armando*—thus I join you both:
Come, take *Matheo*'s hand, your lord to be,
(When decency allows) instead of me.
The lady weeps, of no new passion fond,
Begs a release from this unequal bond;
Armando tells her, that the oath must bind,
If she would have him die in peace of mind.
He then proceeds to give a full detail
Of all their schemes, and how their schemes did fail,
O'er rul'd by fate, which biass'd all their aims,
And gave effects quite foreign to their schemes.
And now *Armando* weans his thoughts from earth,
Looks up to heav'n, and waits a second birth.
The busy priests their holy oils apply,
And with their pray'rs prepare the saint to die.
Scarce had they done, when he resigns his breath,
And falls a victim to the stroaks of death.
When tost by some outrageous hurricane,
'Tis long before the sea subsides again.
So great *Armando*'s widow spent some years,
E'er she could give a truce to sighs and tears;

Till

Till length of time made all her ſorrows ceaſe,
Calm'd all her griefs, and gave her boſom peace.
'Twas then *Mathew*, gentle as a dove,
Strove to engage her in new thoughts of love.
With ſome regret ſhe grants what he requires,
Urg'd more by former vows than new deſires;
Armando's will the place of love ſupply'd,
She yields to duty, and commences bride.

EPILOGUE.

HERE is (as ev'ry thinking man will own)
In real life poetick juſtice done.
Honora vainly fond of high deſcent,
Among her virtues never found content;
She with maternal pleaſures ne'er was bleſt,
No infant offſpring ever warm'd her breaſt.
Her pride, and blood, an equal pace did run,
Stagnate at laſt, and ended in the nun.
We find ſtrict juſtice in *Armando*'s caſe;
His ends were noble, but the means were baſe,
He ſwore, and vow'd to a notorious cheat,
And call'd in heav'n to ſanctify deceit.
He counterfeits diſtreſs, and ſeems to prove
That life's a trifle in affairs of love.
He play'd with wounds, is wounded in his wife,
And now *in earneſt* pays his forfeit life.
The others, who by ignorance were led,
To all the guilt of an adulterate bed;
The holy ſtate of marriage enter in,
And made that lawful which before was ſin:
They fill their days with joy and peace of mind,
And die at laſt more laſting joys to find.

T.

On

On the Death of Doctor Forster, late Lord Bishop of Raphoe; *by Way of Distinction called,*
THE BISHOP.

DAMON.

YOUR itch of trav'ling, and your danger's o'er,
Thrice welcome, *Strephon*, to Hibernia's shore;
From climes unwholesome, and an angry main,
I'm glad you bless your native soil again.

STREPHON.

I know you are—I know your gen'rous heart
Raises your love beyond my poor desert;
But let us drop the subject, which affords
Our hearts a pleasure quite too big for words.
Let's hear your news, come, tell me what is past,
(That's worth the telling) since we parted last.

DAMON.

That is a task, I wish I could refuse,
Friends never love to bring unwelcome news.

STREPHON.

My mind is still prepar'd—so come what will—
Virtue alone's a match for ev'ry ill.

DAMON.

I must acknowledge, that is greatly said;
Then know, my friend, the worthy *Bishop*'s dead.

STREPHON.

Is *Forster* dead? ah me! the shock's too great,
This is an unexpected stroak of fate!
I thought some near relation had been dead,
Or plung'd in vice, or into error led;
But such a loss would never force a tear,
Because that little loss I might repair:
My good behaviour might have rais'd a friend,
And those who err, or sin, may see, and mend:
But here's a loss can never be retriev'd,
Lament ye priests—ye laity be griev'd:

Have ye not cauſe--for oh! what words can paint
So good a patron, and ſo great a ſaint.
When the Egyptian banks are overflow'd,
The fertile fields confeſs the good beſtow'd:
But when deny'd the fructifying flood,
They mourn in want till bleſt with one as good.
So muſt our griefs remain, unleſs that we
Another get as good and great as *he*:
But then our lives, nay even time will fail,
E'er it can ſhew great *Forſter*'s parallel.

DAMON.

His purſe and doctrine, did to all extend,
The widows husband, and the poor man's friend,
A prop to ev'ry perſon in diſtreſs,
And more than parent to the fatherleſs.
How gladly would I o'er his praiſes run,
And tell the wond'rous good that he has done:
But oh! what would avail my little mite,
When join'd to treaſures nearly infinite;
Myriads of people in his praiſes join,
Who felt his influence, or ſaw him ſhine.
So when that common good the glorious ſun,
To light mankind firſt thro' the zodiack run;
The grateful world ſat baſking in his rays,
And ſang glad Io-peans to his praiſe.

STREPHON.

In him we ſee the ſtrange effects of fame,
He could be known by only half a name.
Others may boaſt the title of *Raphoe*,
He was the *biſhop*——and was truly ſo.
He's gone, dear *Damon*, to enjoy that bliſs,
That heav'nly life he ſtruggl'd for in this.
But what is reaſon, when affections croſs
Its dictates, we muſt ſtill lament our loſs!
We grieve for the departed friend we love,
Altho' prefer'd among the bleſt above.

T.

On

On the Death of Dr. Forſter *late Biſhop of* Raphoe.

PREPAR'D great *F——rs* eulogy to write,
I thus was caution'd by ſome heav'nly ſp'rit:
Mortal, forbear the mighty taſk decline,
A taſk too mighty for a pen like thine:
Hadſt thou in verſe the moſt exalted gift,
Pope's rapt'rous numbers or the flight of *Swift*;
Couldſt thou in proſe fame'd *Addiſon* excel,
Or draw bright characters with *Fontenelle*:
Still *F——r's* worth, his matchleſs worth would be
A theme too arduous for a man like thee.
What eyes can view heav'ns glorious light, what ears
Pretend to hear the muſick of the ſpheres?
His acts exceed the reach of human tongue,
Angelick acts muſt be by angels ſung;
Mortals at diſtance may the ſaint admire,
But leave his praiſes to the heav'nly quire.

M.

The Oddity. *Addreſs'd to —— and ſent him by a Lady.*

WHEN you advis'd me, ſir, to chooſe
Some odd new ſubject for my muſe:
From thought to thought unpleas'd I chang'd
Through nature, art, and ſcience rang'd;
But ſtill could nought diſcover new
'Till happily I fix'd on you.
Your ſtoick turn, and chearful mind,
Have mark'd you out from all mankind,
The oddeſt theme my muſe could find.
Like other men you nothing do,
The world's one round of joy to you:
Tho' ſenſe and merit are your choice,
You can with little *Will* rejoice:
The wiſe, the weak, the ſot, the ſage,
Your hours can equally engage;

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Can taſte them all in ſeaſons fit,
And match their follies, or their wit. A.

To a Lady, who wrote a Poem call'd the Oddity. *By the Gentleman whom it reflected on.*

DEAR madam, I'm glad you've ſo happily hit
On a theme that ſo oddly your purpoſe will fit;
I muſt own I am odd; nay, am like to be ſo,
Unleſs my dear part'ner in wedlock you go:
To make all odds even, this would be the ſcheme;
Tho' ſtill againſt you, no ſmall odds I could claim,
Three to one is great odds at moſt games, if not all;
I'm ſure, by the proverb, 'tis ſo at foot-ball:
But join three to one, let us try it once more,
We'll find the things even, that odd were before:
Come then, odd or even? I'll give your due,
And tho' odd in myſelf, I'll be even with you.

The Prophecy, or Venus *not the true Goddeſs of Love. Humbly inſcribed to the charming Miſs* N. T.

I.

A Lovely nymph of Cyprus iſle,
Bleſt with a ſweet bewitching ſmile;
And e'ry other grace,
That can adorn a female face,
Or manly heart beguile;
This *Venus*, this beautiful nymph of the grove
The Paphians deluded,
Who really concluded,
That ſhe was the goddeſs of *love*.

II.

A frantick ſybil that way ſtray'd,
And ſaw, with rage, devotion paid
Unto the mortal dame;
Thrice ſhe repeats *Apollo*'s name,
And thrice invok'd his aid; With

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With rapture prophetick her boſom was ſwell'd
And thus ſhe gave vent
To the godhead impent,
Th' Afflatus that cannot be quell'd.

III.

The queen of love muſt be obey'd;
But this is not the divine maid,
Nor this the time, or place,
That glorious perſonage ſhall grace,
With all her charms diſplay'd.
Far Weſt, in Hibernia, your queen will appear;
No *Venus* ſo pretty,
No *Pallas* ſo witty;
And nothing in nature ſo fair.

IV.

The gods in council ſhall combine,
To make her worth and beauty ſhine:
Then ſhall the world declare,
That one ſo good, ſo wiſe, ſo fair
Muſt be of race divine.
Thomaſia the wonder and pride of the green!
The nymphs, and the ſwains,
In muſical ſtrains,
Shall ſing to *Thomaſia* their queen.

T.

On a blind young Lady. An Epigram.

CHLOE, like *Milton*, makes a diſmal rout,
That nature's at one ent'rance quite ſhut out.
That paſſage ſtopt, why ſhould it be a ſin
To open other ways to let it in?
Thus, if our noſtrils ſtopt, exclude the air,
Our mouths we open, and it enters there. T.

The Cheat.

A Fellow once, when caſh was ſcant,
With cunning thus ſupply'd his want;

He

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He knew the world had wealth to ſpare,
And he might fairly claim a ſhare.
In printed bills, he let them know
What a great wonder he could ſhow,
That he had taken, and confin'd
The grand *tormentor* of mankind;
Come in my loving friends, cries he,
Till you the dire diſturber ſee;
Six pence a piece, a price too low!
Come in my friends, and ſee the ſhow.
The people never ſmelt the trick,
But all imagin'd 'twas old *Nick*:
In ſhort, in ſhoals they throng the houſe,
And ſaw the raree ſhow—a louſe. W.

O D E

On the Victory gain'd over the Rebels at the Battle of Culloden Muir, by his Royal Highneſs the Duke of Cumberland, April 16th, 1746.

Chorus. *Exult ye Britons, ſing, rejoice;*
Your hero ſing with chearful voice.

THE giants with ambition wild,
A heap of mountains upward pil'd,
In hopes to reach the bleſt abodes,
And ſcale the manſions of the gods:
But *Jove* around his fury ſpreads,
And hurls his thunder at their heads.
The rebels feel what 'tis to move
The anger of almighty *Jove*.
Thus *Perkin*, by the French puſh'd on,
Sought to aſcend the Britiſh throne;
Scots, French, and Engliſh, all combine
To execute the curſt deſign:
But *William* Duke of Cumberland
(His father's thunder in his hand)
At Culloden exerts his pow'r;
The rebels in that fated hour,

Severely

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Severely felt what 'tis to dare
The Heav'n, and its peculiar care.
Exult ye Britons, ſing, rejoice;
Your hero ſing with chearful voice.
The rebels fluſht with ſpoil and hope,
Upon the fall of coward *C*——
Poſſeſs'd a part of Britain's iſle,
And madly tyranniz'd a while.
Religion yields to ſuperſtition,
And property to impoſition:
All virtuous men were plung'd in grief,
When *William* flew to our relief.
See, ſee our hero charging home
The rebel dupes of Fance and Rome.
His army by his preſence warm'd,
And by his great example charm'd,
Ruſh on the foe, and urge the fight;
But ſee the rebels take to flight.
Exult ye Britons, ſing, rejoice;
Your hero ſing with chearful voice.
The highland clans in former times,
Unpuniſh'd multiply'd their crimes.
The victor's pow'r they ne'er had felt,
Behind their hills ſecurely dwelt:
But now they yield, —our hero, now
Tranſplants their laurels on his brow.
Their guardian targets, uſeleſs grown,
Are up and down promiſcuous thrown;
Their courage, ſwords, and guns they quit,
Now fear began to teach them wit;
For highland rebels always were
Devoid of wit as well as fear.
Away they fly—but now the Prince,
(A *Nimrod* in a virtuous ſenſe)
With all the force of war purſu'd,
And ſoon diſperſt the hateful brood.
Exult ye Britons, ſing, rejoice;
Your hero ſing with chearful voice.

O Cal-

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O Callidonia! ever praiſe
Thy hero in exalted lays;
'Twas he thy harraſs'd kingdom freed,
From that vile peace-deſtroying breed.
The * champion of Hibernia's iſle
From pois'nous beaſts, thus, freed the ſoil.
Thus was the Gaderene poſſeſt
With legion devils in his breaſt,
Till *Chriſt* diſlodg'd the helliſh rout,
With pow'r divine, and drove them out.
Exult ye Britons, ſing, rejoice;
Your hero ſing with chearful voice.
If ſlav'ry is a grievous yoke,
Behold, the threatened fetters broke:
If pope'ry is a ſcheme deſign'd,
T' enſlave the body and the mind:
If, like a dragon ſhe'd devour
The wretches that are in her pow'r:
Behold your prince, hath pluckt her wing,
Blunted her fangs, diſarm'd her ſting:
And drove her off—with ſtrict command,
No more to trouble Britiſh land:
No more to dream of bearing ſway,
Where *George* commands, and we obey.
Exult ye Britons, ſing, rejoice,
Your hero ſing with chearful voice.

* St. Patrick.

On the certainty of future Fame. *Humbly inſcribed to his Royal Highneſs* WILLIAM *Duke of* CUMBERLAND.

A Venerable ſage one day
Met a young ſtudent on the way,
They fell into a world of chat,
By turns they talk'd of this, and that:

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At laſt they exercis'd their wit
On books that biographers writ.
The ſage interrogates the youth, ——
"Can you diſcern romance from truth"?
Moſt eaſily the youth replies,
For here the mighty diff'rence lies.
When he, that a romance would write,
Has pitch'd upon a doughty knight,
And given him ev'ry rare perfection,
Which only want to ſhine in action;
In order to inhance his fame,
He next provides him ſtore of game;
Sets up whole armies, that he may
Cut, ſlaſh, and mow them down like hay;
As men put foxes in their grounds,
To kill them next day with their hounds:
And then he makes his hero fight,
Only in the defence of right;
Or when its for his country's good,
No man more laviſh of his blood.
Nor will he let his knight make war,
At an advantage or at par:
Becauſe no honour's to be won,
Where men fight fairly one to one:
But place the odds on t'other ſide,
His conduct, and his valour's try'd:
When thus he conquers, kills, and ſlays,
How loud his fame, how great his praiſe.
Now this excels the truth by far;
For when a real prince makes war,
He only lets his paſſions looſe,
But gilds them with ſome fine excuſe:
For pride, or avarice, or luſt,
Or other cauſes not ſo juſt,
Hurry him on to plague his neighbours;
To plunder and deſtroy their labours:
Nor will he ſtop at any means,
Until to conqueſt he attains;
Or is well beaten for his pains.

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As this is then a gen'ral rule;
That reader, ſure, muſt be a fool,
Who can't be poſitive at once,
Which ſtory's true, and which romance.
'Tis very well, reply'd the ſage,
But tell me——in a future age,
When *William*'s ſtory will be writ,
And will your firſt deſcription fit;
Then by the rule which you advance,
All muſt pronounce it a romance.
They may have reaſon, quoth the youth;
But more to let them know 'tis truth.
A man may write what's hyperbolick,
Either for profit, fame, or frolick;
But ev'ry author elſe is mute,
And will not give a ſanction to't.
The ſeven champions never ſhone,
In any hiſt'ry but their own;
But *William*'s noble acts will be
Tranſmitted to poſterity;
By ev'ry writer of the age,
His name will ſhine in ev'ry page;
And when poſterity ſhall ſee
Their teſtimonies all agree,
They can't have room to heſitate,
But muſt pronounce him truly great,
Unmatch'd by any one before him:
Heathens will as God adore him.
Chriſtians mayn't go ſo far, but then
They'll own he was the firſt of men. T.

All Outſide. *A* TALE.

ALL human ſatisfaction ſprings
From viewing the ouſide of things:
We reckon all the reſt to be
As pleaſing as the parts we ſee:
But if audaciouſly we dare
To pry within, or peep too far,

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We may expect to —— nay we muſt
Meet diſappointment, and diſguſt;
For why ſhould we deſire to know
What nature is aſham'd to ſhow?
Since all perfection is in nature,
And art is but its imitator;
It follows, that all human race,
In ev'ry time, and ev'ry place,
Will, nature-like, expoſe to view
Their faireſt ſide. — To prove this true
An hundred tales I could produce,
But one may ſerve for preſent uſe.
A nymph who oft with curious eye,
Obſerv'd the troopers paſſing by;
And ſaw them dreſs ſo fine, and gay,
So debonair, and freſh as May:
Concluded each man muſt have clear,
At leaſt, an hundred pounds a year.
But this young lady ne'er had ſeen
What a horſe barrack was within;
Tho' curious, —yet ſhe durſt not venture
While ſoldiers fill'd the ſtage, to enter:
But when the troop was march'd and gone
And * Mrs. *Watſon* all alone
Was viewing her utenſils o'er,
How this was broke, and that was wore;
Then *Chloe* to the barrack comes,
To take a proſpect of the rooms;
But oh! how vaſt was her ſurprize?
She ſcarcely could believe her eyes!
The rooms were ſo o'erſpread with dirt,
She could not ſee the flooring for't.
She goes to view the beds, and meets
With heaps of ſtraw, and dirty ſheets;
She likewiſe met with fleas enough,
And brought an hundred off for proof:

* Her Husband was Barrack-Maſter of Tullow, &c.

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Good gods, ſhe cries, how can ſuch beaux
Sleep ſoundly in ſuch dirty cloaths,
I've heard that Doctor *Swift* has ſung
How gaudy tulips ſpring from dung;
But neither he nor I e'er ſaw
Such ſcarlet poppies ſpring from ſtraw.
Soon after, to another troop
The barracks were deliver'd up.
Damon, more waggiſh than the reſt,
Seeing Miſs *Chloe* finely dreſt,
Concluded by the garments round her,
She was ſome fifteen hundred pounder.
But when a friend he did importune
To know the lady's name and fortune;
" Her name is *Chloe*—you may get
" Five pounds in caſh and ten in debt:
" But let me tell you by the *by*,
" A trooper's nothing in her eye;
" Ye'are all meer outſide in her view;
" A ſhowy, yet a dirty crew."
I'll fit her, cries the youth, perhaps
Let her take care of after-claps.
As *Damon* paſs'd by *Chloe's* door,
The youth was curious, to be ſure,
And ſo peep'd in, deſirous he,
The nymph in diſhabillé might ſee;
And ſo he did—for ſo ſhe was;
And buſy too, —and this the cauſe,
She muſt next day appear as gueſt
At Doctor *Gliſter's* chriſtmaſs feaſt;
'Twas ſome ſurprize to her, poor ſoul;
Her cloaths to mend, her linen foul;
But girls do beſt at a dead lift,
Her cloaths ſhe mended, —and the ſhift,
Becauſe both ſoap and time did fail,
She waſh'd the breaſt but not the ——
I ſay ſhe waſh'd both ſleeves and breaſt,
And who the d—l would waſh the reſt;

For

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For who durſt lift her petticoat,
To ſee if all was clean or not.
Upon a buſh ſhe hung the rag,
No bigger than a pudding-bag;
But *Damon* follow'd to the tree,
That he might more diſtinctly ſee;
Thus fops upon the ſtage preſume
To peep into the tyring room:
Becauſe the ſight of hidden things,
A ſeeming ſatisfaction brings;
But then they looſe a real one,
The pleaſure of deception's gone:
For kings and queens, behind the ſcenes,
Degen'rate into ſcrubs and queans.
Thus *Chloe* might in *Damon*'s view,
Have ſtill been pleaſing, ſtill been new;
If he contented could have been,
To ſee what only ſhould be ſeen;
But curioſity prevail'd,
He ſaw what ſhould have been conceal'd:
But what he ſaw, the modeſt muſe
Hopes the kind reader will excuſe.
The ſtory plainly lets you know,
That all is outſide, all is ſhow. T.

A Grace ſpoke by one of a large Company, who ſat down to a ſmall Dinner.

O Thou that bleſt the loaves and fiſhes;
Look down upon theſe two poor diſhes:
And tho' the morſels are but ſmall,
Make them ſufficient for us all;
For if they do our bellies fill,
We'll thankful own the miracle.

S.

A fare-

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A farewell to the Country. A Pindarique Ode, after Mr. Congreve's *Model.*

Et dulcia linquimus arva! VIRG.

STROPHE.

MUST *Strephon* leave thoſe happy rural ſeats,
Thoſe ſweet retirements, and thoſe calm retreats;
Gay fields and ſunny plains,
Where with a never-ceaſing round
Of pleaſure all our days were crown'd:
Farewel then beauteous nymphs, and jolly ſwains!
No happineſs for me, or comfort now remains.

ANTISTROPHE.

And oh! farewel ye too, too happy groves,
Where *Emma*, that enchanting beauty roves!
Whoſe fair angelick face
Does ev'n inſpire the ruſtick throng
To celebrate in paſt'ral ſong,
Each winning beauty, each excelling grace:
Pleas'd with the glorious taſk, ſuch glorious charms to trace.

EPODE.

To eaſe my grief, I rang'd the Town,
That only ſerv'd to make it more!
Soon by compariſon I found
My loſs; and did that loſs deplore!
Let *Elrington* the nobleſt paſſions raiſe,
Griffith divert, and ſtrike ſurpriſe,
Me they can never pleaſe;
That pow'r is lodg'd in *Emma*'s eyes.
How would all pleaſures reliſh here,
Should *Emma* once appear?
Could I behold my fair,
With that dear proſpect bleſt,
I were of all I wiſh poſſeſt,
For without her, ev'n rural ſports are far beneath my care.

M: *May*

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May Day. A Rural Scene.

COME, *Beſs*, to the fields repair,
The graſs is green, the flow'rs are fair;
See ev'ry thing looks freſh and gay,
And wears the liv'ry garb of May:
With ſtreaks of light the morn's begun
To chalk a paſſage for the ſun:
The cheary larks upon the wing,
Now ſoar aloft and ſweetly ſing:
The rooks in yonder neighb'ring grove,
Are hoarſly cawing tales of love;
Whilſt cuckows with their mellow throats,
Soften the ſound with ſweeter notes.
The laſſes all have left their home,
And thro' the meadows freely roam;
Some ſweeping up the pearly dew,
To give the face a better hue,
Whilſt ſome young fools, who lovers lack,
Are picking ſnails, whoſe ſlimy track,
They fondly hope, may letters frame
To ſpell their future ſweetheart's name.
Others are gathering flags and flow'rs,
To deck their may-poles, or their bow'rs.
But now the ſun the dew exhales,
And laſſes carry home their ſnails,
And flags, and flow'rs, and draggled tails.
Now let us to the town repair,
And view th' amuſements practis'd there.
See here! the proſpect is renew'd,
See ev'ry door with flow'rs is ſtrew'd;
And if no flow'rs the threſhold grace,
Nettles, or worſe, ſupply the place.
But yonder comes the cavalcade,
Of youthful lads, and laſſes made:
You ſee ſix luſty fellows ſweat,
Beneath the may-pole's monſt'rous weight;

Upon

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Upon the top whereof, is place'd
A garland, with gay ribbons grac'd;
Where all the various flow'rs that grow,
Combine to make a glorious ſhow.
The chearful fiddle, and the flute,
The hautboy, and the pipes to boot,
Such pleaſing harmony diſpenſe,
That all who ſleep are void of ſenſe:
All ſuch the cavalcade, in wrath,
Hurry along to the cold bath.
Yon lad and laſs ſo fair and gay,
Are choſen king and queen of May:
They with their ſprightly train advance,
In ſhouts, and muſick, ſong and dance;
Then fix the may-pole in the ground,
Whilſt youthful couples dance around;
This annual cuſtom on this day,
They call the bringing in of *May*. T.

Epigram.

TWO faults all criticks ought to hit,
And only two ſhould give offence;
One is—ſenſe without language fit,
The other—language without ſenſe. T.

A Receipt to make a wiſe Man.

A Spark who fain would paſs for wiſe,
With virtuoſo's ſat;
No queſtions aſk'd, made no replies,
But liſt'ned to their chat.
Till one of them, impatient grown,
Attack'd him with a " Prithee,
Dear ſilent friend, make thyſelf known;
Speak out that we may ſee thee."
But when to ſpeak good ſenſe he try'd,
His weakneſs was betray'd.

The

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The aſs thus in the lion's hide,
  Inſtead of roaring, bray'd.
The men of letters ſmil'd to ſee
  The cheat expos'd, ——and ſaid,
A wiſe man, ſuch as this, may be
  With little labour made.
No more let dunces trudge to ſchool,
  Their intellects to mend,
To ev'ry bab'ling ſcribling fool,
  This recipe we ſend:
Take one ſage look, —cunning one grain;
  Nods—*quantum ſufficit;*
Fine ſnuff a *pugil* for the brain;
  And then in ſilence ſit.
If this decoction work too hard,
  Vent ſome few ay's and no's:
But you muſt very ſtrictly guard
  Againſt both verſe and proſe.
Don't write one word, for if you do,
  This ſentence we pronounce;
That you'll appear in *ſtatu quo,*
  A dull inſipid dunce.
Poor *C*—— might have paſs'd for wiſe,
  Had he obſerv'd this rule:
But he has wrote what all deſpiſe,
  And dubb'd himſelf a fool. J.

The Parſon pays Tythe. A TALE.

A Fumbling old parſon, who got a young wife,
To mingle ſome ſweets with the bitters of life;
One day was complaining—"how hard is my fate!
My ſtipends are little! my labours are great!
One day in the ſeven I preach and I pray,
And point out to heaven, the intricate way.
For duties neglected, I rattle and rail.
To diſcountenance vice, and make virtue prevail.

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With heaven I bribe, and frighten with hell."——
For this, quoth the wife, you're rewarded too well;
What do you allow me, or what is my due,
Who preach ev'ry day in the ſeven to you?
For duties neglected I rattle ſo well,
You often complain that your houſe is a hell.
But this is not all, —with a great deal of pains,
I mind your concerns, —and may be the means
To bring you to heaven, ſince 'tis my whole care
To make you a—chriſtian, and chriſtians go there.
Thus anſwer'd the parſon, ſweet *Winny* don't grieve——
Faith you deſerve more than I'm able to give:
But actions, for once, ſhall go farther than words,
Chuſe any one thing that my pariſh affords,
You ſhall have the tythe on't. — Quoth *Winny*— why then
I'll only deſire the tythe of the men.

A ſhort Story.

A Robber on a captain popt,
The valiant captain fled;
He afterwards a doctor ſtopt,
The doctor ſhot him dead.
There's nothing rare, in this affair,
'Tis practis'd ev'ry day:
Phyſicians ſtill, with courage kill,
But ſoldiers run away. T.

The honeſt Iriſh-man's WISH, *occaſioned by ſome Verſes called the Engliſh-man's* WISH.

LET Engliſh men leave off their wiſhing, ſince they
Enjoy a free commerce by land and by ſea:
Can trade in beef, wool, manufactures, and fiſhing;
And leave to us, Iriſh, the trade of free wiſhing.
Tho'

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Tho' even for wiſhing they often have chid us,
Yet ſtill we'll wiſh on, till their ſenate forbid us;
As Ireland, tho' poor, is a kingdom to me,
From ſeveral follies, I wiſh it were free.
The folly of uſing cloths, druggets or bays,
Or any thing woollen that comes over ſeas:
While our own Iriſh wool (from the fleece or the comb,
Exported) might be manufactur'd at home.
The folly of bringing great folks to our table,
And treating beyond what we really are able;
'Twill make folks conjecture that great are our gains,
And ſtill they'll draw blood while a ſympton remains.
The folly of rents being raiſed too high,
That tenants muſt ſtarve, or muſt break, or muſt fly:
While all this extortion is ſpent in a trice,
On a train of domeſticks, wine, victuals, and vice.
The folly of being great rogues in our dealing,
When either weight, meaſure, or goodneſs we fail in:
Or raiſing the price upon urgent demands,
Which make our goods ſell low, or lie on our hands.
The folly of pride, for we're always allow'd
To be proud of meer trifles, nay, proud of being proud;
We think it a pleaſure, but what do we gain,
Faith nothing but idleneſs, want, and diſdain.
Of brandies, or wines, I could wiſh to have none,
Whether genuine or brew'd, from the * Loyre or Garrone:
For were we as wiſe as we're poor, I ſhould think,
Ale, cyder, and whiſkey might ſerve us for drink.
To mend all theſe follies, I wiſh they would try,
And if they won't do't, let them periſh! ſay I.

* Theſe Rivers Water the Towns of Nantz, and Bourdeaux in France.

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To the ingenious Gentleman who ſpoke a Poem extempore, viz. the Iriſh Man's Wiſh, *publiſhed above ten Years ago in the* Dublin Journal.

HAIL, fam'd extempore poet, hail!
O may your memory never fail:
Since by the ſtrength of that alone,
You are a famous poet grown.
Hail ready wit! the title's juſt,
In wit that's ready made you truſt.
Thus all our money'd merchants join'd,
Muſt truſt to money ready coin'd.
Tho' ſome may ſay, — it is not fit
That you ſhould ſhine in borrow'd wit.
That when a poet toils for praiſe,
You ſtep between, and ſnatch the bays;
But they'll be ſilent, when 'tis known
The compoſition was your own:
You bought the piece, and 'tis confeſt,
That bought wit always is the beſt.
A man that wants an eye, will paſs
With a fictitious one of glaſs,
And many a jaw is garniſh'd with
A foreign ſet of ivory teeth:
Linen and woollen form a dreſs
To cover Chloe's nackedneſs,
Yet Chloe is as proud of both
As if they were a natural growth.
And thus lay-teachers canting o'er
Some compoſition, learn'd before,
Inſult us with ſuperior merit,
And brag of their extempore ſpirit.

Old DUNLUCE *in raptures. Occaſioned by the birth of her young Lord on the 4th of Nov.* 1749.

AS old *Dunluce*, from grandeur tumbled down,
Wept o'er the ruins of her antient town;
A glo-

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A glorious apparition ſhe eſpy'd,
Fame in its front, and joys on ev'ry ſide.
Up to her ſeat the gracious figure came,
And thus began to chear the mournful DAME.
Riſe, riſe, DUNLUCE, once more a happy place!
I am the Genius of the ANTRIM race.
Long time I trembled leſt my charge wou'd fail,
O glorious charge! for want of iſſue male:
But now kind heav'n has bleſt us with a BOY,
Riſe from your duſt, and ſhare the gen'ral joy.
Thus was Britannia once in deep deſpair,
Nigh loſing liberty, her darling care,
Till this ſame day produce'd the great NASSAU,
Who reſcu'd her fair charge, and gave the tyrant law.
Thus ſhe: — then fame her golden trumpet blew,
Wing'd on the blaſt, away the viſion flew.
The long afflicted matron, freed from care,
Swells into bulk, and towr's in upper air.
'Tis true, ſhe cries, the noble *Infant*'s born,
That will MACDONALD's antient name adorn.
Oh may the day with double luſtre ſhine,
That gives this glory to the ANTRIM line.
Wrapt into future times, I plainly ſee
His mighty fame, his num'rous progeny,
Fix'd as his *Giant*'s *Cauſeway* will remain,
Which time and daſhing waves aſſault in vain,
I ſee him good, and great in ev'ry thing,
True to his friend, his county and his king.
I ſee my walls in ample manner riſe;
My gilded turrets glitter in the ſkies.
I ſee my blooming orchards gladly grow,
And trade, and plenty to my market flow.
Time, not far diſtant, ſhall this ſcene produce,
And children, yet unborn, ſhall boaſt their Lord
DUNLUCE.

An

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An Addreſs to the Lord DUNLUCE *on his being made a Chriſtian.*

ALL hail, young chriſtian! 'tis with joy the muſe
Thy future happineſs, and glory views:
Beyond all earthly pomp ſhe ſoaring flies,
All preſent views, and looks beyond the ſkies:
It is thy heav'n that claims her whole regard,
After a life well ſpent, thy great reward.
Titles are good certificates to prove
A fund of merit, worth, and royal love;
Yet lord, earl, duke, were compliments too ſmall,
Since that of CHRISTIAN far excels them all.
Thy high rank'd SPONSORS thou wilt imitate,
Be eminently good, and nobly great.
* STANHOPE the wiſe, and juſt, who rules our land,
And guides our councils with a ſteady hand.
† JOCELYN for law and equity renown'd,
A heart untainted, and a conſcience ſound.
Then thy illuſtrious female ſponſors join'd,
With ev'ry virtue that adorns the mind:
Theſe, theſe are copies ſo exceeding bright,
They'll guide you to the nobleſt point of light.
Or rather, let their copy model thee,
And Jeſus Chriſt thy great exemplar be.

* The Lord Lieutenant. † The Lord High Chancellor.

On the burning of Ballimagarry Houſe, *the Seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of* ANTRIM.

HOW is the antient ſeat deſtroy'd,
By heroes long, and long enjoy'd!
How have the flames deſtroy'd the pile,
Where love and plenty choſe to ſmile.
Oh may the fabrick riſe once more,
And flouriſh as in days of yore.
When Amphion would his Thebes ſurround,
His voice did chant, his harp did ſound; Till

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Till the materials great and ſmall
Danc'd into form and built the wall.
Oh could my ſong have ſuch effect,
I would myſelf be architect;
I'd make the beſt materials come,
Dance into form and build a dome:
That dome ſhould be the Phœnix call'd,
Like that Arabian bird extol'd,
Who from a fierce conſuming flame
Aſſumes a new, and fairer frame.
The dome thus rais'd, there would I place,
Till time be done, the ANTRIM race,
That riſing ages might behold
The love and friendſhip of the old.

Ode on the Lord DUNLUCE's *Birth Day.*
November 4th, 1750.

I.

THE circling ſun has thro' the zodiack roll'd
In full career
And form'd a year
Since firſt the happy news was told
That ANTRIM with a ſon was bleſt.
Bleſt with a delightful *Heir*,
Like a ſummer's morning fair.
Calm and ſweet, ſerene and gay,
Promiſing a glorious day
Of ev'ry requiſite poſſeſt
That can preſerve or ſhould inherit
ANTRIN's name, his lands, and merit,
And all entire to diſtant times convey.

II.

And now the lovely Lord DUNLUCE
Is ent'ring in his ſecond year;
Let the charming charming news
Be propagated far and near.
Let cannons roar it to the ſkies
Till the wond'ring earth replies,
And diſtant regions hear.

Till

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Till they join in choir with me
Singing, chanting,
Boaſting, vaunting,
When our noble babe we ſee,
When we think what he will be,
Pleaſures in our boſoms throng;
Joys indwelling,
Riſing, ſwelling,
Far beyond the energy of ſong.

III.

Tho' our minds are highly pleas'd,
Yet theſe raptures muſt be rais'd;
Wine in fair capacious bowls
Shall exhilarate our ſouls,
Muſick too in chearful ſtrains
That ſound aloft
Then melting ſoft
Shall thrill the pleaſure thro' our veins.
Every echo taking pains,
Imitating and repeating
Ev'ry ſound on rebound;
Whilſt the nymphs and joyful ſwains,
Keeping pleaſure on the wing,
Round their bonefires dance and ſing.
Wiſhes crowning ev'ry ſong,
May the Lord DUNLUCE live long;
May he riſe to fame and worth;
Budding, blooming,
And becoming,
(Ripe in wiſdom's lore) the Atlas of the NORTH.

The Sparrow and the Linnet. *An* Allegory.

IN times of old, when birds could ſpeak,
Both queſtions aſk, and anſwers make;
The ſparrow, chirping as he ſtood,
Accoſts the linnet in the wood:
Why? prithee linnet, tell me why
So ſad, art thou reſolv'd to die? Why

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Why droops thy head with ſorrows drown'd?
Thy wings, why dangling on the ground?
Behold thy feathers moulting all,
(Nor moulting tince) ſee how they fall.
Come tell me, linnet, be not ſhy;
A friend may aſk the reaſon why?
Theſe queſtions o'er——the linnet ſpoke,
As he ſat perching on an oak:
'Tis now twice ſeven, ——oh hapleſs fate!
Twice ſeven! that's fourteen years compleat
Since I have loſt, (as I believe,)
My ſoul's delight, for whom I grieve.
Oft have I curs'd the baleful hour,
That forc'd my conſort from my bow'r;
And oft, neglective of my food,
Have I, for her, explor'd the wood;
Oft have I ſtrove to end my pain,
I ſtrove, alas, but ſtrove in vain:
Thrice did a ſchool-boy heave his gun,
I ſtood the ſhot, nor death would ſhun:
The pellets whiſtled thro' the air,
But ſpar'd my life to future care.
How ſweet is death, where love is pain!
Deſtructive death to me is gain!
The ſparrow anſwer'd with diſdain;
And is it love that gives you pain?
And you have tun'd your mournful ſong
Full fourteen years! 'tis quite too long.
When did you ſee a ſparrow mope,
Even half a day, devoid of hope?
We're never weakly in the hips;
But ſnatch the joy that's at our lips.
These words, the linnet did provoke,
Who in reply indignant ſpoke:
I might have known your churliſh breaſt
Would never comfort the diſtreſs'd:
For comforters muſt ſympathize;
But you the tender thoughts deſpiſe:

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Your harſh and chirping ditties prove
Your ſoul's incapable of love.
The permanent and tender flame,
Glows in the ſoft and gentle frame:
A paſſion quite beyond your view,
'Tis but a jeſt to ſuch as you:
A painful, yet a pleaſing fire,
When fed with nothing but deſire:
But oh! — poſſeſſion makes the flame
Mount up to heav'n from whence it came. H.

SONG.

I.

WHen *Orpheus* went down to the regions below
Which men are forbidden to ſee:
He tun'd up his lyre, as old hiſtories ſhew,
To ſet his *Euridice* free.
To ſet, &c.

II.

All hell was aſtoniſh'd a mortal ſo wiſe,
Should raſhly endanger his life,
And venture ſo far, but how great their ſurprize,
When they found that he came for his wife.
When, &c.

III.

To find out a puniſhment due to his fault,
Old *Pluto* had puzzled his brain:
But hell had no torment ſufficient, he thought,
But giving the wife back again.
But giving, &c.

IV.

But pity ſucceeding took place in his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took back the wife, in reward of his art,
Such merit has muſick for hell.
Such merit, &c.

Latine

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Latine reddita. Per Rev. R—— H——.

INFERNAS penetrâsse domos uxorius Orpheus
Fertur, ut Euridicen duceret inde suam.
Pectine percussit citharam, dulcedine cujus
Speravit stygium posse lenire Deum.
Tartara quod vivus subeat! stripet omnis avernus:
Sani nomen habeat, desipiatne? rogat.
Uxor, ait, tanti subeundi est causa periculi
Mortua, quam repeto, quam revocare volo.
Ter fragor auditus? Plectendum, dixit adustus
Rex stygis, audentem tam scelerata virum
Uxore expertus nil tartara pejus habere,
Tisiphonen retinens, reddidit Eurydicen.
Fila lyræ pulsans superas properavit ad auras
Orpheus, ista suum subsequiturque virum.
Jupiter infernus, domitus lenimine cantûs,
Tam benè qui cecinit, non miser inquit, erit.
Orcus amat musam; sunt hîc sua præmia musæ:
Euridicen revoco: jam cane; liber eris.

SONG.

THINK on the joyful Israelite,
When they from heav'n receiv'd thir manna,
And you'll conceive my vast delight
When gifted with my charming *Hannah.*
'Tis true, a long enjoyment gave
The ingrates room to loath the blessing:
But I a grateful spirit have,
And shall grow fonder by possessing. M

The farther in the deeper.

SOME women so positive are, that of course,
To palliate an error, they'll plunge in a worse:
It was but last night, that Miss *Chloe* at play,
Before all the company prov'd what I say.
Says *Chloe*, I love my true love with a C,
Because he is SECRET—this rais'd a *te-hee*:

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Whilſt, pertly, young *Briſk* for her forfeit did preſs,
Alledging that SECRET began with an S:
Your ſpelling, cries *Chloe*, is nothing to me;
For ſecrets with women begin with a C.

The WONDER.

WHatever witchcraft did o'er *John* prevail;
He read a catalogue of books *for ſale*:
Locke upon Coin was one, the title ſtruck
The miſer's fancy, — and he bought the book.

SONG.

AIR. *Come Neighbours, now we have made our Hay.*

I.

DEAR Ireland, now it is time to grow wiſe,
Let us retrench
Ev'ry thing French. Let us, &c.
And all, and all their wines deſpiſe.
Let Noah's fortune be never thine,
Who left himſelf naked by drinking wine:
Our ſoil and ſkill
Our bumpers fill, our bumpers fill,
With whiſkey all divine.

CHORUS.

Then toſs off your bowls, then toſs off your bowls
To the good of the nation,
To all who promote it, to all, all, all who promote it on ev'ry occaſion.

II.

Why ſhould you be at the hazard or coſt
Of bringing home
Brandy or rum. Of bringing, &c.
While we, while we our whiſkey boaſt.

This

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This is a ſpirit of a nobler kind,
For giving good ſpirits to heart and mind.
Whate'er you crave
Or wiſh to have, or wiſh to have
In this alone you'll find.
CHO. Then toſs off your bowls, then toſs, &c.

III.

With whiſky let your glaſſes run o'er:
Then drink away
Chearful and gay. Then drink, &c.
This is, this is your native ſtore.
While wines give gouts, and gravels birth,
This gives you courage, love, and mirth:
This, thank the gods,
Exceeds by odds, exceeds by odds,
All liquors upon earth.
CHO. Then toſs off your bowls, then toſs, &c.

BACCHUS *baffled. A* TALE.

BACCHUS once thought to get the lands
Of Mount Parnaſſus in his hands,
To get the antient tenants outed—
And to *Appollo* ſpoke about it.
He pleaded that the tuneful nine
Could not inſpire like gen'rous wine:
And that the wenches could not toil,
To cultivate the barren ſoil:
But he could fertilize the ground,
And plant good vineyards all around.
Appollo fix'd upon a day
To hear the merit of his plea.
The Court was call'd; a ſilence made;
When *Bacchus*, by his council, ſaid:
My Lord *Appollo*, you muſt know
That wine does all that's great *below*;
'Tis that which gives the poet wit,
And notions for his ſubject fit;

That

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That gives the ſentiment, the rhyme,
The ſimilé, and thought ſublime:
But ſimple water never cou'd
Inſpire a thought, even barely good.
My lord, what can your muſes do,
Except to play a tune or two;
Your puny nine, who bev'rage on
Inſipid draughts of Helicon.
The antients, *Juvenal*, and *Horace*,
Upon this ſubject argue for us;
Who ſay, a water-drinking muſe,
Can never noble thoughts infuſe.
The truths I urge, are ſo well known,
That all our modern poets own,
That 'tis to wine they owe their merit;
'Tis wine that gives them life and ſpirit.
Ramſay confeſſes that he owes
His fame to one inſpiring doſe;
And *Colly Cibber* takes his load,
before he writes his *birth-day Ode*.
Apollo having heard the plea,
And what the plaintiff had to ſay:
Roſe up with a majeſtick pride,
And to the plaintiff thus reply'd:
A poet, ſir, is heav'nly born,
And does ſuch poor aſſiſtance ſcorn:
Witneſs my ——, whoſe every line
Beſpeaks an origin divine,
The muſes at his elbow wait,
To dictate ev'ry thought that's great.
Let him be practis'd on, to prove
How far your inſpirations move.
It was no ſooner ſaid than done,
With gods, you know, 'tis all as one.
As ſoon as —— had got his doſe,
He ſunk from flowing verſe to proſe;
He rag'd and rav'd, and talk'd as queer as
Don *Quixot* full of ſtrange chymeras:

But

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But ſoon his phiz began to alter,
His eyes to fix, his tongue to falter:
Till *Somnus* brought the only cure,
And left him ſnoring on the floor.
Then thus *Apollo*: brother *Bacchus*,
I hope you will no more attack us:
He, who to higheſt flights could riſe,
See how ſupine, and low he lies;
By your bewitching drug diſgrac'd
Below the level of a beaſt.
Quoth *Bacchus*, I am fairly bit,
I thought more wine produc'd more wit.
I was not with enough content,
But overdid th' experiment.
Yet ſtill I think a glaſs or two
A very ſignal good would do:
Tho' if they riſe to many more,
They ruin what they did before.
Thus ſhips with gentle breezes ſail,
Yet ſtagger with too ſtrong a gale.
Hold, quoth *Apollo*, brother mine,
True poets need no help from wine.
I grant it makes thick headed folks,
Grow pert, and vain, and full of jokes;
They'll rhyme the more the more they ſwallow,
Talk of the muſes and *Apollo*.
'Twill ſerve ſuch dunces well enough,
As England's laureat is a proof.
England, who gives her laurel crown
To poets which I ne'er did own,
May give a * pipe of wine to try
If they my abſence can ſupply.
As candles brighten up the night,
When I deny my heav'nly light.
But *Swift*, who o'er my flock preſides,
And ev'ry riſing genius guides:

And

* Given yearly to the Poet Laureat.

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And *D*—— and ——— whom he
Hath brought to bright maturity:
Like heav'nly bodies ſtill advance,
In proper ſphere thro' the expanſe;
Steer'd thro' that calm pacifick ocean,
They only know the heav'nly motion:
For there no overcharge can come,
To ſoil the equilibrium.
Bacchus, who had no more to ſay,
His tigers yok'd and drove away. ——

T.

An Epiſtle to Mr. ———

I Got your preſent with your letter,
By which I doubly am your debtor,
And, like a wiſhing nymph, I burn
To make a ſuitable return;
Fain would I quit th' obliging ſcore
With meaſure preſt, and running o'er.
But you impoſe too hard a taſk,
Since things impoſſible you aſk;
Take back your favours off my hands,
I cannot anſwer your demands;
Your merry humour wanton grows,
As if 'twere ſurfeited with proſe.
Heroick poems, epick ſtrains,
And paſt'rals ſtuff'd with nymphs and ſwains;
Theſe, theſe are the returns you aſk,
But I'm unequal to the taſk.
Sore ſickneſs had (not long ago)
Sunk both my mind and body low:
And poets in ſuch ſickly times,
Are fond of making pious rhimes:
With death and judgment in their view;
I preſt my muſe to do ſo too.
" It coſts, quoth ſhe, a world of pains,
To pace the circle of your brains;

Your

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Your ſpirits are ſo dull and ſcarce,
'Tis porter's work to form a verſe;
I'll go inſpire ſome other breaſt,
Where pain is no intruding gueſt;
Nor muſe, nor doctor will attend,
When people are ſo near their end:
Dogs ſhun the ſlav'ry of the ſpit,
And rats the falling fabrick quit."
I knew ſhe was reſolv'd to go,
Regardleſs of my ay, or no;
And tho' I lov'd the huſſey, yet
I anſwer'd in a kind of pet,
" I'm glad you're in a trav'lling mood,
You always did more harm than good;
I thought your verſe exceeded proſe,
For praiſing friends, or plaguing foes:
And pray what gain'd I in the end?
Ten hated foes, for one cold friend.
For praiſe, like tickling ſoon is o'er;
Like ſcratching, ſatyr rankles ſore.
Now pray what merit can you claim?
You brought no caſh, and little fame.
So madam Pert, farewel." —— Adieu!
She courtſeying cry'd, and off ſhe flew.
The abſence of the haughty jade,
Has made me quit the rhyming trade;
But this you'll ſay, is all a farce,
A meer excuſe to hang an ——
And maugre my denials, will
Alledge my muſe attends me ſtill;
As ſome their riches will not own,
Tho' by their layings out, 'tis known.
Well, if I have a muſe, you ſee
She cannot boaſt a high degree;
You cannot ſay a man has gold,
When nought but farthings you behold.
Oh! could ſhe ſoar upon the wing,
And like the lark ſublimely ſing;

 Your

Your influ'nce then, like Phœbus' beams,
Might raiſe her up to lofty themes:
But this is what ſhe cannot do,
Her flights are ſmall, her notes are few:
Much like a wagtail, full of play,
She flits and ſkims a little way:
A cocking, flutt'ring, waggiſh thing,
Can chirp ſome notes, but cannot ſing.
If you can like ſuch trifling lays,
You may command them when you pleaſe. T.

EPIGRAM *on meeting a young Lady in the Time of Snow.*

SHOULD one make a ſnow-ball, the heart being ſtone,
And throw it, and wound me, by breaking a bone,
I juſtly would blame him, then what muſt I ſay
To you, for thus throwing yourſelf in my way;
Conſid'ring you act a more dangerous part —
What's breaking a bone, to your breaking my heart.

A Proſpect of the Science of ASTRONOMY.

HAPPY the man, whoſe mind is fraught
With ſcience by [a] Urania taught!
That can with deep reſearches trace
The treaſures of unbounded ſpace:
Can thro' perſpective glaſſes view
[b] Phœnomena as ſtrange as new;
Can ſee projected planets fly
In ſtated circuits thro' the ſky.

Firſt *Mercury*, tho' ſeeming ſmall,
Compar'd with our terraqueous ball;
He finds a globe of comely ſize,
Tho' oft conceal'd from curious eyes:

So

[a] The Muſe preſiding over Aſtronomy. [b] Appearances.

So deep immers'd in ſolar rays,
The length he knows not of its days:
But for its little annual tours,
[c] They hardly make a fourth of ours.
Then *Venus*, beauty of the ſkies,
Of minor planets next in ſize
To earth: near equal day with us,
We've but an hour of overplus
In eight [d] bare months this orb is found
Still to perform her yearly round:
Her phaſes, like our moon's appear,
In diff'rent quarters of her year.
Next her our *Globe* of earth and ſea
Whirls round its axis once a day,
(Tho' ſleeping ſound about we ſcour
Above a thouſand miles an hour)
And, bounded by its atmoſphere,
Whirls round the ſun once ev'ry year.
Then *Mars*, tho' ſtil'd the god of war,
Yet no ſuch great and mighty ſtar:
Larger than *Mercury*, 'tis true,
But leſs than *Earth* and *Venus* too.
This orb vaſt ſhady tracks diſplays
Upon it's diſk, which paſs for ſeas:
Near one with ours he can diſcover
It's day; but forty minutes over:
But then its year is twice as great;
[e] Six weeks would make it twice compleat.
Next JUPITER, whoſe monſtrous maſs
Does this of ours as far ſurpaſs,
As tennis-ball's do ſmalleſt peas;
And yet not half ſo long its days:
That round its axis makes its tours
(Amazing ſpeed!) within [f] ten hours.

[c] Its Year falls three Days ſhort of our Quarter. [d] i. e. Conſiſting of four Weeks each. [e] Preciſely ſix Weeks and one Day. [f] Nine Hours fifty-ſix Minutes exactly.

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And but one yearly course defrays
With twelve of ours, less fifty days.
This Globe large zones or belts embrace,
Like seas, which much obscure its face.
And lastly *Saturn*, less indeed
Than *Jove*, yet does by far exceed
The rest in bulk; its daily round
(So great its distance) can't be found.
But for its course about the sun,
(So huge a scope it has to run)
It spends, before the whole it clears,
'Twixt [8] twenty-nine and thirty years.
Encircled by that wondrous thing,
That rainbow arch, we call its *ring*.
Such is its breadth, its distance such,
'Twould, edgewise turn'd, the planet touch:
Of metal seems some spacious plate,
Form'd to reflect both light and heat;
Form'd by the great all-seeing eye,
The sun's vast distance to supply:
Which must appear, when view'd so far,
No bigger than a first-rate star.
These solar planets, six in all,
Th' astronomer does prim'ry call;
Distinguish'd thus from ten, that carry
The name of moon or secondary:
For *Saturn*, and the *Earth*, and *Jove*,
Have moons, which round 'em duly move:
Earth one, *Jove* four, and *Saturn* five,
Who all to serve their patrons strive;
And while strict levee thus they pay,
Rowl round the sun as well as they.
A bumpkin thus you may have seen
Sport round his bonefire on the green,
His little dog, in circling play,
Coursing about him all the way.

Or

[8] Just 29½ wanting 16 Days.

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Or ſeen a ſhip with gentle gale
Round ſome fair iſland ſtately ſail;
While luſty tars, their ſkill to ſhow,
The cockboat round and round her row.
Then by his glaſſes he can trace
The real form of Phœbus' face;
And ſee him dart his fiery rays,
From burning lands and flaming ſeas;
From the huge blaze they nimbly fly,
And in ſev'n minutes reach our eye;
Yet in that little time run o'er
Eighty-ſix million miles and more.
A courſe a cannon ball would take
Full five and twenty years to make.
This Globe is of prodigious ſize,
Tho' ſmall it ſeems to mortal eyes;
Compar'd with this poor earthly ball,
It ſcarce proportion bears at all:
'Tis near (ſo ſages calculate)
Nine hundred thouſand times as great.
Then he, who will preſume to ſay,
The Sun moves round us ev'ry day;
That he from year to year is thus
Hurry'd about attending us;
As well may urge, that you or I
Were made to wait upon a fly:
Suppoſe you ſhould your cook require
To roaſt a lark before the fire;
Would you not think it quite abſurd
To wheel the fire about the bird?
When things would anſwer ev'ry whit
As well, by turning bird and ſpit.
Thus in the centre fix'd he burns,
And only round his axis turns,
In [h] five or ſix and twenty days;
As from his ſpots we learn with eaſe:

Thus

h 25¼ or thereabouts.

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Thus in the midſt he's proudly plac'd,
With ſixteen ſmall attendants grac'd,
Around in beauteous order blended;
Like giant huge by dwarfs attended.
Our *Moon* a [i] waiter ſpruce and prim,
Attends on earth, as earth on him;
Supplies his abſence in the night,
And chears us with a borrow'd light.
And, with perpetual changing face,
Wheels round the earth in [k] four weeks ſpace
Wanting one day: but then as we
Are moving on as well as ſhe;
Still [l] two days more and half are ſpent,
E'er the ſame place, from which ſhe went,
She reaches in the firmament.
Thus does the Moon obſequious rowl
Around us, like a biaſs'd bowl:
In ev'ry ſituation thus
The biaſs'd ſide ſhe turns to us,
And while ſhe runs her orbit through
'Turns once about her axis too:
So that th' Aſtronomer can ſay,
A lunar month's a lunar day.
Upon her globe, thro' glaſſes ſpy'd,
A world of wonders is deſcry'd;
Huge mountains of amazing height
Reflect a ſtrong and vivid light:
Large hollow vales, and ſpacious grotts
Form (as ſome ſay) the darker ſpots:
[m] Theſe tell you, on the lunar face
No ſeas or lakes have any place:
No atmoſphere her body ſhrouds,
Therefore no vapour, rain, nor clouds;
And if inhabitants be there
They don't like us depend on air.

Others,

[i] A Satellite. [k] 27 Days 7 Hours, this is call'd her periodical Month. [l] This makes up her ſynodical Month. [m] See Keil's Aſtronomy.

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[n] Others, who plead for air and sea,
With solid proofs enforce their plea:
And, to give each their proper due,
This seems the likelier of the two.
Nay by this art he can foreknow
Eclipses, and their reasons shew;
Such strange defects what causes make;
As in the moon, for instance sake,
How plunging in the earth's dark shade,
A blackness o'er her face is spread;
And while she in the shadow stays,
How she's depriv'd of Phœbus' rays;
But when she quits that dismal scene,
Enjoys the sun, and shines again.
By the same art he tells us too,
What th' interposing Moon can do,
How, cutting off the solar light,
She often turns our noon to night.
Tho' various times the planets take
Their various progresses to make,
Yet all are kept in constant awe,
By one divine harmonick law;
Which to each orb assigns its lot,
And, like the Median, alters not.
Their periodick times, in square,
A strict proportion always bear
To their mean distance from the Sun,
In cube: whilst all in ovals run.
When *Comets* fill the world with fear
Who dread some dire disaster near;
He coolly traces thro' the skies
Their progress, distance, form and size:
And tells us most surprizing stories
Of their far-reaching trajectories;
Which carry them beyond the meres
Of all our planetary spheres;

And

[n] See Derham's Astro-theology.

And when they've thro' waſte regions ſtray'd,
Then bring them back around the ſun,
So very near his ſcorching rays,
That, over-heated, up they blaze;
From whence that fiery tail or beard,
By mortals dreaded and rever'd.
But he regards theſe conflagrations,
As meant to raiſe vaſt exhalations,
Whereof the Sun enjoys the fruit,
His conſtant waſtings to recruit.
And Comets, which are ever roll'd,
Thro' ſuch extremes of heat and cold,
He fancies, by divine intent,
Man's deſtin'd place of puniſhment;
Tho' for an ever-burning hell,
The Sun, he thinks, may do as well.
The fixed ſtars, thro' glaſſes view'd,
Give him juſt reaſon to conclude,
From their vaſt diſtance, ſize, and light,
They're like our Sun, and ſhine as bright.
Then he proceeds: if this be true,
Theſe ſuns, like ours, have planets too.*
Thus he finds worlds *ad infinitum*,
And ſuns in proper ſpheres to light 'em.
While pleas'd he ſoars, with mind elate,
The univerſe to contemplate;
He little heeds the things that crawl
On this minute terreſtrial ball;
Neither the prone unthinking race,
Nor thoughtful man with buſy face:
He looks with ſcorn, and pity down
On all the pomp of court and town;
His whole ambition is to be
From earthly fetters fairly free,
That he with ſtrength and opticks new
May get a more unbounded view.

An

* See Derham's Account of New Stars.

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An artist thus, who understands
Both to survey and valne lands,
Takes pleasure in the gentle toil
Of viewing angles, sides, and soil;
But little minds the lab'ring arts,
Tho' bustling to supply their wants. T.

PERSIS. *An Elegiack Character.*

SOME by experience, vainly some,
Despise the married life;
But *Persis* struck derision dumb,
When she commenc'd a wife.
She did whatever woman ought,
What others duty call:
Tho' duty scarcely claim'd her thought,
For love was all in all.
Had *Persis* to the world been shewn,
She could not fail to please;
She only wanted to be known,
To gain a lasting praise:
How does the brightest gem appear,
When in the shades of night:
Th' intrinsick value still is there,
It only wants the light.
But *Persis* now no longer lives,
To make a husband blest;
Now sleeps in dust the best of wives,
Of women-kind the best.
O *Persis!* thy untimely fate,
Has giv'n my sorrows birth:
As cold, succeeding genial heat,
Gives winter to the earth.
'Tis true, we should all grief forbear,
Since she is doubly blest;
Now free from trouble, toil and care,
Her body lies at rest:

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Her virtuous ſoul immortal lives,
With more extenſive view;
For death a free poſſeſſion gives
Of earth, and heaven too.

To Doctor T—— Oculiſt to his Majeſty; and Fellow of ſeveral Colleges of Phyſicians.

I.

WHILE our gazettes reſound thy praiſe,
Thy wond'rous cures proclaim;
Why mayn't the muſe ſome trophies raiſe,
And ſing thee into fame.

II.

What do we to thy labours owe,
How much thy lectures prize;
Thy artful practice too, we know
Has open'd all our eyes.

III.

If *Galen*'s ſons will gibe, and ſcoff,
And with thy fame make free;
A friend ſhould ward ſuch hornets off,
And I that friend will be.

IV.

" He is a knave (theſe cens'rers cry)
" Whom impudence enſures:
" What is the reaſon we can't ſpy,
" His boaſted gen'ral cures.

V.

" Some vouchers for his cures we find;
" And this atteſting tribe,
" We grant, were in a manner blind,
" Being blinded by a bribe."

VI.

But ſlander muſt give way to truth,
Our long experienc'd nation,
What you can do, know well enough
By oc'lar demonſtration.

Theſe

VII.

These scoffers say, " his praises too,
" Are of his own indicting."
But that reflection can't be true,
Witness this present writing.

VIII.

'Tis merit makes me take thy part,
I have no interest by't;
A poet's quite beyond thy art,
Having the * second sight.

IX.

Then let the blind repair to thee,
And trust thy judgment wholly;
Take all thy cures, and give the *fee*,
And they'll soon SEE—their folly.

*—Poets have the second sight; Apollo's Edict, by Swift.

Montano, and his Ass. A FABLE.

A Poor dull imitating *Ass*,
(Like many mortals of the class)
Thought he might merit equal praise
With *Tray*, by practising his ways:
Seeing his master walk the yard,
Upon his hinder leggs he rear'd;
And first his dirty hoofs he press'd
Upon his master's aged breast;
Then wagg'd his tail, and lick'd his face,
But hurt him in the rude embrace.
Montano fretted, and protested,
He'd have the *Ass* severely basted;
So call'd the servants out in haste,
To drub the rash unruly beast.
A parly, master, cries the brute,
Let you and I, the case dispute;
I saw your dog the other day,
Do twice as much, in harmless play,

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For which you thought him not ill bred,
But clapt his sides, and stroak'd his head;
Then what can now your passion move,
When I, like him, express my love?
Ah, foolish *Ass!* *Montano* cries,
When will you learn, or when be wise?
Your love how great soeer it be,
Has done no good but harm to me.
Hereafter if you'd shew your love,
In your own sphere take care to move;
Drudge kindly in the yoke, or cart,
But never act a higher part.
In all your actions follow nature,
But shun the name of *imitator*.
Thus when a poet has the art,
To please, and captivate the heart;
And can the finest fancies hit,
With nature, humour, sense, and wit;
A thousand asses will be *Trays*,
And merit birch instead of *Bays*.
Thus *Milton*'s grand seraphick flight,
Has imitators infinite.
In wit, and humour, *Butler* shines,
And pleasure broods upon his lines;
And therefore each pretending *Ass*,
Must imitate his *Hudibras*.
Great *Swift* shines in ironick strain,
Enliven'd with a hum'rous vein:
Ye imitators! here indeed
Ye may attempt but ne'er succeed.
Great wits will still have imitators,
Among the crew of stupid creatures;
As all the rainbows in the sky,
Have still faint mimick ones hard by.
But let the imitating class,
Still think upon *Montano*'s *Ass*.

Written on a Glaſs Window.

UPON this glaſs, where ſun beams play,
This inlet of the chearful day,
I'll write your name, my charming fair,
Were there a window in my breaſt,
You'd find by your own charms impreſt,
Your name, THOMASIA, written there.

ADVICE *to young* PLAYERS.

IF ye would learn the proper airs
For paſſion with the tone of voice;
Be not directed by the play'rs,
Make not ev'n *Sherridan* your choice.
The plaintive, grievous, dying tones,
The Widows mimick to the life;
But for the tow'ring bluſt'ring ones,
You'll meet them in each ſcolding wife.

VALENTINE's DAY.

Humbly inſcrib'd to a moſt agreeable Widow.

THE tuneful throng, that wing the air,
Now meet, and ſing, and woo, and pair:
Tho' ſome of them were pair'd before,
They think of former ties no more;
But liſt'ning to kind nature's voice,
They try new pleaſures, and rejoice.
Then, *Chloris*, why ſhould you and I,
Much longer ſhun the nuptial tye:
Waſting what's left of youth and time,
Believe me, *Chloris*, 'tis a crime.
Nature is now appearing gay,
Then throw your widow-weeds away;
And chooſe ſome proper ſecond mate;
For which I ſtand a candidate.
Chooſe me, dear *Chloris*, make me thine,
Your ever faithful *Valentine*.

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A POEM *on the Hot-Wells at* MALLOW.

LET *Iriſh* prieſts, who bring their faith from *Rome*,
Strive to ſupport it by their frauds at home;
Of fiends exorcis'd by their charms and ſpells,
And foul diſtempers heal'd at holy wells:
All this their poor deluded vot'ries muſt
(For dare they doubt their clergy?) take on truſt.
To ſuch I leave theſe little tricks of art;
Prompted by truth to act a nobler part:
'Tis ſolid truth, I, from experience ſing,
And can collat'ral proofs abundant bring.
Near *Mallow*, by a range of verdant hills,
A fountain iſſues forth in plenteous rills,
By nature tepid made, but from what cauſe!
Let thoſe enquire, who ſtudy nature's laws.
Perhaps with ſulph'rous particles replete
It may contract this ſubterraneous heat;
But I ſhall wave what lies beyond my *ken*,
And only in known truths employ my pen.
This healing fountain far more virtue hath
Than thoſe of *Briſtol*, or her ſiſter *Bath*:
But has one fault; too near! ay quite too near,
Elſe it, for fame, might vie with *Montpelier*.
From the prodigious ſervice it has done
It might be juſtly ſtil'd * *Catholicon*.
Do any ill-bred humours lurk within,
Or in an itch, or ſcurvy blotch the ſkin?
Do growing ulcers on the vitals prey,
Or lungs corrupted haſten a decay?
Do bileous juices make the blood move ſlow'r,
Or in a jaundice tinge the body o'er?
Do giddy megrims cauſe the head to ſwim,
Or ſharp rheumatick pains torment a limb?
Or ſcalding humours oozing from the head,
Afflict the balls of ſight, and turn them red?

Then

* Univerſal Medicine.

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Then let the patient to this fountain haſte,
And find a perfect cure—— *probatum eſt.*
The gravel (not the leaſt of human ills,
For tho' it kills but ſlow, it ſurely kills)
Here finds a cure, this diuretick ſpring
Diſſolves the ſtone, diſſolves the pungent ſting.
How oft for death did rackt *Hortenſius* call,
When ſanguine drops diſtain'd his urinal;
He felt the gravel in its greateſt force,
When to this healing ſpring he had recourſe:
But there it vaniſh'd as it were by ſtealth,
And left him happy in a flow of health.
Attend ye lovers, while the muſe records,
The charming pleaſures which the place affords;
Here ſtands a wood bedeckt with ſummer's pride,
There the Blackwater rowls his duſky tide;
Here a canal of waters deep and clear,
Whoſe ſpouting caſcades pleaſe the eye and ear;
While on the pebble-walks freſh air you breath,
Trees nod above, and fiſhes ſwim beneath.
Muſick in conſort, from a ſide retreat,
Gives life to all, and makes the ſcene compleat.
At night a gay aſſembly, and a ball,
Murphey's ſweet harp, and dancing cloſes all.

T.

EPIGRAM on the Horſe, which ſtumbling threw K. WILLIAM, and thereby (as ſome think) haſtened his Death.

ILLUSTRIS ſonipes! certè digniſſime Cœlo;
Cui Leo, cui Taurus, cui dabit Urſa locum.
Quæ te fœlicem fœlicia prata tulerunt?
Ubera quæ fœlix præbuit alma parens?
Hibernis patriam veniſti ulturus ab oris;
Aut Glenco, aut ſtirps te Fæniciana dedit.
Sis fœlix quicunq; precor memorande, nec unquam
Jam ſellæ dorſum, fræna nec Ora premant.

Humani

Humani generis vindex, Moriente tyranno:
Hanc libertatem, quem dabis, ipse tene.

Thus Burlesqu'd in English.

THOU noted stumbler! who deserv'st to fly
In crops of crows, and ravens thro' the sky!
The lion, bull, and bear (tho' fam'd all three
For doing mischief) must give place to thee.
Say, from what base-born mother art thou come?
What land of drudgery can'st thou call thy home?
Thou gift of some false Highland jacobite,
Or Irish garron hither sent for spite!
Or English rebels breed, born in curst hour
Of pop'ry, slav'ry, and despotick pow'r!
Whoe'er thou art, as thou esteem'st it best
To favour slav'ry, be with slav'ry blest!
May thy base mouth ne'er champ the gen'rous bit,
On thy scrub back, ne'er comely saddle sit,
Vile scourge of mankind, may'st thou ne'er be freed,
For thou'st destroy'd the source of *Liberty*.

EPIGRAM *on Sir* R—— W——

SOME people ask, is *W*—— ne'er asham'd
Howe'er, by truth, in pointed satyr, lash'd?
Or can he see destructive schemes take place,
Without his conscience flying in his face?
No; he, like other statesmen, has the art
To place his conscience in his—hinder part;
For all that's in that backward region done,
Will fly in ev'ry face, except his own.

On Miss ANN BREAD. *A PUN.*

WHILE toasts their lovely graces spread,
And fops around them flutter:
I'll be content with *Annie Bread*,
And won't have any but her.

Poor

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Poor Women the moſt miſerable Creatures!

'TIS gen'ral and juſt, that all mankind ſhould pay
For the uſe of thoſe creatures, who ſerve and obey;
I've often revolv'd this affair in my mind,
And a wife is the only exception I find;
By cuſtom illegal her portion is paid,
To buy her a husband who muſt be obey'd.
She vows ſhe'll obey him, and wives now-a-days,
Whatever they promiſe they'll do—as they pleaſe.

J.

An EPITHALAMIUM. *Addreſt to the Rev.* M. D.

JOY to the bridegroom, and the bride,
And ev'ry other good beſide:
May vigour, health, and wealth combine,
To dreſs, and nouriſh up your vine:
And may your toil rewarded be
With a delightful progeny;
A conſtant comfort may ſhe prove
In care, and tenderneſs, and love,
And from her practice, be it ſaid,
That one good woman wears a head.
The days of courtſhip ought to be
A ſtandard to thy ſpouſe and thee;
That day of days is chiefly mean't,
Wherein you gain'd her kind conſent;
Then you were careful not to fret her,
Thus ſtill behave or rather better:
Then ſhe was gentle, ſoft and kind,
Let her keep always in that mind.
Then, both were fully bent to pleaſe,
Let ſuch (oh! ſuch) be all your days.
But let us quit th' adviſing ſtrain,
And to our mirth return again.
Huzza! the happy knot is ty'd!
Joy to the bridegroom, and the bride.

T.

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BOTH's Beſt.

THE clergy from the pulpit cry,
With voice alarming; we muſt die!
Such ſmall attention laymen give,
That all their cry is——we muſt live.
Hear what an honeſt umpire ſaith,
Prepare for life, prepare for death;
Keep but religion ſtill in view,
You may live well, and die well too. T.

To MARIAMNE.

MADAM, the lines I here preſent,
Are void of art, or ornament:
Pure nature all, which take their riſe
From the fair luſtre of your eyes:
Thoſe eyes, which can ſuch flames infuſe,
As fill with fire the raptur'd muſe.
O then propitious! let them view
What by their own kind influence grew:
For thus the ſun with light gilds o'er
The flowers which he produc'd before.
My thoughts are all ſublime, and true,
All full of love, and full of you:
But yet I fear their dreſs may be
Unelegant, and ruin me:
For if I poorly plead my cauſe,
Inſtead of love or ev'n applauſe;
I may expect you'll umbrage take,
And ſlight me for my verſes ſake.
As fiſhes view with ſcornful eye,
The ill dreſt unalluring fly;
All the materials may be bright;
But dreſs muſt captivate the ſight.
My love is conſtant and ſincere
As a ſaint's vow, or hermit's prayer;
Witneſs theſe daily burſt of woe,
That from an inbred trouble flow:

Witneſs

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Witneſs thoſe tears that do confeſs,
Even an unmanly tenderneſs:
Nay, witneſs ev'ry pow'r above,
The truth and merit of my love.
My fears poſſeſs ſo large a ſcope,
They ſcarce leave any room for hope.
You're quite too lovely and too fair,
To fall to any mortal's ſhare——
Yet beauty, like a light-houſe, may
Conduct one ſafely to the quay; ——
But beauty oftner (that's my fear)
To the poor gazer proves a ſnare;
Like fire upon a rocky coaſt,
Whoever ſteer upon't, are loſt.
Yet while your charms preſerve their force,
My love can take no other courſe:
For, as the Memphian harp, 'tis ſaid,
If the ſun ſhone upon it, play'd;
Juſt ſo your charms my heart-ſtrings move
To play the ſofter ſtrains of love:
My thoughts at fartheſt diſtance caſt,
Will turn and wind to you at laſt:
No obſtacle can ſtop their way,
Like rivers haſt'ning to the ſea.
Then, Madam, give my heart relief,
Or plunge me in a ſea of grief. W.

The Hunting Club of FERMANAGH.

WHEN recreation does to health invite,
And blends the ſweets of profit and delight:
Thoſe ſouls muſt be of an ignoble caſt,
That ſlight ſuch pleaſures thro' a want of taſte;
While thin conſumptions waſte their fleſh away,
Or wheezing aſthmas bring a quick decay.
That man good health deſerves whoſe conſtant care
Is well to exerciſe in wholeſome air;

Starts with the ſun, his dogs and courſer takes,
Beats thro' the glades, the coppices and brakes.
Rouſes the fearful hare; ſhe ſcuds away,
The beagles in full cry purſue the deſtin'd prey.

The huntſman gets a view, his horn he ſounds,
And ſeems to fly o'er the retreating grounds:
His ſoul to higheſt raptures then is rais'd.
When ears, and eyes, and ev'ry ſenſe is pleas'd.

When I of hunting ſing, be it my care,
To give the hunting club the largeſt ſhare:
In fair *Fermanagh*, where theſe ſons of fame,
In our late wars gain'd an immortal name;
Who did a lawleſs tyrant's arms oppoſe, (foes,
And mark'd their bounds with heaps of ſlaughter'd
Thoſe foes, who valuing neither ſex nor age,
Would ſacrifice us to religious rage;
Here they firſt felt the ſmart of being beat,
Which Boyn confirm'd, and Aughrim did compleat.

Hard by Loughearn, fam'd for it's num'rous iſles,
Where bounteous nature in perfection ſmiles;
Where tow'ring woods project an awful gloom,
And waters clear the face of heav'n aſſume.
'Tis here the hunting club ſweet pleaſures taſte;
And uſe the hours, which others idly waſte:
Here they their health reſtore, and blood refine,
Whilſt others ſink in ſloth, and ſnore ſupine.

Bid them go hunt! we'll ſave our necks, they cry,
So rot in eaſe, and to ſhun dying, die.
But the intrepid ſoul all danger mocks,
Who hunts the hare, or kills the wily fox.
Such can a helpleſs common wealth befriend,
And a poor ſinking kingdom once again defend.

T.

From a Member of the Hunting Club in Fermanagh *to the Author.*

COuld we unfold the grateful thoughts that lie
Throng'd in our breaſt, tho' ſcreen'd from human eye. Could

Could we display a skilful poet's praise,
Enhance his judgement, and extol his lays;
Blest with such pow'r what subject would we chuse?
What! but the flights of *D——n's* tow'ring muse?
To hope for this, we may in vain contend,
And while we strive to please, we might offend.

Flaccus was prudent when he dropt the theme,
To sing of *Cæsar's* wars, and *Cæsar's* fame:
He saw the hero soar above his pen,
And wisely left that task for abler men.

Must we then silent sit, and not rehearse
The honours done us in immortal verse?
We'll tell the Poet in an humble strain,
When'er he deigns to grace our club again:
If fortune does not all our schemes defeat,
His entertainment shall be more compleat.

Regardless then, of all ignoble fear,
We'll thunder down the hills in full career:
The tuneful horn shall cheer each active hound,
The vocal woods shall propagate the sound;
The fearful hare in various circles run,
And end her life, where first her course begun.
Then gen'rous wine, our willing tongues shall raise,
And words supply to talk in *D——n's* praise.

A.

DOLON *and* DOLLY. *An* ODE.

RECITATIVO.

DOLON had wrote an elegy,
And oke an Epitaph;
That might make living people cry,
Or make e'en dead ones laugh.

He got a shilling for his pains,
And proud of such a sum,
He kiss'd it thrice, thrice beat his brains,
And thus the wit did come.

Oh

AIR.

Oh, ſplendid ſhilling! thou'rt the ſame,
That whilom was conſign'd to fame;
When in a poet's keeping.
That with ſuch humour didſt relate,
The various changes of thy fate,
While *Bickerſtaff* lay ſleeping.

II.

I know you're fond to tell what's paſt,
What happen'd ſince you rattled laſt,
If I car'd ought to know it.
You muſt now * *ſigarra deoch na ſgeul*
Buy me ſome oyſters, bread, and ale
A feaſt for any poet.

RECITATIVO.

Dolon impatient was, poor ſoul,
To wallow in good cheer;
He got the oyſters, ale, and roll,
But bought the oyſters dear.
The oyſter-wench ſo charming was,
That *Dolon*'s heart was ſtung
With raging love—— after a pauſe,
Thus poet *Dolon* ſung.

AIR.

Dame fortune ſo wond'rouſly freakiſh, and old is,
That *Dolly*, altho ſhe's as fair as a goddeſs:
Sells oyſters to get a poor living.
Oh had I but riches to purchaſe her charms;
In order to bribe the dear nymph to my arms,
I'd never be weary of giving.

II.

Or had I a muſe like your *Popes*, or your *Gays*;
Your *Wallers*, or *Drydens* to chant in her praiſe,
Quite up to the ſtars I would hoiſt her:
Thus freed from her rags, and her dirt ſhe ſhould ſhine,
Like a diamond, that's clear'd from the ruſt of the mine,
Or a pearl that's found in an oyſter.

Mr.

* A Drink exceeds a Tale.

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Mr. BLACKBORNE's *Epitaph.*

I.

JOHN BLACKBORNE wasted all his strength
In carrying a huge load of flesh;
But here has laid it down at length
His weary'd spirit to refresh.

II.

When first he took his budget up,
It weigh'd but seven pounds, or eight;
But many a bit, and many a sup,
Increast it to two hundred weight.

III.

That it was very heavy grown,
By this one instance may appear:
When breathless, spent, he laid it down,
It took four men to lugg it here.

IV.

So here it lies in its cold tomb,
In quiet let it here remain,
Till honest *John* himself shall come
To take his budget up again. J.

The DREAM.

'TWAS in a morning-dream, the only time
As sages say, when dreams are in their prime:
That I was got, I cannot tell which way,
Into the chamber where *Thomasia* lay:
The curtains which enshrin'd the lovely Fair,
Wrought by her charming self, with nicest care,
Were nobly rich. —The fair embroider'd scene
Was a gay landskip on a verdant plain.
Here opening prospects, meadows, and cascades,
And lambkins skipping thro' the flow'ry glades.
Here fly the warblers of the painted grove,
Here *Lesbia*'s sparrow, there the bird of *Jove*;
But when on flowers she employ'd her care,
Flora, if possible, might coppy there.

To

To open this fair screen, I thrice in vain
Attempted, thrice by fear repell'd again:
With far more courage could I brave the walls
Of proud *Namure*, and face its whizzing balls,
Than open this slight fence and there withstand
Her eyes keen lightning, or her stern command.
With eager accents I addrest my pray'r
To heav'n, and cry'd, O power celestial, hear!
Grant me assistance, send me timely aid,
For why should virtuous love be thus afraid.

The god consented, and my heart endu'd
With vigour, strength, and manly fortitude,
A fortitude that ne'er was known to prove
A foe to virtue, or to virtuous love.

Thus reinforc'd, again I did advance,
In hopes to get one heart-reviving glance,
Perhaps a kiss by some propitious chance,
With courage mixt with a respectful awe,
I drew the curtains back, and peep'd, and saw
I saw in bed the sweet inchanting Fair!
Her neck, her breast, and ev'n her bubbies bare;
Her bubbies! extasy! than snow more white!
Who would not give the world for such a sight?
Panting they heav'd, as thus expos'd they lay,
And added a new lustre to the rising day.

Thus, highly charm'd to consummate my bliss
I lean'd o'er the dear nymph, and begg'd a kiss:
She push'd me back, and answer'd with a frown,
Don't offer to be rude, sir, —pray be gone:
Pray, sir, leave off—I'll call—but here I catch'd
Her in my arms, and some sweet kisses snatch'd.
Then she began to murmur, and complain,
Till I with kisses stop'd her breath again.
I prest the balmy lips; the lovely red
Unable to sustain the pressure fled.
The vagrant crimson a new station seeks
Glows in a blush and wantons in her cheeks.

My

My soul transported, to my lips repair'd
Grasp'd the big joy, and the fierce rapture shar'd.
Think not, kind reader, from the scene that's past
That I had thoughts which were not purely chaste
Where love's sincere the lover can't be rude,
Love mends our nature and refines our blood.
The schemes of love and lust are diff'rent quite,
And no two things on earth more opposite;
For love (the greatest bliss that God has giv'n)
Makes life a pleasure, and leads back to heav'n;
But hell-born lust, whatever it pretends,
Pregnant with mischiefs in destruction ends,
This speculation runs in ev'ry mind;
But practice too too often lags behind.
But to divines I'll leave this useful theme,
And haste to the conclusion of my dream.
As nodding soldiers rous'd with loud alarms
Break thro' the chains of sleep and fly to arms,
So when transporting raptures did impart
Unusual motions to my panting heart;
Surpris'd, my spirits their confinement broke;
All hurry'd to their posts, and I awoke. T.

Sequel to, Miss BIDDY FLOYD, *or* Momus's *Production.* See SWIFT's Works.

WHEN *Biddy Floyd* was fairly made,
And *Jove* left off the forming trade;
Tho' * *imitators,* servile tribe!
Still many a nymph to *Jove* ascribe;
And such false stories daily scatter,
Tho' *Jove* knows nothing of the matter.
When *Floyd* was finish'd, as we said,
And *Jove* had quit the forming trade;
Momus forsooth must try his art
To furnish out a counterpart.

* *Imitatores, servum pecus!* HOR.

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But he muſt do't by ſtealth, becauſe
'Tis treaſon by celeſtial laws.
Prometheus too, had paid full ſore
For ſuch a bold attempt before.
One night to earth he ſkulking came,
To form this ſtrange and frightful dame;
Came to the very place where lay
The fragments *Jove* had thrown away;
He *pick'd* them up as choice ingredients
(What courtier ever wants *expedients?*)
Then ſingled out each diff'rent kind,
And each its proper part aſſign'd.
The *coquet*-particles produce
A heart unſtable, falſe, and looſe;
The *pert* the eyes engroſs, the *vain*,
Nice, and *affected* form the brain;
The *aukward* and *demure* repair
To form the face, and outward AIR;
The *coy* fulfill'd their proper taſk,
And ſerv'd the lady for a maſk.

Thus form'd, the image look'd ſo queer,
Old *Momus* could not chuſe but ſneer.

Not yet compleat——he catch'd a ſoul,
That of *Thyrſites*, on the ſtrole;
And cram'd it into Miſs's breaſt,
You ſee he would not baulk his jeſt.
Thus when a cinder-wench has got
Small coals enough to boil her pot,
Her mind is not yet ſatisfy'd,
Until a blazing chip apply'd
Gives life and ſpirit to the whole:
(What's any thing without a ſoul?)
In ſhort the body and the mind
Were both burleſques of womenkind.
To finiſh all, his godſhip *Momus*
Call'd his production M——— T———

On

On an ill-complexion'd Lady. *An* EPIGRAM.

I.

SURE *Flavia* counts it high disgrace,
That I'm call'd her adorer:
Because she's of a wealthy race,
And I of somewhat poorer.

II.

She's made, no doubt, of richer mould
Than I her humble suitor;
Since her's the tincture bears of Gold,
Mine only that of Pewter. M.

On AGELINA's *Birth-Day*, Jan. *the* 20th.

WHY does the morn so darkly rise,
And mists and clouds obscure the skies?
Why does not *Janus* look more gay,
On ush'ring in his twentieth day?
A day that mortals must revere,
Since *Angelina* good and fair,
This day first breath'd the vital air.
Perhaps *Aurora*'s in the hips,
To see her beauty in eclipse;
And *Phœbus* vext, to see his own
By *Angelina*'s rays outshone;
Thro' spite o'ercasts the face of Day,
While *Janus* looks the backward way,
Nor such a mortal deigns to view,
As can a brother god outdo
Tho' spite and jealousy should move
The gods and goddesses above,
To chaff and fret, look dull and sour,
And make the heav'ns about them lour;
We mortals will exult in wine,
And bonefires shall like *Phœbus* shine;
We'll crown the fav'rite day with mirth,
That gave fair *Angelina* birth.

O *Angelina!* when we ſee
What rare perfections meet in thee,
We muſt with joy extol thy worth,
And bleſs the womb that brought thee forth.
Glad poets on thy natal day,
Their tributary ſongs will pay:
For poets (like the birds in ſpring)
Muſt, when the proſpect pleaſes, ſing;
And, tho' I know 'twill make you fret
(Like Romans in their triumphs) yet
May you be peſter'd with their rhymes,
On your birth-day, unnumber'd times. T.

From a Lady to her Lover on his Journey.

I.

MY ſwain, while I inwardly grieve that you're gone,
May my wiſhes aſſiſt you, my pray'rs help you on:
Yet while you are abſent I'll ſtill be in pain;
And thoſe that are griev'd, may have leave to complain.
I know, that you travel for laudible ends,
To ſee your relations, your country, and friends:
Yet love more engaging by far than all three,
Might ha' kept you ſtill here, and confin'd you to me.

II.

In the middle of winter, the dead of the year,
When the ſun o'er the mountains does ſcarcely appear,
Far northward you go, where the bleak winds arife,
Snowy hills, frozen vallies, and turbulent ſkies.
Ah! leave theſe cold ſcenes, to my boſom repair;
No winter diſquiets, no tempeſt is there:
For why ſhould the ſwain be oppreſs'd with the cold,
Whom my arms could embrace, and my boſom could hold.

I When

III.

When I sit in my chamber and hear the wind blow,
That hurry the hailstones, and drive on the snow;
My fancy can see you as lonely you ride,
O'er mountains unsheltered, and vallies so wide,
While the pitiless blasts, that still northerly come,
Blow full in your face, and your fingers benumb:
I wish I could ward off the tempests that beat;
And squeeze your poor fingers to give them more heat.

IV.

Go on, my dear *Strephon*, and leave me to grieve,
That my wishes are all the weak help I can give!
Go, finish your journey, and without delay
Bring back the same heart that you carry'd away;
For if you so inconstant and faithless should prove,
As to slight *Artemesia*, your vows, and your love;
I should die with despair—but such fancies adieu,
You will always be faithful, as I am to you.

T.

A Popish Charm, given by a certain Priest (who pretended to cure the Convulsion-Fits to such as would turn to Mass) and hung about the Patient's Neck.

✠

I H S.

Tres Reges Regi Regum tria dona tulerunt,
Jasper fert Myrrham, Thus, Melcheus; Balthasar, Aurum:
Hæc tria, qui secum portabit nomina Regum,
Solvitur a Morbo Christi pietate, Caduco. ✠

English'd thus:

THREE kings, three things, present the king of kings:
Myrrhe, jasper first; next gold Balthsar brings:

Then

Then Malcheas frankincenſe. Whoever bears
Theſe wiſe men's names, and on his boſom wears,
Shall (if this charm has any virtue) be,
By Chriſt's good grace from falling-ſickneſs free.

M.

On a certain LAMPOONER.

FULVUS has neither wealth nor wit;
But he has vanity to ſpare:
He thinks himſelf for *Flavia* fit,
Who ſhines in a ſuperior ſphere.
When ſhe, with reaſon, ſlights his ſuit,
He counts it a notorious crime;
And in revenge the ſnarling brute,
Labours to ſlander her in rhime.
Thus ſome poor dog, turn'd out all night,
Nor ſun, nor fire to keep him hot;
Barks at the moon with canker'd ſpite,
Becauſe ſhe ſhines and warms him not.

T.

On our modern Aſtrologers. *Written in the Time of the great Froſt*, 1740.

URANIA's ſons, our wiſe aſtrologers,
Muſt now confeſs how much their knowledge errs!
How quite incapable of knowing,
What ſun, or moon, or ſtars are doing,
Or making people certain, whether,
Or how they influence the weather.
Did theſe ſage philomaths foreknow
This mighty fall of froſt and ſnow;
They ſhould have told, e'er it was coming on,
Each Circumſtance of this phœnomenon:
When 'twould begin, how long 'twould lie;
What hares and partridges would die:
How the continu'd ſtorm would ſtarve them;
In ſpight of ſtatutes to preſerve them.

How

How many wild-fowl would be shot;
How the potatoes all would rot.
What ladies would go out a nipping,
And how the storm would spoil our shipping.
Had they of this appriz'd the nation,
They might have sav'd their reputation.
Whereas, God wot, it does appear
By all our almanacks this year;
That ne'er an author of them all,
Foreknew that such a storm would fall;
So far from that, the ninnies rather
Tell us of rain, and pleasant weather.
This shews, whatever they profess,
They're ignorant, and write by guess.
Old *Bickerstaff* did quite confound them,
And thro' the sides of *Partridge* wound 'em;
Yet still they us'd a weak endeavour,
And struggled e'er they'd sink for ever;
But such a hit, on such a blot,
Makes all their credit go to pot.
Nay, should they ev'n by chance speak true
(As all your guessers sometimes do,)
The true as well as false prediction,
Must altogether pass for fiction.
Thus when a noted lying hound,
By chance the proper scent has found,
The pack ne'er mind his call, as one
That cannot be depended on. J.

EPIGRAM. *In est sua gratia parvis.*

THE shortest epigrams are counted best:
This must be good, 'tis short enough at least.
M.

True POLITICKS, *or* E——d's *Interest, with a Word of Advice. Written in the Year* 1741.

POOR injurd B——n think they're very safe,
If some can satirize, and others laugh; And

And while the press stands unrestrain'd, we sure
Their rights are safe, their liberties secure!
In this they must be wrong, and ever will,
While fancy'd blessings prove a real ill;
While, like the man they blame, themselves pursue
false politicks, and quite neglect the true.

Bad ministers (their satyr's constant theme)
At last grow harden'd, and forget all shame;
Like school-boys hors'd, until the suff'ring part,
Grows callous, hard, and feels no more the smart.
Thus harden'd, value not the stripes that come
Upon the senseless, stupid, passive bum.
What good has *d'Anvers* and his party done?
Are not destructive schemes still carried on?
The nation's ruin is approaching fast,
And the much wanted place-bill stands unpass'd.

The *B—t—h* spirits who in former days
Raz'd conquer'd towns, and swept obedient seas,
Now to repeated injuries submit,
And stronger force yields to superior wit.
A *Spanish* pistol (pray excuse the pun)
Wounds *E—d* sorer than the longest gun.
Part of our nation's plunder buys a chain,
Which ties our hands from plundering again.

Now since we know that all the hated tribe
Of ministers are rogues, can't we out-bribe?
It must be granted our prime vizier shou'd
Join private interest with the publick good:
We know they should go hand in hand, then why
Do we let foreigners this want supply?
Can't we, to glut his avarice and pride,
Let him o'er all the nation's wealth preside;
Not as a treasurer to give account,
To what our annual revenues amount;
Then amply shew, how all these sums were us'd,
And plainly prove his trust is not abus'd.
I must confess, it is too starv'd a way
To stint a statesman to his yearly pay:

No,

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No; let us put the treasury in his hands,
Ask no account, but answer all demands;
No nation is so very poor, but can
Satiate the wish of one rapacious man,
Self-satisfy'd at last with wealth untold,
He'll come to look with scorn on *Spanish* gold.
Our trade will flourish, without search or bounds,
We'll save in hundreds what we lose in pounds.

W.

From an absent Lover to his Mistress. An EPISTLE.

WHEN a fond youth is forc'd to part
From the dear object of his heart;
What griefs, what troubles fill his breast,
Too big to be by words expreſt.
No pangs can torture human minds
But what the absent lover finds:
Each circling day augments his care;
For hope delay'd, becomes despair.
The anxious thought, the restless dream,
Are each returning night the same.
This truth is verify'd in me,
A poor fond loving absentee.
Absent from thee I'm pensive grown,
My sole delight's to be alone,
That I may fondly talk of thee,
In tender, soft soliloquy.
My gay companions often strive
Me, from my solitude to drive;
They vainly think their skill, and art,
Will wear the passion from my heart;
But heart, and life, and all must cease,
E'er thy dear image quits its place.
Sometimes the chearful glass they try,
Thinking my flames may make me dry;
'Tis all in vain, their friendship's lost,
Unless you chance to be the toast.

Sometimes they tempt me to the green,
Where nymphs on ſummer morns are ſeen;
Then point out each deſerving laſs,
With lovely ſhape, and angel face;
And bid me chuſe ſome charming fair,
I cry my charmer is not there.
My heart, all thine, ſwells with diſdain,
And will no rival entertain.
Or if I meet your ſex by chance
I ſcarce vouchſafe a ſingle glance;
For what can I expect to ſee,
They may have charms, but none for me.
My *Chloris*, if you'd comfort give,
Or think that I deſerve to live;
Niceneſs apart, your thoughts purſue,
And frankly ſend a line or two;
With pleaſure I would read and kiſs
The dear enſurer of my bliſs;
Then praiſe thy genius, and thy wit,
The head that form'd, the hand that writ;
And to enjoy you, even in part,
I'd lay your letter next my heart.
With eager longings I muſt wait
That happy criſis of my fate.
Till then, dear *Chloris*, I remain
Your loving, conſtant, faithful ſwain.

T.

GAY's *Apology for his dirty Songs.*

I.

YOU praiſe my grave and modeſt ſongs,
About my looſe ones make a pother;
To well-bred folks the one belongs,
You ſay, to blackguard boys the other.

II.

Then cry, alas! what pity 'tis,
A head with ſuch collections ſtor'd,
So finely furniſh'd out as this,
Should room for traſh or dirt afford.

Bur-

III.

But sir, this trash may have its use,
T" enrich and fertilize my brain:
As fields, with dung manur'd, produce
The choicest and the richest grain.

The Answer.

I.

YOUR dirt and trash might be endur'd
In fields where barrenness abounds;
But whoe'er yet with dung manur'd
Already rich and fertile grounds.

II.

For such manuring only serves
With spurious growths to check your seeds;
Your grain in midst of plenty starves,
And all you reap is noisome weeds. M.

'Tis a bad Wind blows No-body Good. A TALE.

TWO friends, so very loving-hearted,
Like soul and body never parted,
From childhood up, till both began
To ripen fairly into man;
When fortune gave the parting blow,
Tom stays behind, but *Will* must go
To some remote and distant scene,
No hopes to see his friend again.
This griev'd them sore, and 'twas no wonder,
'Twas death to part and be asunder;
Existing in a sep'rate state,
They thought the worst effect of fate:
But see the wond'rous works of chance,
This death, so vexing, prov'd a trance;
Again they meet, again embrace,
The happiest pair of human race.
Kissing, hugging, shaking hands,
Were follow'd by as kind demands

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How parents, health, and kindred were,
Which will not a recital bear.
Says *Tom* to *Will*, my life and soul,
You have been long upon the strole;
While I was left (and 'twas a hard case)
Without you here, a lifeless carcase.
Were you in heav'n (let's hear your story)
Or headlong plung'd in purgatory——
In woe——or happy as a prince;
What were you doing ever since?
My friend, soon as I went from you,
Another body came in view;
I found it gentle, neat and fair,
I lik'd it well, and enter'd there;
With pleasure too, it seem'd to be
A comfortable nest to me;
And so by rules of transmigration,
I gave this body animation.
Come drop, says *Tom*, this allegory,
And in plain language tell your story.
Thus, *Will* replies, my dearest cronoy,
I enter'd into matrimony,
I met a lady neat and tall,
Of gentle birth, and fair withal;
This was the comfortable nest,
I'll leave you to apply the rest.
Quoth *Tom*, how happy was your lot!
No wonder I was quite forgot.——
Far from it——we began to jar,
Which turned to a state of War;
She stunn'd me with a storm of clamour,
And I to stop it, swore I'd slam her;
She then began to bounce and tear,
To break my head, and pull my hair;
Till I was forc'd to beat the shrew,
And often left her black and blue.
Faith, *Will*, thy case was wond'rous bad——
Not so much, neither, since she had

In

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In ready cash, five hundred pounds,
To buy me wigs, and cure my wounds.—
Why then your case was pretty good.—
Quite the reverse as matters stood,
Says *Will* again——I could not keep
My cash, but laid it out on sheep;
In one great storm of snow and frost,
The most part of my sheep was lost;
The murrain, and the rot besides,
Soon left me nothing but the hides.
There you were badly off again.——
No, not so badly in the main;
For skins, and wool, took such a rise,
I sold them at a monstrous price;
And so brought in again, almost
As much as all my sheep had cost.
Faith, friend, astonish'd, *Tom* reply'd,
You had good fortune on your side.——
Quite otherwise, says *Will*, for I
Resolv'd once more my fate to try.
I bought in butter, tallow, hides,
And ventur'd all on winds and tides;
My all was in one bottom sent,
My cargo to the bottom went;
A violent storm the vessel tost,
Till all was shatter'd, sunk, and lost.
Why then, says *Tom*, your case was bad,
Your losses might have made you mad.
Not so bad neither, answers *Will*,
For then my wife was taken ill;
A desperate cholick rag'd within,
Beyond the strong effects of gin.
I saw the malady increase,
With which my joys kept equal pace.
Though air preserves the vital puff,
Yet danger lies beyond *enough*;
Thus air will make a candle blaze,
But too much puts it out with ease;

Thus

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Thus water drives about the mill,
Yet too much ſets her ſtanding ſtill;
And thus the cholick ſerv'd my wife,
It quite out-ſtorm'd her boiſt'rous life.
She dy'd and left me free as air,
Or bird eſcap'd the fowler's ſnare.

Quoth *Tom*, you had a world of croſſes,
And ſtorms occaſion'd all your loſſes;
By ſtorms abroad—your goods and ſheep,
By ſtorms at home—your peace and ſleep.
Sure you can never bring your mind
To think upon a blaſt of wind.
I would not even breathe the air,
That was ſo cruelly ſevere.

You know, quoth *Will*, the wind at laſt
Gave me a comfortable blaſt;
Faith, I could breathe it all my life,
And live on that which kill'd my wife.

COLIN *and* CHLORIS.

COLIN.

WITH gold the miſer fills the cheſt;
Receptacle of glitt'ring coin!
So with your charms I fill my breaſt,
Which ſweetly in idea ſhine:
With gold he often cheers his ſight,
And always thinks the proſpect new:
Juſt ſo my fancy takes delight,
To bring you often in my view.

CHLORIS.

Then, *Colin*, ſtill a miſer be;
With pleaſure view your fancy'd ſtore:
I, ſince it won't impov'riſh me,
Could wiſh to give you ten times more.

COLIN.

What tho' my fancy can diſpenſe
With ſuch ideal food as this;
Yet ev'ry nerve, and ev'ry ſenſe
Pant for a more ſubſtantial bliſs.

CHLORIS.

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CHLORIS.

If you would act the miſer's part,
Let both your practices agree;
His ſight engroſſes all his heart;
Then prithee aſk no more of me.

COLIN.

The miſer would enjoy his gold,
Could he enjoy't and ſee it too:
Both, in reſpect of you will hold,
For I can practiſe both with you.

I cannot tell if the following piece was ever in print; if not, 'tis worth preſerving; if it was, I muſt apologize by ſaying, that a man of ſenſe never is diſpleaſed at ſeeing a beautiful face twice.

A Receipt to Cure LOVE.

TAKE eight ounces of conſideration, half the quantity of indifference, ten grains of ingratitude, ſix ſcruples of patience, a ſmall ſprig of rue, two handfuls of employment, four months abſence, mix it with the conſtant converſation of a rival, to this you may add as much diſcretion as nature has allotted; boil all together without intermiſſion till a third part be conſumed, cooling it with a few ſlights. Spread it on the thoughts of your miſtreſs's imperfections, and apply the plaiſter luke-warm to your heart, but beſure not to take it off till it comes off itſelf. And if this proves not ſucceſsful, your caſe is deſperate indeed.

The ANSWER.

AH, kind phyſician! thy receipt will prove
Of little ſervice to thy friend in love.
Whene'er *conſideration* I employ,
New beauties in the charmer I deſcry.
To all perfections ſhe has juſt pretence,
And thaws my ſoul from cold *indifference*;

Ingra-

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Ingratitude's a guilt she does not know,
She thanks the heav'ns for all they can bestow;
She other obligations never knew;
For all the earth can give, is but her due.
Speak *patience* to the wretch upon the wheel,
He knows no torments like the rack I feel.
No *rue* apply'd can e'er my pains remove,
Alas, in herbs there is no cure for love!
Employment has my peace of mind destroy'd;
For 'tis on her my thoughts are all employ'd.
To little passions *absence* gives a cure,
To great ones adds, and makes them to endure.
So winds put out the candle's glimm'ring light,
But makes the raging furnace blaze more bright.
Each place produces rivals to my view,
She but appears, and she creates them new;
In vain, like me, her favours they implore,
And I'm a slave, with many thousands more;
But sure where numbers in opinion meet,
To act as they do, is to be discreet:
For imperfections would you search the fair,
Find spots in ermine, tinge the ambient air.
Teach me no more to be her humble slave,
And write thy skill upon the restless wave.
All this he must perform, who'er conceits,
He can prescribe in Love, and write receipts.

A.

On a Wren building in a Human Skull.

GOOD people, quit all earthly glory,
And look at this *memento mori*,
Behold this weather-beaten skull,
As once before——so now 'tis full
Of trash collected by a wren,
Emblem of little fools in Men,
Who have not strength, or wings to fly
In upper-regions of the sky;

But

But lowly flutter near the ground,
Where shade and covert most abound.——
Hairs, feathers, moss are here collected,
And all into a nest erected;
See here, the worthless stuff she brings,
Excrescences, and fruitless things;
Fit emblems of the trash we strive
To fill our heads with, when alive,
Which, when the little soul is flown,
We can't enjoy, or call our own. T.

On the Praise given to the antient Poets.

THE man, who gives the antients praise,
Is prejudic'd in part,
He read them in his younger days;
They first possest his heart.
Thus, the religion which in youth
Did first our minds engage;
We take on trust for certain truth,
And argue for't in age.

On PROMISES.

MEN that are always promising,
The weakness of their minds betray;
They can't pretend to keep a thing,
Which they so often give away.

On MISERS.

THE Miser is, by methods fair or foul,
For saving ev'ry thing——except his soul.

On CYDER. *A* RONDEAU.

I.

LET us drink, let us drink our old cyder away;
The orchards are redd'ning, the apples look gay.

The gard'ner cries out, they are ready for uſe;
The preſs is preparing to ſqueeze out the juice.
Then empty your glaſs, the old cyder muſt ſink,
To make room for the new, let us drink, let us drink.

II.

That liquor's the beſt, that is equally good
For quenching our thirſt, and refreſhing our blood:
Small-beer for the one, for the other good wine,
But cyder for both is a liquor divine.
See, ſparkling *Pomona*, ſhe tips you the wink,
To empty your glaſs, let us drink, let us drink.

The Girl ſpils her Milk. A FABLE.

A Wench once to the market ſped,
A pail of milk upon her head;
Warm, thick, and ſweet, and full of froth,
And cover'd with a clean white cloth.
But as to town her milk ſhe brought,
She fell into this train of thought:
"This milk is all my own, with which
I may, perhaps, in time grow rich.
I'll ſell it for a groat, and then,
That groat will buy a laying hen;
She'll hatch her eggs, and without doubt,
Bring a fine brood of chickens out.
The hen and chickens, three months hence,
Will ſurely ſell for eighteen pence.
I buy a pig——ſhe takes the boar,
And then ſhe'll farrow half a ſcore.
I ſell them, and a heifer buy,
Then ſhe'll increaſe and multiply.
This brings me in a ſtock of cows,
And that will introduce a ſpouſe:
For when I've gather'd up my crumbs,
And reckon'd rich—the courtier comes."
With that ſhe gave a leap for joy
(How ſoon can fate our hopes deſtroy)
She ſlipp'd and ſtumbling o'er a ſtone,
Both milk and hopes, were overthrown.

A RE-

A RECEIPT.

TAKE no more of this world, than will carry
you thro' it,
And as much of heav'n, as will bring you safe to it.

On ABSTINENCE.

'TWas one day in lent, that two clergymen met,
At an inn on the road, some refreshment
to get;
A protestant, that; this a catholick brother;
On bacon one din'd; on a herring the other:
Sure, sir, says the father, we, who are content
To mortify thus, on a herring in lent:
Will merit far more than ye folks, who eat bacon:
Nay, sir, says the other, you may be mistaken;
Do you think the Almighty, in regions of bliss,
Is charm'd with the way of our eating in this?
Did he forbid flesh, yet allow us to dine
On good butter'd fish, mellow fruit, and good wine?
Sure, if we do actions, he ne'er did command,
He'll ask † who requir'd these things at your hand?

A.

† Isaiah i, 12.

On the late Duke of ARGYLE, 1746.

WHoe'er thou art that would mankind excel,
And purchase endless fame by doing well;
Draw no example from exotick climes,
Nor read the musty records of old times:
Draw no original from *Greece* or *Rome*;
But read the glorious copy here at home,
Within the confines of *Britannia*'s isle,
Read each great character in great *Argyle*.

C.

EPITAPH.

TELL, marble tomb, tell *Britain*'s isle,
The dissolution of *Argyle*:
Tell how his mortal part you keep;
The only part that rests in sleep;
His soul to heav'n has wing'd its way,
Rejoicing in eternal day.
His tow'ring fame (tho' more confin'd)
Superior shines among mankind. T.

EPITAPH on *W*——

WHEN a gunpowder rocket mounts out of its sphere,
It hisses, stinks, sputters, and dies in the air:
Its carcase falls down from its wonderful height,
Sinks deep in the clay, and is bury'd in night.
So *W*—— with hellish ingredients replete,
O'er better mens heads mounted high in the state;
But when to its owner he voided his soul,
His carcase fell here, and rots on in this hole.
W.

A JEST.

AFTER the fight of *Fontenoy*,
A soldier brought a chopping boy,
And begg'd his chaplain to baptize him;
But the too scrup'lous priest denies him,
Because, it seems, no gossips came,
To answer in the infant's name.
Dear sir, says *John*, and made a bow,
I'll stand myself—I'll promise—vow—
No, says the priest, you cannot stand—
" Why what prevents, may I demand?
I say you cannot—what prevents you!
Our church's canons are against you.

" What!

" What! had you cannons in your church,
" When *Dutchmen* left us in the lurch:
" When we engag'd ſuperior force,
" Were ſorely maul'd both foot and horſe?
" Would you your cannons point at me?
" Yet let the curſed *French* go free?"
A ſpecial jeſt, ſays crape, and ſmil'd;
Come hither, I'll baptize your child.

FEMALE REPUTATION. *A* DIALOGUE.

MOTHER. DAUGHTER.

DAUGHTER.

TELL me what is reputation
Like unto, and how I may ſhun
Ev'ry evil imputation? ——

MOTHER

Reputation's brittle ware,
Which requires our niceſt care:
For we find it, to our coſt,
Hard to keep, and quickly loſt.
'Tis a candle in the night,
Which with care will ſhew good light,
If it is in ſhelter plac'd,
That will keep off ev'ry blaſt.
When it ſtands in open air,
Void of ſhelter, void of care,
Then the blaſt of evil fame,
Soon extinguiſhes the flame.

DAUGHTER.

Pray how ſhould I manage then?

MOTHER.

Strive to blow it in again:
If you fail—you know the * jeſt;
But however do your beſt.

Repu-

* When any one fails in attempting to blow in a Candle, People in jeſt ſay, you have loſt your Maidenhead.

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Reputation thus you see,
Should be guarded carefully:
Prithee guard it well, for then
'Tis regarded by the men. J.

An Invitation to a Diſh of CUMBERLAND BEANS, April 15*th*, 1747.

SIR,

APRIL the fifteenth I deſign,
To treat ſome worthy friends of mine
To beans and bacon (charming food)
Fine early beans, and bacon good;
Sure in the north you've ſeldom heard
Of beans ſo very quickly rear'd:
But theſe are of a noble kind,
Which fear no froſt nor winter's wind;
And therefore ſhould be known to fame
By *Cumberland*'s auſpicious name:
For ev'ry thing that's choice and rare,
The name of *Cumberland* ſhould bear.
They've been in bloſſom ſome weeks ſince,
And ſeem to copy from our *Prince*;
Our darling *William*, who began
To bloom and ripen into man,
While others of his age were boys,
Their minds engag'd in ſports and toys;
While they purſu'd ſome childiſh game,
He went thro' all degrees—of fame;
Led armies on, and laurels gain'd,
Rebels ſubdu'd, and right maintain'd.
Theſe grand ideas never fail
To fire my gratitude and zeal.
But I muſt drop theſe lofty ſtrains,
And talk about my early beans.
An eagle thus, with rapture may
Soar—gazing on the god of day:

Yet

Yet ſoon muſt quit his ſoaring mood,
Muſt ſtoop to earth, and mind his food.
Well, ſir, my beans are rip'ning faſt,
In ſpight of ev'ry chilling blaſt:
And will their firſt-fruit-off'ring pay
On conq'ring *William*'s natal-day.
Then come, my friend, among the reſt
You know you'll be a welcome gueſt.
In wholeſome punch, and ſparkling wine,
We'll drink the *King* and royal line;
The *Duke*, and all our brave commanders,
And, may they ſcourge the *French* in *Flanders*;
O! may they humble all who hate
Our liberties, in church and ſtate! W. M.

Why the MOON *is call'd a* SHE.

A Merry young lady enquired of me,
Concerning the moon, why we term it a ſhe,
I gave her ſome reaſons; that, in the firſt place,
She always appears with a bold brazen face:
Nor far do we need for a ſecond to range;
'Tis that ſhe's inconſtant, and given to change:
And if I dare ſpeak it, the third is as bad,
Men's humours ſhe works, till ſhe makes them ſtark mad:
A fourth is, when low'ring her viſage appears,
It readily ends in a torrent of tears.
Beſides, when at night for th' aſſembly ſhe's dreſt,
She ſtrives to outſhine, and o'er-top all the reſt.
Nay more, in folks houſes ſhe ever is prying,
Their floors, and their beds, and their furniture eying:
Then laſtly, her belly's not long in the wane,
But quickly recruits, and grows pregnant again;
Tho' in this ſhe excels the whole ſex ev'ry one,
That we reckon her full, when ſhe's only half-gone. M.

These

These were added by another Hand.

A Fifth reason is, when she labours to shine
In a hoop, like our ladies, 'tis thought a bad sign;
Another may be, that she's best in the night,
'Tis then she can give a new kind of de—light.
Once more, like our wives, tho' our business should stop,
Till her own stated hour, she will not get up.
Her feminine qualities thus to run through,
Were tedious, as how she's dark, sharp, old, and new,
I wish that our wives would keep pace with her here,
Then we might have them new ev'ry month in the year.

SONGS.

The FAIR BAKER.

AIR. *To you fair ladies now at land.*

I.

THE nymph, whose charms employ my muse,
Does all our nymphs surpass;
This town did ne'er before produce
Half so compleat a lass:
For here is beauty join'd with sense,
And skill improv'd with diligence.
With a fa, la, &c.

II.

As I pass often by her door,
And cast a sidelong glance,
There see her sifting on the floor,
Oh! how my spirits dance!
For *Ceres* never show'd such state,
As she amidst her heap of wheat.
With a fa, la, &c.

I've

III.

I've often thought, when I have seen
Her oven in a flame,
How much like it my heart has been,
Its case how much the same;
For sure no fiercer fire can blaze
Than that which *Molly*'s beauties raise.
With a fa, la, &c.

IV.

The nice and curious seek to know
What makes her bread so fair;
'Tis in some measure owing to
Her neat and cleanly care:
But 'tis her hand, 'tis that has pow'r
To add such whiteness to the flour.
With a fa, la, &c.

V.

Behold that loaf! how hard the crust!
The pith how soft and white!
Why, charming *Molly*, you are just
Its lovely opposite:
How snowy white and soft your skin!
But oh! how hard your heart within!
With a fa, la, &c.

VI

Let pale-fac'd beauties paler grow
That they no pow'r can boast,
Since pretty blooming *Moll* is now
Become the general toast.
Nor is the gratitude so great,
To drink her health whose bread we eat.
With a fa, la, &c. T.

The SERENADE. AIR, *T'wold side.*
Reveillez vous, belle endormie, &c.

I.

AWAKE, my fair, open those eyes,
Which mine so late waking do keep;

And make me ſo early to riſe;
While both late and early you ſleep.
Ah! open I ſay, thoſe bright eyes,
And ſee your poor ſwain's how they weep.
Alas, at your window he dies,
Whilſt you lie regardleſs aſleep.

II.

The ſpring-tide of his youthful blood,
Is fallen and ſunk to a nepe;
So long in the cold he has ſtood,
Whilſt wrapt in warm cov'rings you ſleep.
Conſider how thro' his wet cloaths
The conſtant eve-droppings do ſeep;
Will nothing diſturb your repoſe,
Or will you mind nothing but ſleep?

III.

The milch-kine's ſoft lowing I hear,
And the numerous bleating of ſheep:
Nymphs, ſhepherds abroad all appear,
While *Clara* alone lies aſleep.
Straight ſmoak from the chimneys ariſe,
And houſe-wives their cottages ſweep:
Rous'd lab'rers are rubbing their eyes,
While yours are faſt cloſed in ſleep.

IV.

The brook that runs down thro' the glen,
As it tumbles over the ſteep,
By its murmuring ſeems to complain
That *Clara* ſo long lies aſleep.
The ſurges that beat on the ſhore,
On purpoſe detach'd from the deep,
Still louder and louder do roar,
To wake lovely *Clara* from ſleep.

V.

Ah! mayn't your poor ſwain be ſo bold
As in at the window to peep?
Where he may with pleaſure behold
His *Clara* awaking from ſleep!

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Oh! could he once ſee the bleſt time
Into that dear boſom to creep;
Believe me, he'd think it no crime
To break late and early your ſleep. M.

The YOUNG WITCH.

AIR, *Ye virgins that intend to wed*, &c.

I.

WILL ſome love-caſuiſt explain,
What does the witch *Glacira* mean
By ſuch fond ogling glances?
Or why employ her charms on me,
Who never dare familiar be,
Or make the leaſt advances?

II.

In time of pray'r, why does ſhe look
More in my face than in her book,
And into raptures throw me?
So eaſily my hopes are fed!
Yet when I come my ſuit to plead,
She vows ſhe does not know me.

III.

Glacira, 'tis no prudent way,
To raiſe up ſp'rits you will not lay:
You know the obſervation,
That ſpirits rais'd will raiſe the wind,
Which may o'erturn your peace of mind,
Or blaſt your reputation. T.

The COQUETTE.

AIR, *O Bell thy looks have kill'd*, &c.

I.

WHATE'ER *Eliza* did, or ſaid,
My fooliſh heart approv'd,
I lik'd the gay, the willing maid,
Yet could not ſay I lov'd:

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I thought that nature was the ſource
From whence her worth did ſpring;
But find 'tis art, or ſomething worſe
Sets her a coquetting.

II.

I ſpoke of love, ſhe did not ſhew
Or anger, or diſtaſte;
Had ſhe continu'd always ſo,
I might have lov'd at laſt.
But pride, or policy, or fear,
Has made the nymph reſerv'd:
She thinks a fool, like me, might bear
To have his paſſion ſtarv'd.

III.

But the miſtaken nymph I warn
Some other arts to prove;
Since I can cure *Eliza*'s ſcorn
By *Emma*'s gentler love.
Love is a kind of puſh-pin play,
Where both advances make,
Where none can bear a prize away
Who wants a heart to ſtake.

Q.

To a blind young Lady, who ſung ſome of her own Verſes to the Spinette.

AIR. *Vertumnus.*

I.

FAIR *Myra*, to your worth I bring
This tributary praiſe:
Of all your ſex you fineſt ſing,
And form the fineſt lays.
When to the harp or ſweet ſpinette
You join your ſweeter voice,
We mortals all our cares forget,
And liſt'ning ſp'rits rejoice.

II.

Go on, dear nymph, devoid of fear,
Theſe glorious lights purſue:

Homer,

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Homer, and *Milton*, poets were,
And both were blind like you.
Thus, when the gods deſtroy the ſight,
In recompence, we find,
They, by a ſtrong and inward light,
Adorn and gild the mind.

III.

Where wit with ſofteſt numbers wooes,
In ſofteſt ſounds convey'd,
And by a virgin; who can chuſe
But love the charming maid?
The heart, with heav'nly muſick mov'd,
Beats time to ev'ry ſtring,
Then ceaſe to wonder why I lov'd;
I heard you play and ſing. T.

CLARA.

AIR, *Whate'er I do, where'er I go*, &c.

I.

ON a bright ſunſhine ſummer's day,
Clara, the goddeſs of my fate,
Was trav'lling faint along the way,
Oppreſt and faint with noontide heat.

II.

To let in cool refreſhing air,
She ſtripp'd and laid (enchanting ſhow!)
Her muffled neck and boſom bare;
Her neck and boſom white as ſnow.

III.

But with the cool refreſhing air,
Sol's am'rous beams, faſt crowding in,
Gave apprehenſions to the Fair,
Leſt they ſhould taint and ſpoil her ſkin.

IV.

Clara, your fears are all unjuſt,
Your apprehenſions are too ſtrong:
For you thoſe rays may ſafely truſt,
Thoſe rays can never do you wrong.

Tho'

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V.

Tho' they, your beauties to admire,
With eager haſte come thronging in,
Yet, ſtartled, they as quick * retire,
Nor dare ſo much as touch your ſkin.

VI.

Its dazzling whiteneſs with ſurprize,
They view, ſtart back, and ſtraight impart
Their wonder to my raviſh'd eyes,
My eyes their wonder to my heart.

VII.

My raviſh'd heart with joy receives
Impreſſions from that lovely breaſt:
Like theſe dear bubbies, pants and heaves;
And——oh! I cannot ſpeak the reſt.

* According to the modern Philoſophy, Rays of Light are reflected from Bodies, without actually touching them.

The praiſe of A L E.

AIR, *The Abbot of* Canterbury.

I.

MY jovial companions, I think 'tis a pity,
That both wine and punch ſhould be ſung in ſoft ditty;
While ale is unſung, tho' the ſubject's as ample;
Then I'll break the ice, and begin the example.
Derry down, down, &c.

II.

I ſing to the praiſe of good tipple; ſee here!
No brandy ſo ſtrong, and no amber ſo clear:
A gallon of this, my dear lads, on the Rhine,
Would be worth in exchange a whole hogſhead of wine.
Derry down, down, &c.

III.

Should any *French* tyrant once more take the pains
To make us ſubmit to his church and his chains;
Well,

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Well, tell him again, he will get little by't,
While we drink good ale, and for liberty fight.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

Where ale is the liquor, all fears are unknown,
And Victory ſoars where good ale's ſwallow'd down.
A cup of this liquor will quicken more hopes
Than a promiſe at court, or the pardon of popes.
Derry down, &c.

V.

To finiſh my ditty; here's to thee, my boy;
This, this is my glory, my wiſh, and my joy;
Your wine, or your Nantz, I ne'er covet to ſee,
And punch may be damn'd; this is nectar to me.
Derry down, &c.

LOCKART's WATTLE.

AIR, *The Bucket.*

I.

I Sing not of *Culloden* battle,
Where numbers were loſt in the ſtrife,
But rather of *Lockart*'s long wattle,
The wattle for giving of life.
So hey the wattle, the wattle,
And hey the batta maigh buy!
Of all the wattles on earth
Brave Lockart's *long wattle for me.*

II.

Such virtue this wattle can ſhew,
Such prolifick force does enjoy;
That juſt by the help of a blow
It ſtrikes out a girl or a boy
Then hey the wattle, &c.

III.

As *Lockart* walk'd out thro' his land,
Was viewing his corn and his graſs,
Both he and his wattle did ſtand,
At the ſight of a clever young laſs.
So hey the wattle, &c.

Provok'd

IV.

Provok'd at the huſſey before,
Becauſe ſhe had plaid him a trick,
Wherever he met her, he ſwore
He'd give her the length of his——ſtick,
And hey the wattle, &c.

V.

What happen'd between them I paſs,
Whatever it was, in a fright
Away went the big-belly'd laſs,
And ſlipt out a baſtard that night.
Then hey the wattle, &c.

VI.

Her credit had never been ſpoil'd,
Her chaſtity never in doubt:
Till *Lockart* thus whack'd her with child,
And whack'd it as cleverly out.
So hey the wattle, &c.

VII.

Ye husbands, who children do lack
Thro' impotence; take my advice;
Get *Lockart* to give but a whack,
Your buſineſs is done in a trice.
Then hey the wattle, &c.

VIII.

As wives, that were barren in *Rome*,
To meet the Lupercal wou'd go;
So maidens to *Lockart* may come,
And mothers become by a blow.
So hey the wattle. &c.

IX.

Ye midwives, who grope for a fee,
This wattle you ought to adore;
So fruitful a batta-maigh-buy
Will help you to guineas guillore.
So hey the wattle, &c.

X.

If *Lockart* goes on with his trade,
So many brave ſoldiers he'll bring,

Of

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Of Perkins we'll ne'er be afraid,
But valiantly fight for our king.
So hey the wattle, &c. G—— D——

A Ballad on the Reduction of the Gold. Written Sept. *the* 10*th*, 1737.

I.

WHERE'ER thro' the city or country I range,
I hear ſad complaints of the ſcarceneſs of change:
Strange malady this, but the cure is as ſtrange:
Which no body can deny.

II.

Becauſe the ſmall ſilver went lazily round,
To quicken its motion a method they found;
To ſink the gold lower near ſixpence a pound:
Which no body can deny.

III.

This ſcheme is juſt like the contrivance of thoſe
Adepti in phyſick, who, as the tale goes,
Us'd cephalick plaiſters for pains in the toes:
Which no body can deny.

IV.

Had they rais'd up the ſilver but two-pence *per* crown,
And hinder'd the goldſmiths from melting it down,
This loſs and confuſion had never been known:
Which no body can deny.

V.

Beſides, there's the dollar, the cobb, and the ducat,
If theſe had been raiſed the right nail had been ſtruck at,
They ſell as old ſilver for more than they're took at:
Which no body can deny.

VI.

Tho' numbers did loſe by the gold when it fell,
'Twas ſome people's intereſt—whoſe I won't tell;
But abſentees ne'er lov'd their country too well:
Which no body can deny.

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VII.

When rooks flock'd among us to pick up our crums
And send off our gold to old *England* in sums,
They curs'd the exchange that to ten *per cent.* (comes:
Which no body can deny.

VIII.

That trouble's remov'd there's no more to be said:
But let them remember a proverb I've read,
No more golden eggs, when the hen is starv'd dead.
Which no body can deny. T.

On a beautiful Hill near ATHY.

AIR, *The brow of the hill.*

I.

I Find Cowper's-hill is consigned to fame,
And Drapier's-hill too, with some more I could name,
Which flourish in numbers, then can I forbear
To sing of our hill that's so wonderful fair?
Where ev'ry perfection of nature and skill
Combines in adorning our beautiful hill.

II.

The hill of Potosi vast treasure contains,
Yet many meet death in exploring its veins;
But here in our hill no such dangers ensue,
Tho' greater its treasures than those of Peru;
No damps here, no vapours the miners to kill,
'Twill rather give life, if you work in our hill.

III.

The hill of Parnassus, and fountain hard by,
With those of our hill are not able to vie;
There *Apollo* sometimes with the muses resides;
But here *Venus'* self with her graces abides:
There poets must drink, to avoid writing ill;
But here they'll write fine, if they view but our hill.

IV.

Some persons have labour'd this summit to gain,
But the hill was so high, that they labour'd in vain;
There

There is but one youth who ſo happy can be:
May fortune reſerve the ſweet bleſſing for me;
My life and my fortune, with heart and good will,
I always would ſpend and wou'd end on our HILL.

T.

The CLERK's SONG.

The Clerk, with his Spectacles on (or ſuppos'd to be on) gives out ev'ry two Lines, and the Company ſings to the AIR of green ſleeves, *&c.*

I.

KING DAVID was a pſalmiſt rare,
And many a pſalm he made:
He both compos'd and ſung with air;
But ſinging's all our trade.

II.

Yet as much greater our renown,
As harder is our lot;
He got for's pains a golden crown,
We but a ſilver groat.

III.

That good king *David* lov'd his glaſs
Is very plain, for why ah!
He drank one night to ſuch a paſs,
That he fuddled poor *Uriah.*

IV.

King *David* longed for a drink,
And really ſo do I:
'Tis all good ſingers fate, I think;
For ſinging makes us dry.

V.

Then if you'll give me 'tother tiſt,
I'll give you t'other ſtrain:
I ſing to drink, for that's my gift,
And drink to ſing again.

A.

The Lady's Answer to a Gentleman, on his Singing

Ye Gods, to me you gave a Wife.

I.

THO' you're with borrow'd wit so smart,
You may be sure of this, sir,
Whene'er a wife o'er acts her part,
The husband fails in his, sir,

II.

A vacuum in a man's command
A woman cannot bear, sir;
Like air elastick, she'll expand,
And swell beyond her sphere, sir.

III.

If mildly men's authority
Were us'd in proper season;
How stupid must that woman be,
Who would not yield to reason?

IV.

But he his power must resign,
Who lets a wife dispute it:
If he wants wisdom to design,
Or strength to execute it.

T.

S O N G.

I.

YE gods! what pleasures did I miss
By *Chloe*'s dull delay!
Till *Florimel* embrace'd the bliss
Which *Chloe* push'd away.
Now *Florimel* in wedlock proves
The sweetest, kindest wife:
We feast upon our mutual loves,
And know the sweets of life.

II.

Let *Chloe* then continue coy,
And envy our delight;
Let her by day reject the joy
She wishes for by night.

Then

Then late on this unwelcome truth
Let her reflect with rage:
Pleasures are substances in youth,
And shadows in old age. T.

The young Farmer's Complaint to the cruel Cook-maid.

A SONG.

I.

O Cruel *Mary*, great's the woe,
Which for you I undergo,
Tho' you can't endure me:
The malady so deep has got,
Hope and patience help me not,
Death or you must cure me.

II.

What tho' I labour all the day,
Reaping wheat, or making hay,
Till I'm faint and weary;
At night I cannot sleep a wink,
Still I tumble, toss, and think
On my absent *Mary*.

III.

Or when I ramble o'er the plain,
Gath'ring in my ewes again,
When they roam and scatter:
My thoughts being fix'd on you alone,
Oft I tumble o'er a stone,
Or I plash in water.

VI

Or when I'm threshing, dull dispair
Fills my heart with grief and care,
'Cause you slight and shun me:
So careleſly my flail is play'd,
Sev'ral times it pelts my head,
Hard enough to stun me.

V.

Your hatred, keener than your knife,
Soon must cut my thread of life,
Were it like a cable:

A life

A life you ſeem to value leſs
Than the capon's which you dreſs,
For your maſter's table.

VI.

Uſe brings perfection; cruel maid,
Killing's now your fav'rite trade,
And you can't give over:
Now, to keep your hand in uſe,
'Tis no matter, pig, or gooſe,
Or a faithful lover.

A Gentleman, who Painted well, being deſired by a Lady whoſe Eyes he had prais'd, to give her a Portraiture of them, wrote the following

SONG.

I.

YOU aſk a portrait of your eyes;
Why, 'tis a vain deſire:
Painters may hit their ſhape and ſize;
But who'll deſcribe their fire?

II.

Beſides, 'twere but a poor reſtraint
To have recourſe to art;
Since nat'rally themſelves they paint,
On each beholder's heart.

M.

A new Ballad on the Hot-Wells at MALLOW

I.

AIR, *Ballyſpellin.*

YE nymphs depreſt
With want of reſt,
And with complexion ſallow,
Don't waſte your prime
With chalk or lime;
But drink the ſprings at *Mallow*.

II.

They cure all hues,
Blacks, greens, and blues, The

The dun, the pale, the yellow:
Nay, in their room,
Will raiſe a bloom,
And make you ſhine at *Mallow*.

III.

All you, that are
Both lean and bare,
With ſcarce an ounce of tallow;
To make your fleſh
Both plump and freſh,
Come drink the ſprings at *Mallow*.

IV.

For all that you
Are bound to do,
Is juſt to gape and ſwallow;
You'll find by that,
You'll rowl in fat,
Moſt glorioufly at *Mallow*.

V.

Or if love's pain
Diſturbs your brain,
And makes your reaſon ſhallow:
To ſhake it off,
Gulp down enough
Of our hot ſprings at *Mallow*.

VI.

Ye ladies fair,
Who want an heir,
Whoſe fruitful fields lie fallow,
Leave ſpouſe at home,
And hither come,
To drink the wells at *Mallow*.

VII.

Theſe ſprings you'll find
So good in kind,
They'll make you ſoon cry, ballow!
To lull and keep
Your babe aſleep,
Which you may get at *Mallow*.

A doctor

VIII.

A doctor true
You may go to;
One that will lay you all low.
Then take his juice
Of sov'reign use,
To give new life at *Mallow*.

On being burn'd with a Lady on Allhallowsday.

An Hymn to the God of Love.

AIR, *Sweet Tyrant Love, &c.*

I.

HEAR, thou eternal source above,
From whom all earthly blessings flow:
Hear, thou unfeigned god of love,
Thy humble votary's pray'r below.

II.

Those emblems of my fair and me,
On which they've now impos'd our names,
May they be types, approv'd by thee,
To represent our real flames.

III.

I burn, and would communicate
My flame to her accomplish'd mind:
Oh! may she feel the genial heat,
And be to equal warmth inclin'd.

IV.

Like these, may our magnetick fires
Still cordial to each other tend;
Till quite united our desires
In conjugal endearments end.

V.

In union may our mingled blaze
Harmonick burn, like that we see
Till wasted out with length of days,
Each part expires, and mounts to thee.

A new Song in Imitation of MOLLY MOG.

I.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you diſcover,
What makes you ſo meagre and thin;
Why you whine and you pine like a lover:
I've ſeen *Betty Holmes* of the inn.

II.

Says he, my dear nephew, I'll get ye
Fine buckles, and bruſhes, and combs;
A trifle will bring you a *Betty*,
A *Betty* far better than *Holmes*.

III.

A child may be fond of ſuch gay things;
For trifles his appetite roams:
But men would have much bigger play-things,
And I would have ſweet *Betty Holmes*.

IV.

White rods, and gold chains, and gay cloathing,
Gilt coaches, and beautiful domes,
Stars, garters, and ſceptres are nothing
Compar'd with my ſweet *Betty Holmes*.

V.

When water with fury does daſh on
The rocks, how it bubbles and foams!
Juſt ſo, all my blood's in a paſſion,
Whenever I meet *Betty Holmes*.

VI.

Great heats do continually fume in
Veſuvio's and *Ætna*'s dark wombs:
Juſt like them my heart is conſuming
For love of my ſweet *Betty Holmes*.

VII.

Even *Venus*, and *Helen*, fair ladies,
As they are recorded in po'ms,
And all our bright nymphs on our may-days,
Are foils to my ſweet *Betty Holmes*.

VIII.

I'm waſted away to a cypher,
Like ghoſts, that inhabit the tombs:

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I know I ſhall certainly die for
Th' enjoyment of ſweet *Betty Holmes.*

IX.

But would my dear charmer prove loving,
And baniſh all other coxcombs,
I'd ſoon grow as plump as a puffin,
Poſſeſſing my ſweet *Betty Homes.*

X.

So prettily ſhe does deport her,
Whene'er a good cuſtomer comes:
Some captain will certainly court her,
And ſo I ſhall loſe *Betty Holmes.*

A SONG on a CANE.

AIR, *Charming* Sally.

I.

THERE was a man, he had a ſtick,
And never went without it:
Upon one end there was a head,
With a little ſtring about it:
And in this head there was a hole,
Thro' which might creep a ſpider:
'Twas ſet in bone, that being hard,
The hole might wear no wider.

II.

The ſtring he wore about his wriſt,
For fear that it ſhould ſlip, ſir,
And that his fingers, of the ſtick
Might hold the ſurer grip, ſir.
Whenever he did walk abroad,
He held it in his hand, ſir,
Whenever he was like to fall,
It helped him to ſtand, ſir,

III.

On t'other end there was a ring,
Which ſeem'd to be of mettle,
In colour it was like unto
A copper cann or kettle.

And

And in the middle of this ring
There was a nail abiding,
Which kept the ſtick, as he did walk,
From wearing and from ſliding.

IV.

It was as ſtrong as hazle wood,
And faith it was no ſtronger:
In length it was a large cloth yard,
And not one hair's breadth longer.
It was ſo ſtiff, it woudn't bend
With all his weight upon it:
And if any man durſt him offend,
He'd——run away, as faſt as he cou'd,
And ſo I end my ſonnet. G.

RIDDLES.

Riddle I.

I Am, what once was all mankind;
Tho' ſeldom ſeen, but by the blind:
When all is darkneſs I appear;
I'm oft diſcours'd of by the fair:
Me, ladies, me the coxcombs know,
'Tis an affront to tell them ſo:
Divines and lawyers oft agree
To quit their theme and talk of me.
I can make contradictions true,
That black is white, and four make two,
This riddle, tho' 'tis ſtrange enough,
A blockhead will make ſomething of;
But wiſemen long may think and doubt,
And after all find nothing out. G.

Riddle II.

IN darkneſs ſtill I love to work,
And under dark diſguiſes lurk;
Becauſe, when hid, I'm much deſir'd,
When known, no longer am admir'd.
Nay, ev'ry thing that deals with me,
Muſt under darkneſs cover'd be:
For if too near w' approach the light,
I loſe, at once, my credit by't.
Yet known, no ſooner one forſakes me,
But ſtraight in hand another takes me;
A third, a fourth, finds equal pleaſure
In groping out my hidden treaſure:
Tho' like all gropers in the dark,
Some hit, but many miſs the mark.
I am ſo deep, and hard to find,
That, tho' you ſeem acute in mind,
I fancy, when you've try'd your ſkill,
You'll think me but a riddle ſtill. M.

Riddle III.

WE are two ſiſter twins, whoſe ſtory,
Ye beaux, and belles, we'll lay before ye.
Till twelve or thirteen years of age,
We ſcarce could any eye engage;
Nor has this any wonder been,
Since nothing but our heads were ſeen:
But as in ſhape our bodies grew,
Thouſands our beauties ſtrove to view:
Yet tho' our beauties pleas'd the ſight,
Our uſe ſurpaſs'd our beauty quite.
Our ready aid was always lent
To th' helpleſs, weak, and innocent;
To ſuch we've often food convey'd,
As ſcarce could live without our aid.
Yet thoſe we are thus lib'ral to,
Will ſlight us in a year or ſo:

Nay,

Nay, in old age we are despis'd,
As much as we in youth were priz'd. T.

Riddle IV.

THERE's a saying or maxim, I cannot tell which,
That the hand of the diligent maketh one rich;
Then he, that keeps me, has a chance to be so,
For I cannot be idle wherever I go:
I spare not a minute for rest or for play;
But ever am working by night and by day:
Come try me; you'll find me a diligent hussey,
And that I've two hands, which are constantly busy,
I lay out the time to the best of my pow'r,
Some work by the day, but I work by the hour.
The man that will take me for better for worse,
Shall never want money nor gold in his purse. M.

Riddle V.

I No beginning have nor end,
My parents death compleats my shape; W
To him who strikes me most, I'm most his friend;
For 'tis his loss if I escape.
I'm bastinado'd, till my sinews crack,
For tho', at ev'ry single blow,
I shun, I fly the invading foe,
Yet still a smart reflection brings me back. T.

Riddle VI.

THO' I am made, yet all must own,
I'm made by being let alone;
My station's in the world, so small
I bear no character at all,

And

And therefore count it no disgrace,
For trifling sums to quit my place:
And yet to shew my itch for fame,
I'd lose my being for a name.
Sometimes my form quite disappears,
For days, and months, nay oft for years.
When figures, black'd, like Indians, come,
T' exclude me from my native home.
I'm useful to the sev'ral tribes
Of merchants, senators, and scribes:
These can't their business do without me,
And oft have many words about me.
Yet still in this they all agree,
To fix some lasting stain on me.
Bear it I must, like guilty *Cain*;
But never there appear again.
In short, my exit is almost,
The same with that of *Hamlet*'s ghost;
When its pursuers, one by one,
Cry out, 'tis here—'tis here—'tis gone. T.

Riddle VII.

THE chaplain on Sunday must use me in part,
At church I'm half text, and at dinner half tart;
I'm always in torment, yet always in hope,
In T—d I begin, and I end in a F—t. O

Riddle VIII.

MY empire's of a vast extent,
Thro' all the isles and continents
I've shown my pow'r five thousand times,
In northern and in southern climes:
And yet within the torrid zone
My name is scarce so much as known;
For reasons that shall secret be,
That place was still too hot for me. I've

I've ſome peculiar whims, 'tis true,
To ſpoil old roads, and lay out new:
To hinder ſhips to trade at ſea,
And on them ſtrict embargoes lay:
The ſtatlieſt palaces to ſcorn,
And lowly cottages adorn,
With all my gayeſt furniture,
The brighteſt gems I can procure.
I have a powerful rival too,
Who ſtill undoes whate'er I do,
Waſtes my new roads, the old reſtores,
Gives ſhips their paſs to foreign ſhores;
Melts down and breaks my furniture,
His ſight I therefore can't endure:
Like *Pompey*, and like *Cæſar*, we
Together cannot long agree:
And tho' I ſhine, like *Pompey*, bright,
Like *Cæſar*, he out-ſhines me quite.
I can't withſtand this mighty foe;
But dull, and ſoft, and weakly grow;
At his approach I melt in tears,
My ſubſtance waſtes, and diſappears. M.

Riddle IX.

OLD *Dendron* is dead! Well to ſpeak without fiction;
That creature's whole life was a ſtrange contradiction!
As the weather grew cold, he undreſt by degrees,
But ſtripp'd to his buff, when it happen'd to freeze:
Would thus, like an ideot, or madman appear,
Quite bare and expos'd thro' the dead of the year:
But on the ſoft genial revival of ſpring,
When birds with new heat were invited to ſing;
Each plant, that all winter lay ſeemingly dead,
Began to peep out, and diſcover its head;
Then he with diſpatch would all matters diſpoſe,
For making and wearing a new ſuit of cloaths:

Nay,

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Nay, ev'n in ſummer, when lovers would run
To the covert and ſhade from the heat of the ſun;
When cattle would ſtartle to find out cool rills,
Or taſte a freſh breeze on the tops of the hills;
When lab'rers, half naked were broiling with heat,
Wrapt in his great-coat he'd be ſtanding in ſtate.
When urg'd to go forward, he'd ſeem to comply,
All motion and hurry——juſt ready to fly;
Yet all was but ſeeming; he ne'er ſtir'd a foot,
Tho' often it coſt him a wing of his coat.
What yet is more ſtrange! Now the fellow is dead,
He's put in no grave, he is laid in no bed;
But ſtill keeps his ground, and there ſtands all alone,
Like *Lot*'s wife in ſalt, or like *Niob* in ſtone.
There naked he ſtands, and might quickly become
An object of worſhip at *Naples* or *Rome*.

Riddle X.

WHERE moſt light is, I beſt appear;
Yet, light is what I cannot bear.
Where all is dark, my being ends;
Yet darkneſs is my beſt of friends.
As nice as niceſt maids can be,
Sol ne'er gets leave to ſhine on me:
For, like an haughty *Indian* queen,
I ne'er appear without my ſcreen.
You'll ſcarce find any plant or tree,
That can be well compar'd with me;
For when the ſun is weak and low,
'Tis then I thrive, and talleſt grow;
But when he mounts the ſummer ſkies,
I dwindle down to ſhorteſt ſize:
There's nought on earth ſo fitly can
Deſcribe me, as the life of man. T.

Riddle XI.

I Live in a depending ſtate,
Tho' little on the haughty great; Thatch'd

Thatcht cabbins are my great delight,
I hang about them day and night:
And yet the poor no mercy have,
But treat me like a ſlipp'ry knave;
Like ſome eve-dropping rogue they ſhun me,
And ſhut their doors all night upon me:
I bear this uſage, while I may;
But when I can no longer ſtay,
I e'en drop off, and run away.

Riddle XII.

A Cheat I am, and ſuch my nice diſguiſe,
That equally I bubble fools and wiſe;
Yet when I diſappear, with equal eaſe
Both fool and wiſe man the deluſion ſees;
No other when detected, can repeat
His artful tricks—you fly the known deceit,
Tho' I've abus'd you fifty times and more,
And fifty times my falſhood you explore;
When I return, I am again believ'd
With as much eaſe, as if I ne'er deceiv'd.

To a Lady, who gave a Gentleman one of the foregoing Riddles *to ſolve.*

MISS *H*——, your looks will your riddle diſcover,
So cold and ſo frozen upon your poor lover,
I think one may gueſs, without needing much art,
That either 'tis Ice, or your ladyſhip's heart.

ADVICE to young MAIDS.

BE merry, free, and kind;
But always keep your diſtance,
And if attempts you find,
Be ſure make ſtout reſiſtance. M.

What makes a PLAYER, and a good PLAYER.

THREE wants make a player (for players commence
From want of religion, diſcretion, and pence)
But if he would ſhine, and grow famous in action,
Three qualities he muſt enjoy in perfection,
Aſſurance, vivacity, vanity; ——— theſe
Will make ſuch a player, as will certainly pleaſe.

T.

An ESSAY on writing ÆNIGMAS.

WHEN petty ſcribb'lers ſorely rack their brains,
To write dull riddles, in far duller ſtrains;
Line upon line, like patch on patch they heap:
'Till they, like beggars cloaks, ſwell into ſhape;
As wit declines, ſo the ænigmas riſe,
Like evening ſhadows to a monſtrous ſize:
Whilſt the deſcription, tedious, low, and poor,
Creeps, juſt as cats do, underneath a door.
Their doubtful words which various ſenſes bear,
Fitted alike to ſev'ral ſubjects are.

Readers

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Readers the proper meaning loth to miſs,
Are doubtful which to fix on, that, or this:
This ſcribb'ling itch, this rhyming titillation,
With ſome new nonſenſe, yearly plagues the nation;
Devoid of wit, and reaſon, nothing in't,
But meer ambition to appear in print.
But witty bards, the fav'rites of the nine,
In a few diſtiches wrap their whole deſign,
A ſhort deſcription, yet compleatly full,
Nor vainly light, nor whimſically dull.
The myſtick ſcreen, the well diſguiſed maſk,
Will rouſe your thoughts, and urge you to the taſk;
If you the poet's meaning chance to hit,
You'll trace out all his noble flights of wit;
You'll find your key, will then fit ev'ry ward,
And make things eaſy, which at firſt ſeem'd hard.
Let all be ſilent then, but only thoſe
Who can with ſkill contrive, and wit compoſe;
Heav'n ſend the happy time, when we may get
An annual return of ſprightly wit
Whene'er our iſle receives this wiſh'd ſupply,
I'll gladly wipe my pen, and throw it by.

On two beautiful COQUETTES.

POETS may feign of beauty what they pleaſe,
And vain deluſions fancifully raiſe.
Tell ſimple folks of arrows tipt with gold,
And joys excelling thoſe the bleſt behold:
Ten thouſand *Cupids* find in *Chloe*'s eyes,
And, ſure as death, whoever ſees them dies:
Or on fair *Celia*'s whiter boſom ſwear
The ſnow for grief diſſolv'd into a tear.
Sing roſy bow'rs, dark grottos purling ſtreams,
Sing gentle gales, and ſighs, and darts, and flames;
But honeſt *Hodge*, whoſe heart is at his tongue,
Swears all are lies that ever poets ſung,
And ſays with juſtice poets ſhould be damn'd,
Whoſe works are with ſo many falſhoods cramm'd.

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The fair thus drawn, all goddesses appear;
But prove meer mortals, when examin'd near.
Of *Chloe*, and of *Celia* this is true,
Whose charms grow cheap, so much expos'd to view:
Chloe is like the painted butterfly,
Of small esteem, tho' pleasing to the eye;
And *Celia*, too, is like the gaudy flow'rs,
Whose beauty lasts but some few fleeting hours.
Tell me, my muse, the real cause imparts,
Why so much beauty wins not ev'ry heart?
'Tis not a set of features can enthral,
A cheek, an eye, or the joint force of all.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the mind,
Where modesty is not with beauty join'd.
'Tis like the fly, that's trail'd upon a brook,
It strikes the eye, but modesty's the hook,
So *Chloe* and fair *Celia* want the pow'r
To captivate, tho' conq'ring ev'ry hour;
If poets want a subject for their lays,
On *Nancy* let them lavish all their praise.
Unnumber'd beauties from the theme arise,
Unnumber'd, as the *Cupids* in her eyes.
'Tis she that teaches what it is to love;
For who can see or hear and not approve
Her form celestial, and her voice divine?
While in her looks ten thousand graces shine.
Angelick sweetness in her face appears,
And modesty, which all the rest endears.
Here let them freely all their art display,
And sing of *Nancy* all the live-long day.
For similies exhaust th' enamel'd green,
And paint her sitting like an Indian queen,
Looking delight into the circling croud,
And yet herself too busy to be proud:
And I shall henceforth credit all they say
Of dreaming days, and sighing nights away.

To Mr. *Sp*——, On the Enjoyment of Life.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem; non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, &c. HOR.

LET fortune vary as it will,
Or smile or frown, be easy still.
Suppose the best —— that she shou'd grant,
Ev'n all you wish, and all you want:
Abstain from hurry, pomp, and noise,
Vain pride, and overbearing joys.
This flow of wealth, like summer's rain,
May soon be up, and down again.
Fortune's a vapour, which we know
Rises and mounts but very slow;
But when it gains the highest place,
Soon breaks, and tumbles down apace.
What tho' it flits a while in air,
And makes a grand appearance there:
You see no man of sense or wit,
Looks jealous on, or envies it.
What tho' it now obscures the sun,
'Twill soon in muddy channels run.
Suppose the worst; —in that extream,
Yield not a whit, be still the same:
For what we reckon worldly ills,
Hurt only men of perverse wills:
But those, whose minds are truly great,
Are better'd by the frowns of fate.
Thus flitting vapours, forc'd to stop,
By some bleak mountain's rugged top,
Thro' clefts and crannies darkly glide,
Refining still, as they subside:
Then vent at last in chrystal springs,
And furnish drink, that's fit for kings.
Keep then an even temper still,
Let fortune vary as it will.

Our

Our lives are in a swift decay,
And ebb insensibly away;
Not all the wit and mirth of man
Can lengthen out the destin'd span;
Nor will the angry storms of fate,
The strides of death accelerate:
Whether we are with want oppress,
Or in an happy affluence blest;
Our lives are in a flitting state,
Still ebbing at a constant rate.

Now, Sp—, while you have health and strength,
Of life, I hope, sufficient length;
Make use of plain and wholesome food,
And best of wines to cheer your blood:
With tender love perform your vows,
In the embraces of your spouse:
Taste all the pleasures that you can,
Fit for a wise, and prudent man,
While *Atropos*, with fatal knife,
Forbears to cut the thread of life.

For oh! the time draws on apace,
That must compleat your mortal race.
Then all your gardens, houses, lands,
May fall into some worthless hands;
Then all your wealth preserv'd with care,
May fall to some loose lavish heir:
Dogs, horses, women, wine, and play,
May quickly squander all away.

Whoever boasts of wealth or birth,
His boasting serves to raise my mirth:
Were he descended from a king,
And had the world too in a string,
Death, when commission'd, will have at him,
Nor mind his wealth, or who begat him;
And *Pluto*, as the poets tell,
Will shew him small respect in hell:
When once he's there, he there must stay,
He'll ne'er review the chearful day.

T.

The

The PRIEST *robb'd of his* GOD.

I.

AN avaritious griping prieſt
Had gather'd ſtore of gold;
And having bought an iron cheſt,
His idol pelf to hold;
He long for an inſcription ſought,
Might ſuit his mammon beſt;
And on the lid at length he wrote
These words: HIC DEUS EST.

II.

A crafty ſexton heard the joke,
And greedy of the prey,
Came ſlily in, and pick'd the lock,
And ſtole the god away;
Then, blotting out by artful trick,
The words inſcrib'd thereon;
Wrote, RESURREXIT, NON EST HIC;
Thy god is ris'n and gone.

M.

Spoken to a young Lady on relieving a Forfeit.

TWO glorious females this bleſt age hath ſeen,
Each ANNA STUART call'd, and each a *Queen*;
Only in this, they acted diff'rent parts,
That miſtreſs was of Kingdoms, this of Hearts.

M.

To another on the ſame Occaſion.

MADAM, that you're an * Angel, all here know it,
Your face, your air, your words, your actions, ſhew it;
Had I as juſt pretence to be a poet,
Not Fo'her only, but the world ſhould know it.

M.

To

* The Lady's Name.

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To the Same, on getting her for a Partner.

IN pictures of th' Evangeliſts, we find
An * *Angel* always is with *Matthew* join'd:
Oh Heav'n! how bleſt wou'd I, his namelake be?
Wer't thou, dear beauteous * *Angel* join'd with me.
M.

WOMAN our greateſt FOE.

THAT man was ſent here on probation and tryal,
Right evident is, and admits no denial:
But wherein the force of that trial conſiſts,
We're taught to find out by conſulting the prieſts.
Tho' maugre their ſermons, diſcourſes, and lectures,
They ſeem much miſtaken in all their conjectures.
They talk of three powers that daily beſiege us,
The world, the fleſh, and the devil—O hideous!
Such monſters muſt give us continual alarms,
And we muſt pay prieſts to protect us from harms,
To head us, and teach us the uſe of our arms.
But woman's the foe we ſhould keep at defiance,
Since all three meet there in tripple alliance:
She is the ſole evil that Heaven e'er ſent,
Our lives to embitter, our minds to torment.
At firſt ſhe came ſingle, and we may ſuppoſe,
One woman enough to bring myriads of woes:
But quickly *Pandora* augmented our evils,
With a cheſt full of women; all furies, or devils;
Hope only excepted; of females the beſt,
Who oft gives us patience to bear with the reſt.
The firſt fall of man, which ſo often has been
A ſubject for ſatyr, and raillery keen.
Is told in a figure to make it look better,
(As ſurely it does) than it would in the letter.
To ſpeak out my meaning, I really believe,
That there was no devil, no ſerpent——but *Eve*,

For

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For by mythological rules we may find,
The devil her will, and the ſerpent her mind.
Till now, all her daughters continue to wrong us,
Tho' we ſee no ſerpents, nor devils among us.

W.

A Scheme for making the Memory of OLIVER CROMWEL *immortal; Occaſion'd by the extream fondneſs that is found among ſeveral of our modern Gentry for the Memory of that glorious Man.*

TO keep their memories awake,
What memorandums papiſts make?
As pictures, *Agnus Dei's*, *Pixes*,
Beads, images, and crucifixes;
With all this trumpery, 'tis odd
If ever they forget their God.
This method ſhould be us'd by all,
Who make a demi-god of NOLL.
They ſhould have proper helps to ſave
His mem'ry from the ſilent grave;
And as a picture is the beſt,
We'll fix on this, and drop the reſt.
A picture therefore muſt be got,
For deiſt, fanatick, and ſot;
For independants and free thinkers,
Republicans, and mem'ry drinkers,
And that it may have due effect,
The painter thus we muſt direct.
Firſt lay the ſcene—a field of blood—
And then in proper attitude,
Deſcribe the hero, draw his face,
With all the outward ſigns of grace;
Let his right hand a ſceptre hold,
One end of ſteel, the other gold:
His left hand graſping at a crown,
By his contrivance tumbled down.

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" But what pedestal is allow'd?
" He must be rais'd above the croud".
To raise him up let one foot tread
Upon his martyr'd monarch's head;
And let the other fix its weight
On ruins of the church and state.
Instead of angels, who fly down,
In pictures, with a laurel crown:
Let two lean spectres hover there,
Holding a circle in the air;
A goodly wreath of hempen twine,
The traytor's necklace anodyne.
Then, near him, draw tyrannick sway,
Driving fair liberty away.
Shew justice baffled and despis'd,
And property monopoliz'd;
And faction with a hydra's head,
Beneath his kind protection bred.
And then let his best friends appear,
Hypocrisy with trucking leer;
Deliv'ring out his vizir masks,
As int'rest or ambition asks.
'Tis done——now we our hero sec,
We'll drink his pious memory.
Think how he canted, ly'd, and pray'd,
Fought the Lord's battles, and betray'd
All ranks and orders in the nation,
By his profound dissimulation.
We'll strive to follow (if we can)
Th' example of that glorious man,
Set up by open force or stealth,
A tyrant, and a common-wealth.
Behind our backs all thoughts we'll fling,
Of ruin'd church, and murder'd king.

T.

The discontented WIFE: A TALE.

Nunquam Satis.

I Warn ye all, who hear my tale;
Good nature must a while prevail:
With curiosity and patience,
Fit company for long narrations;
Yet, that I may not tire you quite,
As brief as e'er I can I'll write.
While *Marlbro*'s duke was humbling *France*,
A trooper met a sad mischance:
A little Paterrao ball,
Came underneath, and swept off all:
But *Venus* snatch'd them as they fell,
And then in nectar bath'd them well:
Among the stars she gave them place,
And order'd all the female race
To worship, with a due regard,
Her constellation call'd the * Yard.
The women gave th' assenting nod,
And still revere the demi-god;
The only one they all adore,
The one they all fall down before.
Now sing, my muse, the trooper's fate,
Whom chance did thus emasculate.
Soon thro' the camp a rumour ran,
That such a trooper was no man;
And then, wherever he appear'd,
He was severely gib'd and jeer'd:
Became the butt of ev'ry wagg;
Some call'd him eunuch, some bull-fagg:
With appellations more sublime,
And so unfit for humble rhyme.
The trooper cou'dn't bear their drolling
(For rhyme-sake let us call him *Colin*)
He could not bear their merriment,
And therefore to his colonel went,

* The Scotch call it the King's Elwin.

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Upon his ſuff'rings much enlarg'd,
And humbly begg'd to be diſcharg'd:
The colonel gave a free conſent,
Diſcharg'd he was, and off he went.
And now, my muſe, with *Colin* ſail,
And waft him with a gentle gale:
My hero ſafe to *England* bring,
And all the odd adventures ſing;
Which happen'd to him on the road,
As he made towards his abode.
One ev'ning, trav'lling late alone,
A mighty ſtorm came rattling on;
Thro' the expanſe the light'ning flies,
And thunder rumbles in the ſkies.
Th' impending rain begins to drop,
Which made the cautious *Colin* ſtop:
Who wheeling——made a ſafe retreat,
Snug in a captain's country ſeat,
Where he was welcom'd and careſt,
And ſet to ſup among the beſt:
For *Colin* had a ſhare of ſenſe,
Vivacity, and eloquence;
Was neatly made from head to foot,
And was a traveller to boot:
And in a country-place all ſuch
Are very grateful to the rich.
The ſupper o'er, and cloth away;
The chearful bottle came in play:
The captain, like a gen'rous hoſt,
Fill'd ev'ry glaſs, and gave the toaſt.
Two glaſſes wife and daughter took,
They only drank the queen and duke,
Mov'd to the fire,——and left the men
To ſit and ſwallow nine or ten:
What, nine or ten? ay rather thirty;
For they'd do nothing that was dirty.
Colin, as chearful as a lord,
Began to entertain the board;

With

With ſtories and affairs abroad,
How *French* by *Engliſh* men were claw'd:
He told, and they with pleaſure hear,
How he engag'd a muſqueteer;
And how a whizzing piſtol bullet
Graz'd croſs his throat, and miſs'd his gullet:
How he preſerv'd his head from harm,
And kept a guard to ſave his arm:
How, reaching out his hand too far,
He got a wound, and ſhew'd the ſcar;
How, after ſev'ral ſcapes, and cuts,
He ran the *Frenchman* thro' the guts.

Miſs *Philly* at a diſtance ſat,
With ear attentive to his chat:
The ſtory made her colour change;
For oh! 'twas ſtrange—'twas wond'rous ſtrange!
His danger all her pity mov'd,
She pity'd firſt, and then ſhe lov'd.
'Twas thus the Moor *Othello* won
The tender heart of *Deſdemon*.

At laſt drink, chat, and all gave place,
To *Morpheus* with his leaden mace;
He reign'd twelve hours, and then gave way
To riſing, dreſſing, chat, and tea;
Thus all things keep a circulation,
As wiſe men find by obſervation.

And now the youth reſolv'd to go,
But *Phillis* would not loſe him ſo;
She lov'd her *Colin* in her heart,
And found it would be death to part.

My merry muſe but little cares,
To ſing of love, and love affairs;
And therefore, under favour ſtints
Her ſong to neceſſary hints:
How *Phill*, her lover, would not want,
And how mamma was confidant:
How mamma to the captain went,
To gain the captain's free conſent,

To

To make his daughter *Phill*, a wife,
If he would save his daughter's life:
And how at last the captain yields,
And takes out *Colin* to the fields;
There tells him all——how *Colin*, shy,
With some reluctance did comply;
And how at last the couple wed,
Eat, drank, and danc'd, and went to bed.
'In bed we left the marry'd pair,
'Tis time to shew how things went there.'
As some fine ship is tost at sea,
Her helm and rudder torn away;
Who sees her port yet cannot enter,
While such important wants prevent her.
Just such was *Colin*'s case, some say,
While *Phillis* fretting—long'd for—day.

Two days the bride in woful plight
Laments the mis'ries of the night;
The tender mother soon perceives,
That *Phill* for some misfortune grieves;
Begs and insists to know the cause,
If *Colin* slighted nature's laws:
She answer'd only with her sighs,
Her heavy heart, and streaming eyes.
The mother understood, and said—
"When all the people are in bed,
And he asleep, some signal make;
The wainscot tap, or curtain shake;
I'll bring a light, perhaps we'll find
The cause that makes him so unkind."

E'er long, the unexperienc'd dame,
The signal gave—the matron came;
And then with silence most profound,
They folded back the sheets—and found
(Instead of flush of three—a bilk)
A plaister and a piece of silk.

You'll guess with ease what follow'd next,
Without my sticking to the text;

It

It is enough to let you know,
That *Colin* got a bribe to go;
The captain offer'd him a purſe
Of fifty guineas, and a horſe;
Which *Colin* did not diſapprove,
But thank'd the captain for his love.

Then to the ſtable they repair,
To make a choice, for choice was there;
Of horſes plump, and finely dreſt,
And *Colin* was to have the beſt.

This captain was, like many more,
Commander of an idle core,
Yclep'd militia, which you know,
Do ſometimes make a pretty ſhow;
He kept a charger, that he might
Ride out before them, not to fight:
This was a ſtone-horſe, large and broad;
As ever errant knight beſtrode;
Such was the * charger *Philip*'s ſon,
Rode conquering on, and empires won.
Another ſtone-horſe ſtood hard by,
But ſmall—ſcarce fifteen handfuls high:
Theſe, and ſome geldings, *Colin* views,
Not worth the notice of the muſe.
" Come, *Colin*, take your choice of all"
This ſtone-horſe, captain, tho' he's ſmall,
You know the other doth excel,
But you can't want your charger well:
I thank you, ſir, the captain ſays,
Here, take your gold, and go your ways.

As *Colin* rode along the way,
He met an hermit old and grey;
With palſies ſhook, and coughs oppreſt,
He lean'd his ſtaff againſt his breaſt,
One hand took off his hat—and one
Held the old wigg, and night-cap on.

Then

Then mumbled, tott'ring on his ſtaff,
" God bleſs you, ſir, and ſend you ſafe"—
As *Colin* knew what he'd be at,
He flung a ſhilling in his hat.
The hermit bleſs'd him thrice, and ſaid,
This ſhilling may be well repaid:
Whate'er you want, whate'er you crave,
Wiſh for it, and the thing you'll have."
Father, ſays *Colin*, you muſt know,
Some things I loſt, not long ago,
And cannot be like other men,
Till I can get ſuch things agen;
Now, if my wiſh can be of force,
May I be furniſh'd like my horſe.——
You ſhall, my ſon, the ſaint replies,
Believe your hands, believe your eyes.—
Colin at this began to ſtare,
He felt below, and found them there;
He lik'd them well, then back he flew,
To try if *Phill* would like them too.
He quickly reach'd her father's gate,
But there the porter let him wait.
Phillis ſoon knew of his return,
Which fill'd her heart with ſpight and ſcorn.
She lifts the ſaſh—and eke her tongue,
The court and yard in conſort rung;
Begone thou *Thing* of impudence,
Begone, or dogs ſhall drive thee hence.—
Dear *Phillis*, be not quite ſo hot,
I have ſome mighty ſecrets got;
I know you love a ſecret dearly,
And I have ſome will touch you nearly;
If they don't give you ſweet content,
Then drive me into baniſhment.
This wrought upon her female mind,
She deign'd a moment to be kind;
Colin got in, and play'd his part,
And pleas'd his *Phillis* to the heart:

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But what it was that tickled *Phill*,
The muſe muſt keep a ſecret ſtill.
But curious *Phillis* wants to know,
How *Colin* came accoutred ſo.
He ran the whole adventure o'er,
As you have heard it told before.
Again ſhe ſwells with diſcontent:
Again ſhe gives her ſorrows vent:
O *Colin*, you deſerve my curſe!
What made you chooſe the little horſe?
Pox on't, if you had rode the charger,
The bleſſing would have been much larger;
It is enough to make me mad,
To think on what you might have had.

SCOTCH POEMS.

To the CRITICKS.

Dear criticks, I addreſs to you;
No' to the fauſe, but to the true.

WHY do the POETS, ane and a'
Sae fiercely on the criticks fa':
Miſca' them ſae, that nane can paſs,
Without his ſhare of gooſe and aſs:
Or ſend them a' to join the bikes
Of waſps, or herd wi' ſnarling tikes:
What is the reaſon, can ye tell?
But whiſht——I'll fin' it out my ſell.
Some think themſel's ayont your reach,
And ſae will neither fear nor fleetch;
But uſe you like a tike that ſtrives
To ſtap a horſe, wha furious drives:

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The dog gets many a dirty ſplaſh;
Or frae the horſe's heels a laſh.
Some fear the warſt, and ſae wou'd fain,
By ſtriking firſt, the battle gain:
Or like the mob, the hangman claw,
Wha'd for a trifle hang them a'.
Ow'r mickle, like ow'r little dread,
Gi's courage in the time of need.
Yet young beginners, ſic as me,
Shou'd court, and fleetch you to be free:
To paſs your judgment on our lays,
To cenſure, or to give us praiſe;
For ye're the trumpeters o' fame,
That can blaw up, and down, a name:
Upon your breath, it mounts right clever,
Or wi' a puff, ſinks down for ever.
Maiſt poets join in this miſtake,
Nae ſpecial difference to make
(As weel they might) 'tween criticks true,
And a pretending ſenſeleſs crew.
This ſhould be fix'd—fauſe criticks elſe,
Will never come to ken themſels:
Then let me tell thae worthleſs men,
The truths which ye already ken.
A critick, wi' a genius bright,
Can, like his patron, god of light,
Gi' ilka thing its proper view;
Shaw what is faw'ty, ald, or new,
Can make a phraſe luick beautiful,
Which to the clouded mind ſeem'd dull;
Sic light he gi's, the bard may chooſe
The bonnieſt proſpect for his muſe:
Sic light he gi's——the donſy dark
Tines ſelf-conceit, and quats the wark.
But a fauſe critick's like the deel,
Slips, fau'ts, and failings, pleaſe them weel;
Of ſic he is fae wond'rous fain,
He ſtrives to make them whare there's nane.

True

True poets thrive against his will;
For he would damn baith good and ill.

The GARTAN COURTSHIP.
A Paſtoral Night-piece.

SAE, bonny *Jenny*, are ye there?
The laſs that's winſome, plump, and fair.
Fye, woman, quat that purring wheel,
And gi' the wench her pirn to reel;
Ye've deen, or elſe the ſorrow's in't,
Ye've cuſt ye're hank, and that's the ſtint;
Come furth, and ſtreetch your limbs a while,
Come furth, and bleſs me wi' a ſmile,
I fain wad ſpeak a word or twa,
Come furth and dinna ſay me na.
The night is pleaſant, lown, and clear,
Ye'll ſee the muntains far and near;
Ald *Doowiſh* wi' his lowtin back,
And *Mukkiſh* like a lang peet ſtack;
Proud *Argill* wi' his tow'ring height,
Sets off the beauty of the night;
White-waſh'd ſhortſine, yon glebe houſe wa
By meen-light ſhines like driven ſna'.
A' things luick charming to the view,
But nought ſae charming luicks as you.
The meen alang the welkin ſcuds,
And cuts her way thro' juſtling cluds;
Ye'd think that a' the ſtarns abeen,
Were gath'ring round their paſſing queen;
And pleas'd to ſee her ſhine ſae braw,
Forming her train baith great and ſma',
A ſhowman on a market day,
Thro' gaping crouds thus clears his way,
And marches proudly up the ſtreet,
Wi' a' the weans at his feet.
Come out, my dear, and luick about ye,
There's naithing pleaſant here without ye.

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I doubt ye darna for ye'r mither,
Wha ne'er wad let us meet the gither;
But yonder ſhe's tane up, you ſee,
In deep diſcourſe wi' *Katrin Lee*:
The twa ald wives ayont the fire,
Are ſettled to their hearts deſire;
To light, to ſmoak, to ſhagh about,
And clatter till their pipe be out;
Twa paddling duicks in April rain,
Seem not of ither half ſae fain:
And now's your time, I'll take my aith,
Steal out, my dear, and ſlip them baith,
Steal out, and let peer *Robin* kiſs ye;
I'ſe warrant them, they winna miſs ye.
I think ye hae nae mind to ſtir!
(Howt, will ye boaſt that filty curr)
Weel ſit till cockcraw gin ye like,
(Shamefa' the yelping o' that tike)
Haith, ye'll repent ye, when I'm gane,
And wiſh ye had my counſel tane;
But now ye've gart me turn my heel,
I'll no come back——ſae——fare ye weel.

M.

SYSIPHUS: *Or human Vanity.*

I Pity the aſpiring cheel,
Wha wad to wealth, and grandeur ſpeel;
Wha uſes a' his art, and ſkill
To row his meentith up the hill:
For when he gains the higheſt ground,
Nae reſting-place will there be found;
He will (as ithers oft hae priev'd)
Of a' his rowth be quickly reev'd:
For death, or fate, it maks na whither,
Ne'er lets them bide o'erlang the gither;
But as the righteous Judge thinks fit,
Takes it frae him, or him frae it.

And

And when enjoyment's paſt and gane,
Remembrance gi's him unco pain.
The mair he priz'd his former ſtate,
The mair he grieves when driv'n frae't.
What dolours fill the weary wight,
When tumbled frae his artfu' hight?
Nor yet will his example ſcar
Anither, or his moilings mar:
He ſcrambles up the ſelf ſame track,
Sae wins the top, ſae tumbles back.
Thus *Syſiphus* wi' mony a grane,
Up the ſteep bevil heeves his ſtane:
The ſummit gain'd, 'twill no ſtand ſtill,
But headlang trumbles down the hill:
Again he upwards warks the ſtane,
And it comes trumpling down again.
Did ſome of the celeſtial pow'rs
Luick down on this doyl'd wark o' ours
They'd form their judgments o' us thus:
That a' mankind's ae *Syſiphus*. W.

The PIG, or the power of Prejudice, A TALE.

A Muntabank anes ſtrol'd about,
Seeking ſaft headed gilpies out,
To cure them of ſtupidity,
And confidence in ſic as he.
Wi' him a merry-andrew ga'd,
Weel practis'd in the drolling trade;
Wha wi' his tricks, his gibes, and joaking,
Brought, by the lugs, the kintry folk in.
Poor barren joaks, and e'en thread bare,
And common as a barber's chair;
Sic as * th' aſtrologer of *Derry*,
Puts in ſad verſe, to make us merry,
Where line and line as vilely kipple,
As when a fool rins wi' a cripple. Weel

* See Poor Robin's Almanack 1746, Londonderry Printed, &c.

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Weel dreſt, and braw the doctor ſtood,
Collecting ſhillings frae the croud;
And in return he gi' them back
Paper, and druggs no worth a plack;
While merry-andrew bald, and ſlee,
Contented them wi' mirth, and glee.
Anes on a day the ſtage he munts,
Sine, like a pig, ſqueeks, ſqueels, and grunts;
And did it wi' ſae mickle ſkill,
That ev'ry body leugh their fill:
And in the midſt of their gaffaws,
They clapt their hands, and gi' applauſe:
" Wow but he does it wond'rous weel,
" Nae pig on earth could better ſqueel".
While thus they clapt, and leugh ding dang,
Ald-farrand *Hab* increaſt the thrang:
But I maun drap my tale a wee,
Ae neceſſary hint to gi'.
Hab ne'er was reliſh'd by the lave,
For when he ſaw them misbehave,
He wad reprove them, and eſſay
To put them in a better way:
This vext them ſair, ——his better ſenſe
Diſguſted them, and gi' offence.
The being oughtlins obligated
To any ane—was what they hated:
And therefore did the man envy,
Wha pat them under ſic a tye.
Thus half drown'd wretches aften hate
The friendly hand that ſav'd them frae't.
Thus *Hab*'s endeavours a' did fail:
And thus I reaſſume my tale.
Quo' he, does any ferly kythe,
Dear nighbours, that ye're a' ſae blythe?
When they reply'd; —what need ye ſpeer,
Yonder's the cheel that gars us ſneer;
He imitates a pig ſae weel,
In ilka gruntle, ſqueek and ſqueel,

Tha

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That when you hear him, ye will ſweer,
It is a pig itſelf ye hear.——
And what's far mair, for there's the joak,
You'll think the pig's aneath his cloak.
In trowth, quo' *Hab*, then I may ſay,
Ye're juſt e'en kittled wi' a ſtrae;
Which to my mind the proverb brings,
That fools are fain o' feckleſs things;
How can ſic toys your fancy ſtrike,
When any ane can do the like?
That is na you, they a' reply'd.
Eaſy, quo' *Hab*, let that be try'd:
Come here the morn, and ye ſhall hae
Convincing proofs of what I ſay.
The morning came, the company
Met a', the rival-droll to ſee:
He munts the ſtage, and 'neath his cloak,
He brought a pig ſtow'd in a poke.
Then wi' a nip, or ſcart, or dunt,
He gart it ſqueek, or ſqueel, or grunt;
But did na pleaſe—they a' cry'd out;
'That like a pig! ——ye canna do't.
Nae pig on earth wad that gate ſqueel!
A creaking cart wad do as weel:
Ye fool, you ſot, your labour hain;
Let merry-andrew till't again'.
And now, quo' *Hab*, to let you ſee,
How fauſe your biaſs'd judgments gee:
It is a pig it ſell I've got:
Now wha's the fool, and wha's the ſot.
But neighbours, if ye wad be wiſe,
In judging true, take my advice;
Sling off ſelf-will, and prejudice.

CROCHAN HILL. *A* Scotch SANG.

AIR, *Hetrick Banks.*

I.

THE blytheſt laſs, that e'er was ſeen,
Came up frae *Burt* to *Crochan hill* Wi'

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Wi' ſuggared lips and glancing een,
Wi' heav'nly ſmiles and wit at will:
Her aſpect like the dawn was clear,
When morning gilds the lift ſerene;
Cou'd any ſaul of ſenſe forbear
To own her charms, or hug the chain?

II.

When on the banks of *Finn* we ſtray'd,
My flightring heart did pant and glow:
The mony pleaſing things ſhe ſaid
Fann'd up the flame, and gart it low.
She ſmiling heard me ſpeak my mind
Wi' broken ſighs, and ill redd phraſe:
Delighted I myſell reſign'd
To rapt'rous joys, and endleſs eaſe.

III.

But ſoon the laſs reſolv'd to gae;
Then was my heart oppreſt wi' fears!
Down on the graſſie bank I lay,
And ſwell'd the river wi' my tears!
Finn's curling ſtreams did beat the brim,
And whimple forth a mournfu' ſang!
It's ſleeky floods mair ſlaw did ſwim,
As if they griev'd to let her gang.

IV

There never was in *Crochan hill*
A maiden bleſt wi' brighter charms:
Never did *Finn* or *Burndale*
Infald a fairer 'tween their arms.
But as the riſing ſun ſhines forth,
Then ſlips ahint a cloudy ſhade,
Sae ſhe appear'd, to ſhaw her worth,
Blink'd out a while, and aff ſhe gae'd.

An additional Verſe to the Widow my Laddie.

YOUNG laſſes, like fillies, will wantonly ſkip,
And lead ye a dance, e'er they ſtand to the ripp;

But

But free frae that trouble ye'll eaſily grip
The hamely young widow, my laddie.
She kens a' the ſweets o't, and like to the cat,
That has taſted the kirn, ſhe langs to be at
That rowth o' ſweet pleaſures, ſhe formerly gat,
E're ſhe was a widow my laddie. T.

The GOUT and the FLEA. A FABLE.

WHEN luxury and idleneſs
Did a' the richer warld poſſeſs;
When careleſs naſtineſs, and dirt,
Was rife among the poorer ſort:
Jove ſaw, and cooſt about betimes
For puniſhments for ſiccan crimes:
For he, foreby his thunderbouts,
Has rowth o' plagues, as fleas—and gouts—
Thae ſame may do, quo' *Jove*, faith I
Will ſend a ſample out to try.
Forth came the flea, and eke the gout
While *Jove* his orders thus gave out:
Near hand a marble-bigging ſtands,
There lives a man wi' flocks and lands;
And croſs the lone a cotter dwells,
In thir twa houſes fix your ſells;
Ilk ane his houſe——there ye maun bide,
But whilk in whilk, let fate decide.
They did their honours to the god,
And down *Olympus* took their road;
And trav'ling on, at length they ſaw
The houſes that maun ha'd the twa.
The flea a greedy ſaul confeſs'd,
By hopping off to wale the beſt:
While the poor limping gout was forc't,
To hobble hooly to the warſt.
The flea hopp'd off, as we have ſaid,
And wan into the rich man's bed;

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Himſel was there; when on his breaſt,
The weary trav'ller thought to feaſt:
It bit him ſair, —the man, haff mad,
Roar'd out wi' a' the ſtrength he had,
Fy, bring a light——I'm out o' breath,
There's ſomething biting me to death.
They brought the light—the flea they ſaw,
But nimble hoppy ſcap'd them a'.

Again it ventures on his hips,
Bites ſair, and then the claret ſips:
The man, tho' dozing, felt the pain,
Calls for the light——they hunt again,
While wi' difficulty the flea,
Darn'd in a lirk, in ſafety lay.
But the neiſt morn, the ſervants run,
And hang the bedclaiths in the ſun;
When hoppy like a man diſmay'd,
Gi'd twa 'r three lowps, and off he gaid.

There's many a man in hoppy's caſe,
Who, ſtruggling, gain ſome pompous place,
For naithing ſorts wi' us, we ſee,
But what the gods themſels decree.

The flea wi' danger thus turn'd out;
Let's ſee what happen'd to the gout.
We left it in the little croove,
Where it had hardly room to move;
Sae thick the cogues and creepies lay,
And in the nook a wad o' ſtrae:
There the poor man was ſtreek'd at length,
Wi' eaſe recruiting waſted ſtrength.
In till the man, poor limpy crawls,
And ſeiz'd upon his hinder ſpauls;
The man unus'd to ſic a gueſt,
Could neither ſleep, nor lie, nor reſt.
Bleſs me, quo' he, what's this I feel?
This maun be witchcraft, or the deel;
That ſtounds me ſae—— then wi' a rair,
(The gout afflicted him ſae ſair)

He

He madly plung'd into a pool,
The heat and tingling pain to cool:
But what wi' water, rubs, and blows,
The weary gout got sma' repose;
And then neist morn, without remead,
He maun gae dig for daily bread;
Poor limpy cou'd na brook the spade,
He dropp'd his leg, and off he gaid.
As ow'r the lone he bent his way,
He there foregather'd wi' the flea.
Then to ilk other they complain;
What does great *Jove* and mortals mean?
Why did great *Jove* our beings give,
When mortals winna let us live?
Here we maun bide—come let us try
A change of quarters e'er we die.
The gout gaid to the rich man's house,
Whare he liv'd happily and dowse:
There he gat ease, and flannels warm,
To keep him soft and free frae harm:
There he got morsels nice and fine,
And thrave fou fast, on drams, and wine.
Off to the cottage gaid the flea,
And nestled down in dirt and strae;
Attack'd the man, and bit him weel,
Sometimes he slept, and didna feel:
And when he did, he cou'dna grip it,
Sae nimbly thro' the strae it skippit.
Cosy it liv'd, and e'er the week,
'Twas, like a coach horse, fat and sleek.
Ae sunday ev'ning, after mass,
The gout, and flea, like lad and lass,
Gaid to the place of rendevouz,
"How are you man? And how are you?
Trowth I'm as happy as a lord:
And I'm right happy tak my word."
Weel, quo' the gout, sin' baith are fae,
Let us e'en keep the beids we hae;

Live happy in your humble ſtate,
I'll bide amang the pamper'd *Great.*

TIT for TAT; or the Rater rated.

A new Song, in Way of Dialogue, between a Laggen Farmer and his Wife.

I.

HE. YE'RE welcome hame, my *Marg'y*,
Frae the grim craving clergy;
How deeply did they charge ye,
Wi' ſair oppreſſive tythe?
While ſome are chous'd, and cheated;
Some rattled are, and rated;
Ye hae been better treated,
I trow, ye luick ſae blythe.

II.

SHE. I hae been wi' the rector;
His wife did ſcould and hector;
Inſtead o' a guid lecture——
Quo' ſhe, 'Ye go too fine,
'With ſcarlet cloaks and bedgowns,
'With velvet puggs and plaid-gowns,
'With ruffled ſleeves and headrounds,
'More rich and gay than mine.'

III.

"Forbear, proud madam Perſian,
"Take back ye'r ain aſperſion,
"Wi' tea, ye'r chief diverſion,
"Ye waſte ye'r time awa:
"While dreſſing ye're and pinning,
"I'll ſpin, and bleach my linnen,
"And wear my ain hands winning,
"Ye rector's lazy daw.

IV.

"I riſe e'er the cocks craw day;
"My hands I ſpare not a' day,
"And wi' my farmer laddie
"At night I take my eaſe:

"My

" My husband plows and harrows,
" He ſows and reaps the farrows,
" Shame fa' them wad change marrows,
" For rector's gown and chaiſe.

V.

" Sure ſome kind deel has brought us
" Yon [a] yellow chiel, that taught us
" To cleek the tythe potatoes
" Frae ilk a greedy gown!
" Nae biſhop, dean, or rector,
" Nae vicar, curate, proctor,
" Dare ettle now to [b] doctor
" Our ſkeedyines under ground.

VI.

HE. Dear *Madgie*, e'en fairfaw ye!
I'm bleſt that e'er I ſaw ye!
A braid-claith coat I aw ye,
Fac'd wi' a velvet cape:
May milk and meal ne'er fail ye,
May loſs of yews ne'er ail ye,
But geer grow on ye daily,
For birking madam *Crape*.

[a] A certain meddling lawyer, profeſs'd enemy to the clergy, who went by the name of Yellow Rowan.

[b] A common expreſſion for managing things as they pleaſe; alluding to the practice of phyſicians.

A Paſtoral ELEGY *on the Death of* JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D. *late* D. S. P. D.

* PATRICK, a ſhepherd, wond'rous wiſe, and good,
Ae morn was muſing in a penſive mood:
Tenting his flock as here and there they ſtray'd,
And nipt the tender graſs, or friſking play'd.

Oh

* The Rev. *P*—— *D*—— D. D. and D. Down.

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Oh happy flock! he cries, nae griefs ye feel,
For lambs wha fell beneath the murd'ring ſteel;
Gin ye get lizzar rowth, ye heed nae mair,
If void of reaſon, ye're as void of care:
While my reflections gi' me unco pain.
Here his heart fill'd—he ſigh'd—and mis'd again.

Near hand there lives a farmer rich and bein,
A fae to cares, a ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Browden o' right, averſe to a' that's wrang,
Can chearfu' tell his tale, or lilt a ſang;
In landart matters is exceeding wiſe,
And gi's our ableſt farmers ſound advice.
* Laird *Johnny* heght, he, daund'ring came the gate,
Whare by good chance, he fan lamenting *Pate*.
Bleſs me, quo' he, what cauſe can I aſſign,
That gars the blythe ſweet ſinging *Patrick* pine.
Be chearfu', man, let nought afflict you ſae,
Dight off your tears, and be nae langer wae.

PATRICK.

Ah, ſir! I'm loſt in grief, I'm left alane,
My better half, my SWIFT is dead and gane,
Whom hae I now to fill my heart wi' glee,
Or ſing a pleaſant roundelay to me!

JOHNNY.

SWIFT dead! ——

PATRICK.

——Ow'r true, ——

JOHNNY.

——E'en gi' your ſorrow vent,
Nae wonder you, and thouſands may lament.
He was the blytheſt ſhheperd e'er was ſeen,
The king o' mirth, the wonder o' the green.
Juſt heav'n, your friendly warnings ay are right;
I fear'd ſome ill, by what I dream'd laſt night.
Methought the hawthornhedge that ſhades the plain,
And ſhields my hirſle frae the blatt'ring rain,

Was

* The Right Hon. J—— Earl of O——y.

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Was a' cut down by ſome ill-deedy hand;
And no ae ſingle buſs got leave to ſtand.
I kend ſome loſs wad kythe, that I would rue:
But O dear SWIFT, I didna ken 'twas you.

PATRICK.

My bleſſings on you—ye have eas'd my heart,
When ſympathizing thus ye bear a part!
Streams when contracted rin wi' unco ſpeed,
But tine their force, when far and near they ſpread;
And ſure this grief will ſpread thro' all our dales,
As current as his bonny ſangs and tales.
Let farmers grieve, and tears frae ſhepherds fa',
For you, dear SWIFT, ye weel deſerv'd them a'.

JOHNNY.

O *Patrick*, we have cauſe to rue the day,
That took our guardian *Jonathan* away.
Ye canna tent your flock wi' greater ſkill,
Than he watch'd ow'r us, guarding us frae ill.
When *Willy Wood*, baſe loon, did a' he dow'd,
To gi' us traſh, and carry off our gowd.
(As elves, they ſay, the thriving bairny nick,
And lee'a crowl in lieu, or rotten ſtick)
When many great anes, ſtifly by him ſtood,
Conſulting his, mair than their kintry's good.
Their great authority our gabs did ſteek;
We ſaw the danger, but we durſt na ſpeek.
SWIFT was na ſae, he, dauntleſs fac'd them a',
And ſhaw'd their project was againſt the law.
We thought him wrang at firſt, and bad him leen;
But ſoon his reaſons apen'd a' our een:
We join'd him then, the dev'liſh ſcheme we ſtapt,
They ſaw we wou'd na bear't, and ſae it drapt.
Our ſwains may now ſink drumly in diſpair,
For now their guardian ſhepherd is na mair.

PATRICK.

Ae day my bairn and I lean'd ow'r this rock,
And ſaw a mickle maſtiff ſcar the flock:

He

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He drave my fav'rite toop wi' a' his ſpeed;
I rax'd a ſtane, and ſhor'd to fell him dead.
O Father! cry'd the wean, it is, you ſee,
The landlord's dog, and ye maun let him be;
I did na heed the brat, the ſtane I flang,
And gi'd the barb'rous tyke a deadly bang;
Yelping he fell——ſic ſheep, ſic bairns were we,
When SWIFT, frae danger, fairly ſet us free:
But now he's gane, how dreary looks the glen,
Sin' it has tin'd the very wale o' men.

JOHNNY.

Then o' our manners he took unco care,
And thoſe that misbehav'd he did na ſpare.
Wi' pleaſant merriment he made us wiſe,
Play'd wi' our fau'ts, and leugh us out o' vice.
And when our farmers ſons gaid ou'r the ſeas,
And brought hame wonders, but thae wonders lies;
He made ſome * bonny tales, that gib'd them ſair,
And tauk'd o' wonders far ayont their ſphere.

PATRICK.

And then ye ken the bonny † ſcheme he plann'd,
To gar religion ſpread thro' a' our land.
§ *Berkelia* got it, and our ‡ lady ſaw't,
And yet it fail'd——he was na in the fau't!
He minted weel——but oh, how can I tell,
The many favours which he ſhaw'd my ſell:
When firſt I drave my flocks out ow'r the lee,
And was a ſhepherd o' nae mean degree;
I made ſome ſangs that chanc'd to pleaſe the beſt,
And brought in laids o' envy frae the reſt.
Some ither herds wi' wandoughts at their beek,
Miſcaw'd me ſair, wi' many a flout and geek:
I juſt was ſinking when he took my part,
And ſoon his gen'rous friendſhip rais'd my heart,
I e'en ſang on——while wi' a ward or twa,
That cut like razors, he diperſt them a'.

O Jo-

* Gulliver's Travels. † A Project for the Advancement of Religion. § The Counteſs of Berkly. ‡ Queen *Ann*.

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O *Jonathan*, when thou wer't by my ſide,
I leugh at envy, and its force defy'd:
Nor need I even now for envy care,
I'll quat my whiſtle, and I'll ſing na mair.

JOHNNY.

Dear *Patrick*, drap that thought, for ye maun be
A *Jonathan* to us, * his place ſupply.
Ye ha'e already an extenſive gift,
And heav'n will double what it gi' to SWIFT.
Be ye *Eliſha*, in *Elijah*'s ſtead,
And ſtill we'll ſay, our guardian is na dead.

PATRICK.

I doubt, dear *Johnny*, that I want the ſkill:
Ae thing I dinna want, and that's good will.
But how can I attempt the blythesome ſtrain,
While thus I grieve! —— O *Jonathan* ye're gane!

JOHNNY.

Nane better than your ſell can counſel gi',
If grief, and kind affection let you be.
Let reaſon take its place, ye manna grieve;
He was a man, and couldna a'ways live.
And yet he lives! he lives in ilka tale,
And ſang he made, his works will never fail.
And then religion ſolid comfort brings,
And ſure ye're brawly vers'd in haly things.
Let a' your confidence on heav'n be lean'd;
For they who truſt in heav'n ne'er want a friend.

PATRICK.

May ye ne'er want a rowth o' calm content,
Wha has ſae kindly gi'en my ſorrows vent,
And heal'd my mind, when it was ſair oppreſt,
With the big ſorrow, labouring in my breaſt.

* —— —— —— —— —— *Delany*,
Whom I, for your ſake, lov'd better than any;
And of my meer motion and ſpecial good grace,
Intended in time to ſucceed in your place.
APOLLO *to the* DEAN.

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Thus when our mickle blood hefts up our veins
It gi'es us fev'riſh heats and thrilling pains:
But when the kind phyſician comes, like you,
He tooms the veins, and does our health renew
Wow but I'm eas'd.—This day I ſheer my ſheep,
And now the ſun's weel up the heav'nly ſteep:
I'll drive them hame, and ye maun gang wi' me;
I hae a browſt o' ale for ye to prie.
We'll get ſic cheer as *Jannet* can afford,
And trowth ye're e'en as welcome as a Lord.

F I N I S.

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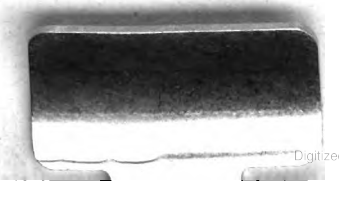

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